

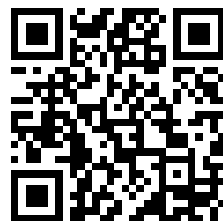
HOW TO SELL HARDWARE

ROY F. SOULE

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Sincerely Yours
Roy F. Saule

HOW TO SELL HARDWARE

Successful Money Making
Plans for Conducting an
Up-to-date Hardware Business,
Practical Selling
Ideas Used by Successful
Hardware Merchants

By ROY F. SOULE

Editor, *Hardware Age*

SECOND EDITION

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*THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO THOSE MORTALS
WHOSE SPIRITS NEVER BECOME
TOO PROUD TO SHINE A STOVE.*

The Assistant Manager

PREFACE

The preface to the average book is an apology. **HOW TO SELL HARDWARE** is not an average book in any sense of the word—therefore, no apology is necessary.

However, as no work of this kind has ever before been attempted, a word or two of information will be of value to the reader who follows its pages.

HOW TO SELL HARDWARE is the first successful attempt to give a comprehensive idea of the successful money making plans employed in the world's representative hardware stores.

Since my first day behind a hardware counter, I had been reading trade papers and books on the subject of hardware. They contained meat but were too dry to be read with a relish.

One day an editor came into our store and I told him this. He informed me that there were more Dodgers than Doers in every business and suggested that I write a story my way. I tackled the job and it led to an editorship on **IRON AGE HARDWARE**.

My instructions were to start at Anaconda, Mont., and travel to Duluth, Minn., and from there to New Orleans, visiting every town enroute. I was to do everything I could to make my paper more of a power in the towns I visited.

I went to it and left behind me a trail of trimmed windows, renovated show cases, revised selling systems and rejuvenated clerks. I took with me some of the best wrinkles in buying, selling and displaying hardware and have tried to put to the best use the things I saw and heard.

On this trip I visited over 500 hardware stores and in every one I learned something that made the call worth while. My trip was broken at St. Louis when I was called to Chicago to take the Western Editorship of **IRON AGE HARDWARE**. It was renewed a few months later by a trip through New England and the Eastern states and recently by a trip through the South.

This book is the story of a series of visits to the hardware stores of North America. It is as broad as a stock of hardware.

Constant drop of adjectives wears away the toughest vocabulary unless there be diversity of subjects. Hardware presents that diversity and no subject in this book has been worn threadbare even if some of them have slid home on the bosom of their pants.

I started writing this book as manager of a Montana hardware store. I have closed it as editor of the greatest of hardware trade papers. If, in the interval I have done America's hardware merchants a service, I am more than repaid by the service they have rendered me.

ROY F. SOULE.

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A Turkey Talk On Tackling

A MAN does not have to be the portly possessor of a flowing chin with three ripples in it to appreciate Thanksgiving Day. Our New England forefathers were surrounded mostly by thin men with a decided leaning toward pumpkin pies, cranberry sauce and turkey. The "taste" of those simple Pilgrims was simply great and the way it has been transmitted, unimpaired, down through the ages, makes it a comparatively easy matter for most of us to demonstrate that Pilgrim blood courses through our veins.

The first demonstration of the spirit of thankfulness for the bountiful mercies of God was staged before a background of primeval forest filled with savages. The solemn scene was enlivened here and there by activities around a whipping post or a ducking board. Stern stocks surrounded the shin bones of feet that had strayed from the straight and narrow paths.

The setting was completed by a few carelessly arranged torture stakes on which an occasional witch was burned alive and her evil, damning influences wafted away in a thin blue trail of smoke.

In the foreground, a shooting match was often under way and the reckless manner in which slugs were hurled from old bell-muzzled guns spoke volumes for the trading post.

Before being carried away by the great uplifting spirit of Thanksgiving, it may be just as well to take a good, careful look at ourselves and see wherein we differ from the Pilgrims of the rock-bound coast. Their leaning toward pumpkin pie has been "à la moded." The wild cranberries which furnished their sauce have been grafted to the Produce Trust, and descendants of the gray-haired New Englander buy at 20 cents a quart. The turkey on the holiday table no longer represents skill in marksmanship or in game stalking. To-day it denotes the cleverness of the coin collector or the luck of the dice thrower at the village raffle.

No longer do we tolerate the whipping post or the ducking plank. These crude methods have long since been replaced by modern systems and our matrimonial differences are aired at Newport and settled in Reno. The wayward youth of our time does not sit on hard slivery benches with his feet in stocks. No, indeed. We cover those bones with shin guards and send him forth the Saturday before Thanksgiving to seek gory glory on the football field.

The wail of the burning witch is no more wafted on the gentle breezes together with the smell of pumpkin pies and 'possum. We have gone beyond

that and, in approved twentieth century manner, do nothing worse than burn a few ignorant, helpless negroes.

The shooting match is still popular, and to modern firearms is due the credit that a man can, with but little practice, shoot as well or better than the old-timer who slept with his gun.

The evolution of the Trading Post has been complete, merchandising has made great strides and has outstripped many other civilizing influences. The merchant is a better, cleaner, more wholesome distributor. Pure living evidences itself in attractive displays of goods that are strangers to old necessity. These goods lend tone and color to the sombre shades of more sturdy merchandise, and in their own pretty, pleasing ways, strengthen the fibre of salesmanship and improve the quality of customers.

The merchant has tackled well the great problems that have confronted him. He has discarded the monitor of mercenary motives, and extended his endeavors from store to town, from town to state and from state to nation. This is reason enough for Thanksgiving, and IRON AGE-HARDWARE is privileged to extend you Greetings.

The Rip of the Rolltop

“GOOD hardware clerks are as scarce as virtue in a harem.” This exclamation from an old hardware man startled me not long ago as I came in the front door of his store, to find a very busy man trying to run a three-ring hardware store without the right kind of a band. He was about as red-headed with rage as a bald-topped man could be, and as he juggled a half-checked invoice, a half-swept floor and a half-waited-on customer before the ever-widening eyes of a tow-headed apprentice, I wondered what sort of a storm center I had hit and if the place was equipped with a cyclone cellar.

CALM CLERKS IN AN UNDERGROUND FIRE TRAP

All doubt on that subject was swept away a few minutes later, when I visited the cellar, for it sure looked as storm-swept as the man who owned it. Linseed oil, in a caked, inflammable mass, almost floated near the barrel from which it had dripped, in a puddle of machine oil that had resulted from heaping measures or crowded funnels. A crate of axe handles that was scattered over the floor with hay from a partially unpacked barrel of lantern globes, certainly looked as if they had been put there by an energetic agent who had dropped dead when the job was just half done. In other places there were little patches of perfection where clean, well-arranged goods stood out like new red patches on the seat of a pair of shiny-black pants. In this despairing confusion two clerks were smoking cigarettes while they swapped yarns.

THE TRAIL THAT LED TO THE BOSS'S DESK

Upstairs, behind a rickety, wire-fenced partition, a woman with a frayed impatient look, sorted the pens in her hair to make red or blue entries in the big book before her. The specked, streaked windows yearned to make the acquaintance of a vacuum cleaner or a scrub pail, but above it all the owner rose majestically as he brought denunciation on the heads of clerks in general and his own in particular. As I roamed unwatched through the place, I felt like making my get-away in a hurry. Curiosity to learn the real reason of this tangle kept me, however, and with considerably less skill than Sherlock Holmes, I located the heart of the trouble in that diseased store. It was the boss's desk.

SLIPSHOD METHODS

As I stood before that desk, my boyish ambitions to sit at a rolltop desk underwent a decided change. The pigeonholes were crammed full of yellow,

white and sparrow-colored papers. The sparrow-colored ones looked as if they needed a bath, and the ink-splashed floor and well-soaked blotter certainly spoke of a man too busy to keep his ears clean—I mean the ears of his office, for it is a surprising thing that men somewhat particular about their personal appearance will allow their desk to look like pigpens.

In the pile on that desk I saw partly checked invoices that told the story of complaints to manufacturers and jobbers. These half-checked bills were sometimes a week on the road from the back room to the salesroom, and when a shortage was discovered at the end of that journey, some careless jobber caught it straight from the shoulder of this very much injured retailer. In that pile of papers I saw a letter from a stove repair house asking for a better description of the repairs of Mr. Poorfellow's stove. The date was two weeks old and the answer waited. I've wondered how long the customer's patience or the shopkeeper's lies held out.

LOST IN THE SHUFFLE

In that great heap were unpaid bills that told of violent demands for discount after ten days. In it was an inquiry for nail prices from a railroad contractor up the line. I wondered where that man really bought those nails, for, though a week old, his letter was unanswered. The shuffle had caught up the poultry netting price card and the youngest clerk had guessed wrong on the price of a roll and had been caught red-handed by the owner as I entered the store. That measly desk was as badly in need of fumigation as a pesthouse, and the man who owned it cussed clerks and made a combination office-boy-manager of himself about ten hours each day.

At night I saw him close the rolltop of that desk on the mess that had gained a few more papers, and after brushing his clothes carefully start for home. I used to think a sidewalk grating was the worst place in the world to lose things, but experience has long since taught me that a rolltop desk has it beat to a frazzle. Facts that won't stand airing are very much at home in some rolltop desks, and too many business institutions are traveling in a circle dragging such weights.

GOING AFTER BUSINESS BACKED BY STORE PRIDE

I will take my hat off to the man who first used a flat-topped business desk. I can picture him a poor hustler who had to make a cheap table do service as a desk. I can imagine him a kind of man who would demand service, real service, from his men and set a pace for them to follow. I can see him talk neat goods, good display, clean business methods and courtesy to customers. The neatness of that man's desk backs up his talk, and he does not have to cry about poor clerks, pinheads or promises. He has things running about as smoothly as clockwork, and his men go out after business with a store pride at their backs.

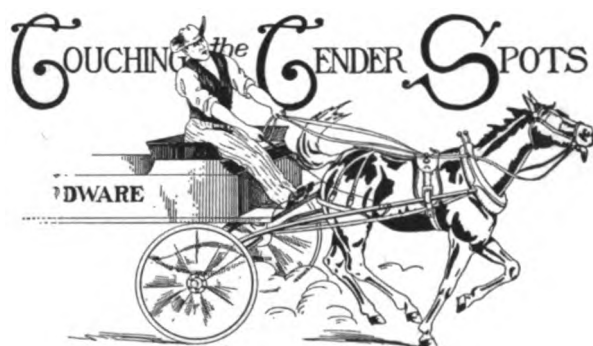
Clerks from that store do not wear their future as a bustle and are not telling tales of 1874. Their work is a real bounding, buzzing pleasure, and the way they tackle things discountenances the statement that Americans build not for the future.

Trace such a business institution down to the boss's desk and you will find that nine times out of ten it is flat-topped and his actions are open and above board. There are exceptions to all rules, but take a straight tip from me: The man who keeps a rolltop desk clean and prevents it from becoming a dumping ground is entitled to anything the place has to offer. He is little short of a wonder.

WORKING OUT AN HONEST AMBITION

This ramble on the subject of desks may seem foreign to creators of selling systems but if it will clean up some of the desks I've seen we'll issue citizenship papers and let her go at that. Don't put this shoe on the shipping clerk if it fits the boss. Some men who inventory their merchandise every 12 months, haven't taken one of their desks in that many years. In such places, work comes from the store to the desk. An honest ambition reverses that system and, even on low gear, sends work from the desk to the store. Here's hoping yours goes that way. You'd rather have the job of cutting the entire white hope crop and stowing it away in the barn than to clean the rubbish out of half the rolltop desks in your state. It is a big job, but if it hinders the modern hardware man it is going to go.

NOTE.—My desk has been thoroughly cleaned since I started this story. A dress rehearsal that made me feel better.

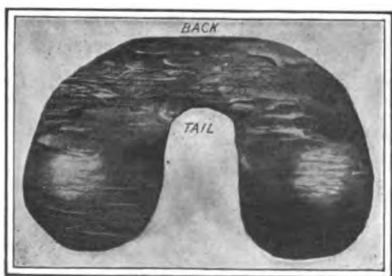


ON every horse there is a place known as the tender spot. A jogging old nag can stand a hammering along his back bone, from almost any sort of whip, without change of speed. His tough old jaws can be sawed with the bit until your arms give out under the strain and he will pay but little attention to your efforts. Flies can chew at his tough old hide and almost anything can be done, without resistance, until you happen to touch the tender spot. An old teamster knows where it is and can find it in the dark. It's located about half way down a horse's flank and the cut of a whip on this particular spot will bring forth a burst of speed from the laziest old crowbait on the map.

THE ORIGIN OF HIGH-CLASS RAZOR STROPS

Not only is this piece of hide tender during a horse's life, but long after his old carcass has wended its way to the glue house, it is recognized as something different from the rest of the hide. Surrounded by tough, rough, heavy leather this particular spot, which is from 18 to 24 inches in diameter, tans to a soft, pliable, smooth product.

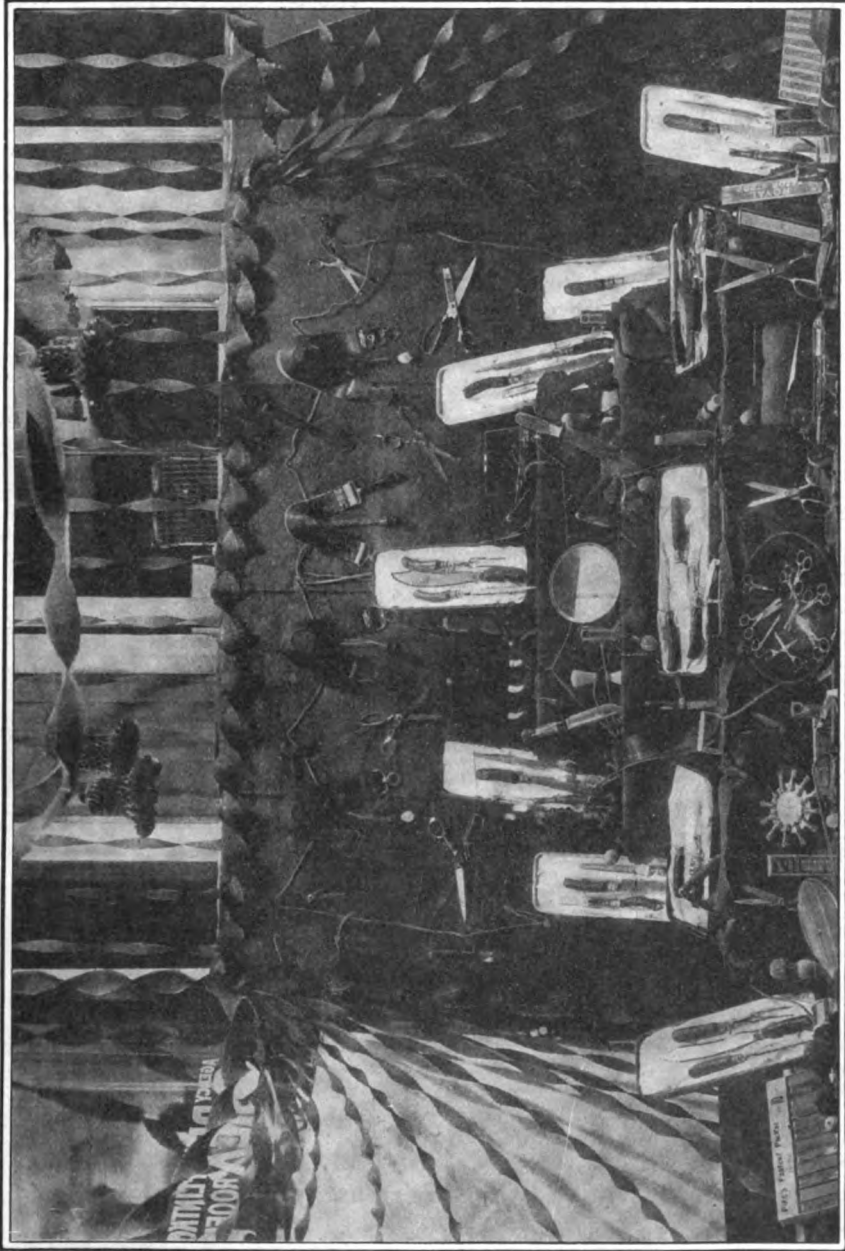
At the tanneries the piece of hide that hangs directly over a horse's hips is known as a horse's butt, and this leather is much in demand by manufacturers of razor strops. Moose hide, elk hide and a world of other high-class razor strops originate right in this tender spot. The different names are merely the result of the different methods used in tanning and preparing it for final use.



A HORSE'S BUTT IS A SECTION OF LEATHER TANNED FROM THAT PART OF THE HIDE HANGING DIRECTLY OVER THE HIPS. IT IS MUCH IN DEMAND BY MANUFACTURERS OF RAZOR STROPS.

DISCOVERIES AT HOME

The next time your old delivery horse refuses to hit a gait that comes up to your ideas, just wind your buggy whip around



EFFECTIVELY TRIMMED WINDOW OF E. O. HALL & SON, HONOLULU.

the tender spot and stop to realize, as he speeds up, that you have just soaked the center of a \$2.00 shell strop some hardware merchant of the future will be selling, and lest you leave him too good a field, take an evening off, with a box of cigars and your clerk force, to study the barber's supply proposition in your town. It's wonderful the things a fellow can discover when he turns the searchlight on the home dock. We know, for instance, that a well-assorted stock of common razors should contain $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{5}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch blades in both round and square-point razors. Of course, $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch blades should furnish the bulk of the stock, but the other sizes should be there—and the surprising thing about it is that we are often just out. Now, if this hits you, don't figure that I am aiming your way because your stock was in such a fix when I called last week. We all have these tender spots and there are probably several thousand stocks of razors in the same fix.

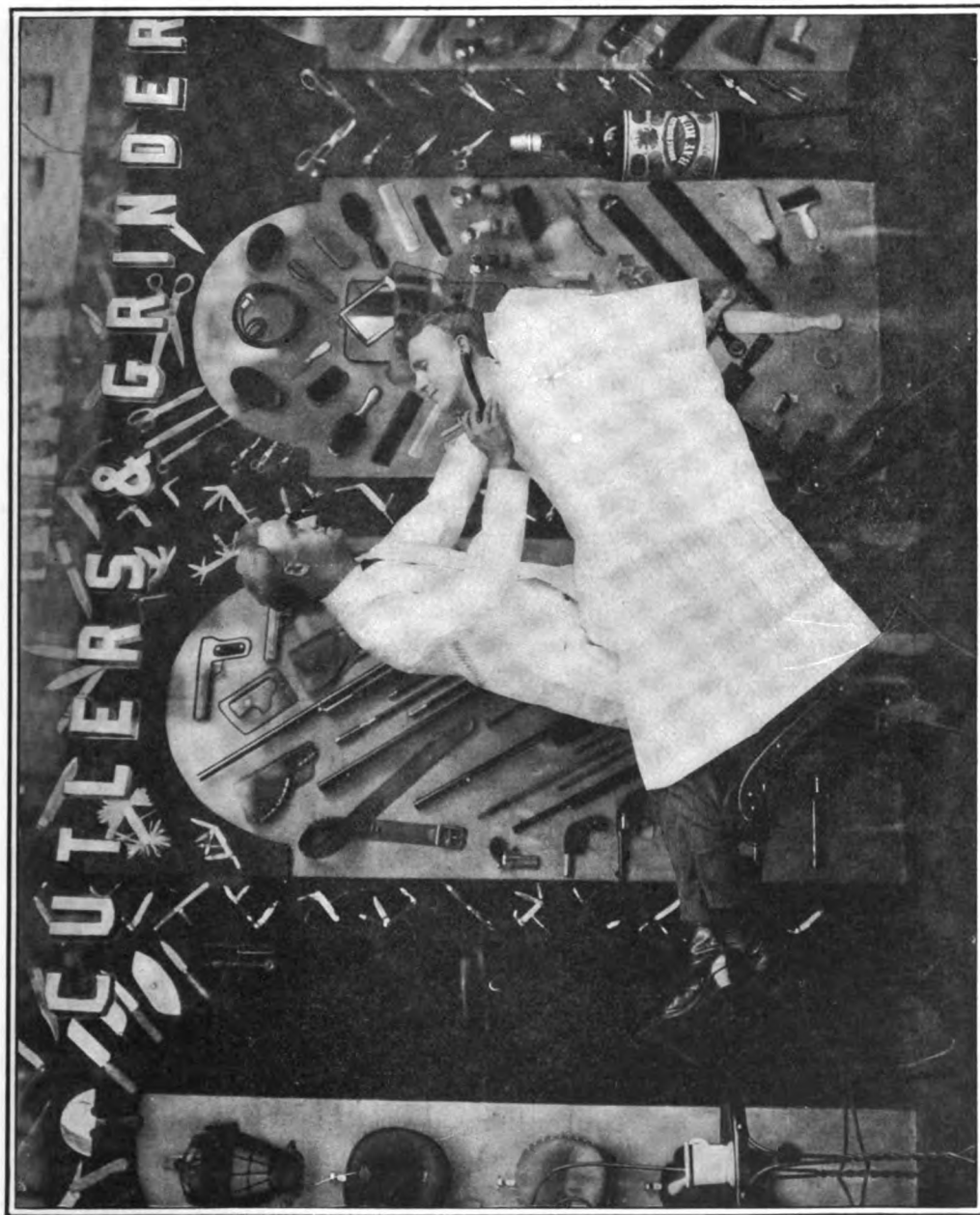
DUPLICATING AN IMPORTATION FROM NIGGER HEAVEN

You know it's easier to keep a man satisfied if you sell him just what he wants when he asks for it. This is particularly true with a fellow who is "sorter set" in his ways. I once sold a razor to a wiry-bearded old chap. He wanted a razor like the much nicked old sample he pulled from an inside pocket, and say fellows, it looked like a grub hoe. It was heavy enough for a corn knife and looked like an importation from Nigger Heaven. We didn't have exactly what he wanted; in fact, we were even out of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch blades, and his was about an inch and a quarter proposition.

Salesmanship, in a corner, seldom throws up both hands, so I turned loose, on a line of talk on new methods of razor manufacture, quality of steel, modern grinding and so forth until I sold a $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch blade. That customer went away doubting, for his grandfather's old razor was about a quarter of a pound heavier than the one I had sold him and he wasn't quite sure of himself. What was worse, he wasn't quite sure of me either.

THE MAN WITH A ROLL TO THE RESCUE

The joy of that sale was short lived. Inside of a week he was back and his wire-whiskered jaw had taken on an aggressive look that was not at all pleasing. "Here's your toy," was his remark as he tossed the pride of our razor stock on the top of a showcase. "I knew the darn thing was too light, and I nearly cut my throat with it." Things didn't look altogether cheerful around our place about that time, and we escaped by the skin of our teeth with that sale because a manufacturer's representative, with a roll of razor samples, jumped into the breach. Out of those samples we picked something that filled the bill and quick to respond to his satisfied desires, our bulldog customer became a big, good-natured Newfoundland. He was so pleased at having bought a razor larger than



A MOTION WINDOW OF KRAUT & DOHNAL, CHICAGO, WHICH CALLED OUT THE POLICE.

anything carried in regular stock in that town that his talk about that deal created several sales among his friends.

That incident caused us to sort up our stock; and we would have been a bunch of pikers to have given the business to any salesman other than the one who came to our rescue. Incidentally, it was the first bill of goods he ever sold us, but not the last one. That man had called on us twice a year for three years without encouragement, but he stuck to the job, never worked too insistently and was a good waiter. He possessed any amount of snap and ginger, and when his chance came, he jumped into action as though he had trained for that one event. That traveler is to me a living example of salesmanship.

EFFECTIVE TRIM FROM HONOLULU

Three first class distinctly different methods of barber supply window trims have recently come to my attention. They are all so good that I want to share them with you. The first is a window display used by E. O. Hall & Son, Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii. That sounds to many of us like a tale from the Cannibal Isles, but this trim looks as if it had just dropped out of a pattern shop. There are not many barbers' supplies in this window, yet the assortment is there, and the other goods displayed blend perfectly. It is a display in which a small amount of stock gives a big impression. Many of us use crepe paper in our cases and window trims. The simple method, in which this background has been made, shows what can be accomplished by a little paper and a lot of head work.

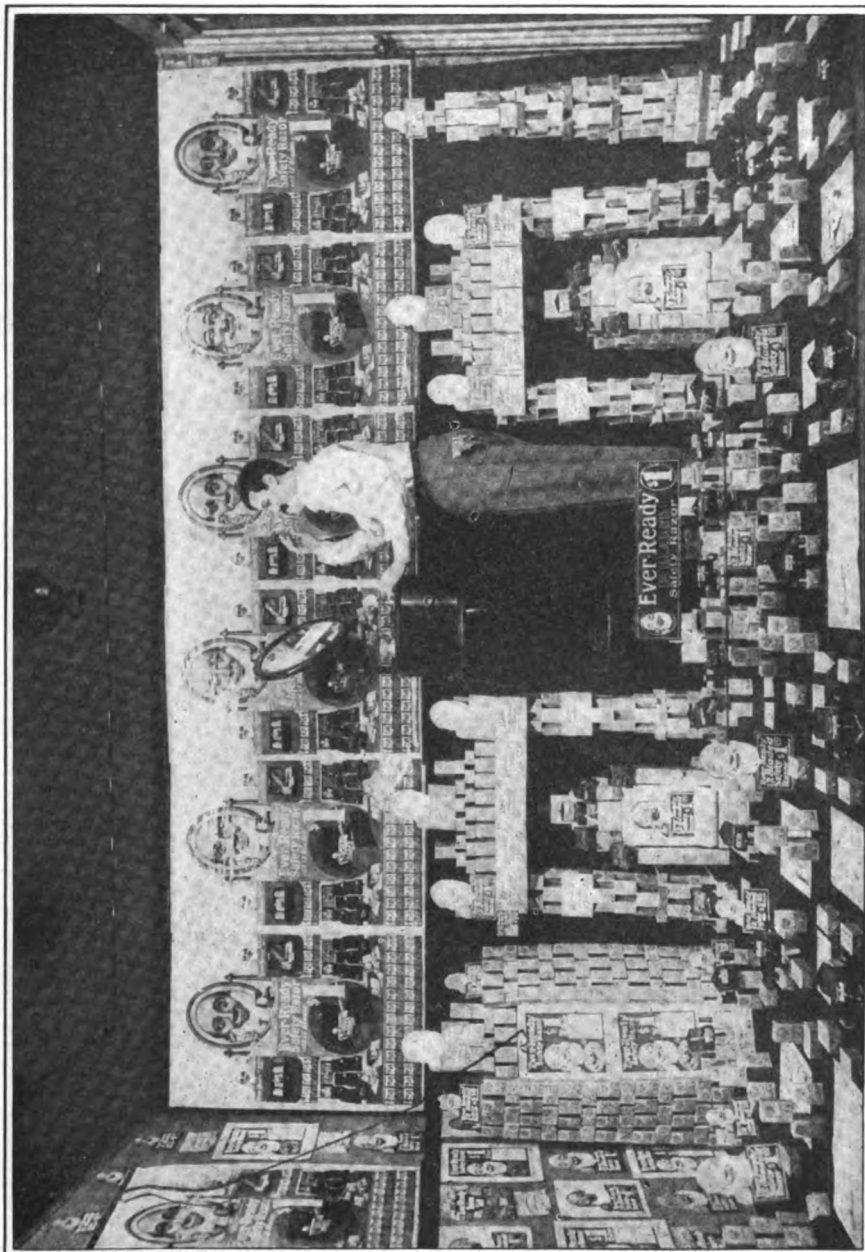
LIVE WIRE TACTICS CALL IN POLICE

The second selling method referred to is a live demonstration recently used by a progressive Chicago firm. Live demonstrations in store windows have such a weird fascination for the people of large cities that some time ago the City Council of Chicago passed an ordinance prohibiting such demonstrations when they had the effect of blocking the street.

Until the police were forced to call a halt, because of the congestion of traffic in front of their store, Kraut & Dohnal, 168 South Clark street, Chicago, held a live demonstration of barber's supplies in one of their store windows that was a hummer.

Two of the salesmen in the store furnished the figures for the demonstration, and a barber chair and supplies furnished the equipment for staging the unusual display. One of the salesmen was a "victim" in the chair, while the other salesman shaved him.

Kraut & Dohnal handle only four lines of hardware—barbers' supplies, cutlery, sporting goods and tools. Nearly all of their customers are men. The firm advertises its barbers' supplies largely through a catalog issued to barbers about once a year and by its show window displays. Three delivery wagons are



WINDOW DISPLAY PREPARED BY FRED MCGAVOCK FOR KEITH, SIMMONS & CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

required to make the daily deliveries of supplies to barber shops in the city of Chicago and an automobile delivery is about to be established.

A mail order business in barbers' supplies is another feature of the business. Orders are frequently received from points as far distant as Alaska and from foreign countries.

THE SAFETY RAZOR ISSUE

The third selling system is adapted to the merchant with a big stock of one kind of razors. Back in the days when Cy Young's pitching arm was hairless, safety razor sales were scarce and manufacturers few and far between. With apologies to Cy for calling attention to his age, I just want to remark that we have produced some few safety razor manufacturers since then, and the woods are full of fellows today who think they have just patented the real cream of the lot. So much effort could not all be wasted; and as a result, there are several very good safety razors floating around in a sea of bum ones. Safety razors are always open to a boom, the very oldest ones are yet youngsters, and every other day some customer starts the name Gillette the same as he would gill net.

WHERE THE LIMIT IS THE ROOF

This Keith-Simmons window is of the get-up-before-breakfast variety. Manufacturers' material has been worked to a fare-ye-well, and that trim would start sales on the Sahara Desert. One thing is sure—such a window wouldn't be a safe proposition if backed by only a small stock. It's got a swing to it that puts things over. That's what gets nine-tenths of the business in these days of competition. Salesmen today don't stop when they have sold a razor, a strop, a hone and some soap. Modern hardware has added talcum powder, witch hazel, shaving glasses and dandruff cure to the stock. With selling energy aroused and a prospect in sight, the limit of a customer's credit is the only goal considered.

That's one of the peculiar things about barbers' supplies. Load a man up on paint and he brings it back. Sell him too many hay forks and they are returned about the time sledding begins. Overload a bride with kitchen utensils and you open an Exchange Bazaar; but in selling a man barbers' supplies you can go the limit. Sell him a heavy razor and a light one, a hone, a strop, four kinds of soap and all the other trimmings you can imagine. Load him to the gunwales if your salesmanship can put it over, and just as sure as the sun gets up in the morning, that man will thank you for making his home shave more pleasant. It's one of the weak spots in human nature—one of the tender spots—and it's up to us to slap a business whip on it and put away the money.

EXCELLENT CROP REPORT ASSURES GOOD BUSINESS

Years ago the tender spot in a horse's hide probably went into the blacksmith's apron. The Village Smithy probably took a layer or two off his face

Sunday mornings after he had lathered with home-brew soft soap. There's been a frightful change since the Spreading Chestnut Tree saw an honest blacksmith, and the tender spot of this year's mechanic is being softened with powdered soap applied with a rubber-set badger's hair brush.

Well, I've got to catch a train and shave before I eat. By-the-way, the crop report on whiskers is always the same per capita. It's a cinch that barbers' supply business will grow in a manly town.

Fall Fun

SUMMER has passed. The festive mosquito has oiled his long instrument of torture and put it in the tool house for another year. Rapidly diminishing are the flies that have passed safely through the summer's strenuous flirtation with death. The croaking of the bullfrog has given way to the splashing of mudhens, while thrushes and orioles have rolled their music and departed before a chorus of honking geese, whose cries drown anything but the roar of a shotgun or the crack of a rifle.

It's queer how many people like to "butt in" on that musicale. An army equipped as carelessly as the forces of a South American rebellion, has sallied forth in defiance to the quack of the duck or the whirr of a chicken.

Boy scouts, urged forward by a desire to live up to the uniforms in which they have paraded during the hot months, are sallying forth in quest of muskrats. The crack of the 22 mingles with farmers' alarm and the crash of cattle rushing from the lowlands.

FATHER'S HUNTING TRIP

Fond parents forget to fondle, as they pay for the punctured hide once encasing beef on the hoof, and a few days later these Spirits, which father boy scouts, take to the woods on their annual hunting trip. Here Dad cuts loose on everything that moves. If a little lispng wind sways a clump of bushes, he punctures the atmosphere all around it and makes nature over into a harelip. With deadly certainty, father empties his automatic into the bear-like black stump, which confronts him in the twilight, and if a deer accidentally stops one of his reckless bullets, he mounts the head, measures the horns and exhibits the gun that did the business.

THE TRAIL OF THE TIMID MAN

The timid man next door learns that the murderous-looking 35 will shoot a mile and kill; that the woods, around where that trophy once roamed, are full of men similarly armed and that the country is level. He figures out to a mathematical certainty that the decreasing timber crop is rapidly letting human beings stop their share of this care-free lead which travels in a straight line until it plunks something or has spent itself. Frenzied by these deductions, he rushes for the safety of his own home and is only delayed by crowds blocking the sidewalk in front of a downtown store. Curiosity insists on a reason for this, and when patience and squirming put him into the front row, the frowning muzzles



A HUNTING WINDOW IN MONTANA THAT SOLD THE GOODS SHOWN—THE BACKGROUND, SIDE WALLS AND FLOOR WERE COVERED WITH RED CLOTH.

in a gun window again lend heels to his fear. Barring automobiles and other accidents, he is off on the long lope which ends in book shelves that have not to do with ordinance.

Examples of this class are not at all uncommon in this day and age, but that doesn't move the crowd by the gun window or diminish the sales of the genius who created it. As long as there is an open season for game, the sale of guns, ammunition and accessories is going to be a part of the hardware business and as long as these goods move out through such channels, new and interesting selling methods will come to light.

TOURIST TEMPTERS AT LIVINGSTON, MONTANA

Probably one of the best hunting grounds in the United States is that strip of country bordering the National Park. Deer, bear, sheep, goats, elk and other big game are there for the fellow who goes after them. Even going after them is simplified, for the tourist tempter, with cook and camp kit, covers every hill and meets every train that pulls into towns nearby. Every other native is a guide and every other guide can and does steer greenhorns up against the chance to bring in a trophy.

I sailed through this region last Fall and one of the best outlets for hunting or fishing enthusiasts is the town of Livingston, Mont. At this time of the year it is the easiest thing in the world to catch the hunting fever in this town. All through the day camp wagons stop in the street to load their supplies. One guide speaks of taking out that Chicago party, another is going out to-morrow morning with the old fellow from New York. St. Louis business men line up in front of an ammunition counter and Minneapolis doctors buy fishing tackle. It's in your blood before you have been in town an hour.

When the bright glare of electricity takes up the burden of the sun, which has sunk behind one of the great mountain ranges, you may expect to see teams returning with parties that have been out a week or a month. A host of pretty girls in white come out to enjoy the cool evening air. Most of them have been through the park and now are waiting until father's or brother's hunting trip caps the delightful summer they have shared. You may go to a picture show, but in front of you, behind you and beside you are fellows who talk of an early get-away next morning and of the game over on Lost Creek or the birds down near Red Rock.

If there's a spark of sporting blood in your makeup you can absolutely depend upon Livingston, in September, to strike it into a flash, and it will not be necessary to send to the city for a first-class outfit. The hardware stores in Livingston can fit you out with anything from a Lee Straight Pull-down to an airgun. It's their business.

A friend of mine went out there a year or two ago, and launched himself into the hardware business. He used to pack one of those quarter ton catalogues of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.'s and was posted on prices, freight rates, plans, peculiarities and other things essential to a good salesman. He used to blow into the store like a refreshing breeze, and before he left with his order, had told us of every good show case or window trim in his territory. He always had a new plan for a window and seemed pained if you wouldn't let him try it out. We used to accuse him of eating window trims for dessert and I felt that he couldn't sleep easy if one of our show cases was cluttered up.

Well, Martin Geboski went into business and, in reply to a letter, has sent me a photograph of one of the Park County Hardware Company's window displays, here reproduced, to prove that he is putting his theories into practice. This display contains some rather unique color features.

Gib, as he is known in Montana, writes as follows: "It's nothing elaborate, but shows the goods, and at the same time sells them. Red background, red floor covering and red side walls are unusual, but, believe me, it is some showy window, especially at night with that fire red trimming."

The window is 8 feet deep and 18 feet long and creates a gun sale for every square foot of floor space. The traps hung along the center of this window are unusual and are shown in such a way that they do not interfere with the other goods on display, but at the same time demand attention for themselves. Displays of this nature must be a gratification to the manufacturers who have put out the attractive window display material here used. A window like this in a town like Livingston does as its maker suggests, shows the goods and at the same time gets the business.

MEETING BUSINESS ON THE DOORSTEP

This story has been written with one little object in view.

For its size Livingston, Mont., is probably the best retail gun and tackle center on the map. If guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and camp outfits were carried in the most obscure places there they would probably sell themselves to such an extent that they would pay reasonable returns on the investment. This proposition is purely theoretical, for every hardware store in that town is a live wire. Every one of them is out with displays which compare very favorably with that of the Park County Hardware Company.

The point we want to grab is this—with such business almost floating in the air, these merchants are out meeting it half way.

Your town is probably a long ways from Livingston and this hunt fever may not be in your customers' blood. It all sums up in the fact that you must go out on the step to meet business prospects. The merchant with supplies of this kind

in his store, who has failed to give them window prominence up to date, is leaning against a frail prop which some mild mannered competitor will kick sooner or later.

It's wonderful how the earth will jump up to meet such a proposition. At the same time it's freakish how many guns sell themselves. If Livingston needs a red window display your town probably demands a Rainbow and a Brass Band. Think it over and reach out to meet them more than half way.

Going After the Coin

ONCE in a while we meet a fellow who says that he is in business for his health but intimate acquaintance with one or two of this class of philanthropists makes us realize that such an idea is a delusion and, while he may deceive himself into believing that the "joy of work" is his only salvation, it is the chase of the elusive almighty dollar that keeps him milling and the rest of the world is not deceived.

CHARGING THINGS UP TO EXPERIENCE

It is easier, by the way, to fool yourself than to put the muzzle of deception on anyone else. We can and do argue ourselves into propositions that no other fellow would dare tackle. We bait our own hooks and grab and hang on to them like crabs after a hunk of raw beef. We land ourselves high and dry and then try side-stepping until we butt our heads against the hulk of our limitations. We plan and puncture our own future, and when engine troubles follow other calamities, we even bunco our old fool selves into charging the mess up to poor old Experience.

ADMITTING THAT WE ARE OUT FOR THE CASH

We are in business for money, pure, cold, clammy cash, and whenever we succeed in convincing ourselves that the store is running on a charity basis, well,—we need a vacation, a long one, a vacation that will take us out into the country far from the maddening crowd, where tainted nature witnesses watered milk, stove-piped potatoes, doped weights and other simple amusements of these primitive disciples of parcel post and other projects. If we are out for the cash—and most of us are—it is a mighty sure thing that we want to do some thinking along that line. It is barely possible that some high-salaried employee in our store is spending a lot of time selling goods that require no great impetus to set them rolling, while an apprentice may be going it blind among the most profitable items in stock.

PROFIT SHARING AN INCENTIVE TO SALESMEN

You and I know that jobbers' representatives receive liberal commissions in addition to regular salaries on many particularly desirable money-makers illustrated in their big catalogues. This isn't the result of some fine impulse of liberality. That commission isn't being handed over merely because the goods

are pretty, or because the sales manager has fallen in love with his traveling representative. It is just a plain cold-blooded money-making proposition. It's a case of "you make me a bunch and I'll give you a slice of it." That slice tastes so good, when it comes in a bunch, to the salesman that he never forgets to investigate thoroughly the condition of such stock in the stores where he makes his presence felt.

BEATING LAST YEAR'S RECORD

There are other incentives besides the commission proposition. Some salesmen will buckle into certain lines just a little harder if they know the boss is keeping cases on results. I know a store where this method of checking sales was followed out closely for three years on fishing tackle. The first season showed a total of \$800. The next season put it up to \$1200, and the total of last year's business on the same line was \$1500 in the same store. A mere proposition of running against time, and the new record established was a mighty good thing for that department. It put every man on his mettle, and in many cases made a lukewarm salesman over into a red-hot article, burning with an all-consuming desire to make the figures of the previous year look like six nickels.

RED STICKERS MAKE HEALTHY STOCK

A central western hardware store is following a red sticker system to move slow sellers. Old or slow-moving goods on the shelves are labeled with these hurry-up signs. When a salesman waits on a customer, who asks for screwdrivers, he knows in a second which box to reach for and just which drivers he should show first and talk strongest.

It may be a passing pattern; it may be the tail end of a certain discontinued line; it may be one thing or it may be another; the clerk may never know the true reason of the red sticker sign, but he knows the meaning of that sign and with his selling power back of it, the sales go through and the germs that threaten a healthy stock are sent out. A salesman, in describing this sticker to me, said that the red stood for danger and the sticker for just what the word implied.

MAKING THE MOST OF A WARM-UP DISPOSITION

There are many plans to move slow-selling goods. Some of the old timers that have gathered hardware dust for years have completely baffled the ingenuity of all kinds, shapes and colors and sizes of salesmen. It is the chap who works his head hard enough to sell these goods who jumps into the lime-light and that sort of a chap can always get the boss's ear. This same sort of a clerk soon cleans up the relics in a hardware institution and then turns the bright rays of his warm-up disposition onto goods bearing the most profit.

Does he or can he do it in your store? Does he know the cost of your merchandise? I'm not saying that he should, but I do want to go on record as hav-

ing advocated that you put him wise to the most profitable lines so he can work where his efforts will show the best returns.

SOMETHING WORTH TRYING

Too many good salesmen spend their time selling nails. As the policeman of your own destiny call a halt. Meet with the boys after the store closes and go over the sales slips for the day. Talk over the items sold by every man. It may be a new thing in your store, but the object is to put cash in the same old till. Don't fool yourself. That's why you're in business.

Just a Jaunt with the Things We Sell

ACTIONS speak plainer than words. We have all told fish stories, and a few of us have heard them. We have all sold guns, ammunition, fishing tackle and camp supplies. Some of us have hunted and others have to take our word for it. To the man who has been in the brush, the photographs used with this story are real; they bring vividly to mind experiences that wouldn't be forgotten for the price of a month's business.



THE DOCTOR WITH A 38-55 BROUGHT DOWN THE MOOSE.

To the fellow who has sold and never shot—well, he has got to take our word and the pictures for it. Two years ago E. S. Rogers, a Cleveland business man, and Dr. M. D. Stepp, a surgeon from the same city, who believes in cutting a tonic out of nature once a year, landed in the Temagami region in Canada. Their mission was moose and their first camp in the brush is typical of the tent life that always ends too quickly.

TENTS

Tents, as we see and sell them, are generally sewed up in a piece of burlap or stretched on a neatly mown lawn, in their immaculate whiteness, and

made-to-order surroundings and the joys and pleasures to be derived from their actual use as an outdoor habitation are, as a general rule, flights of imagination.

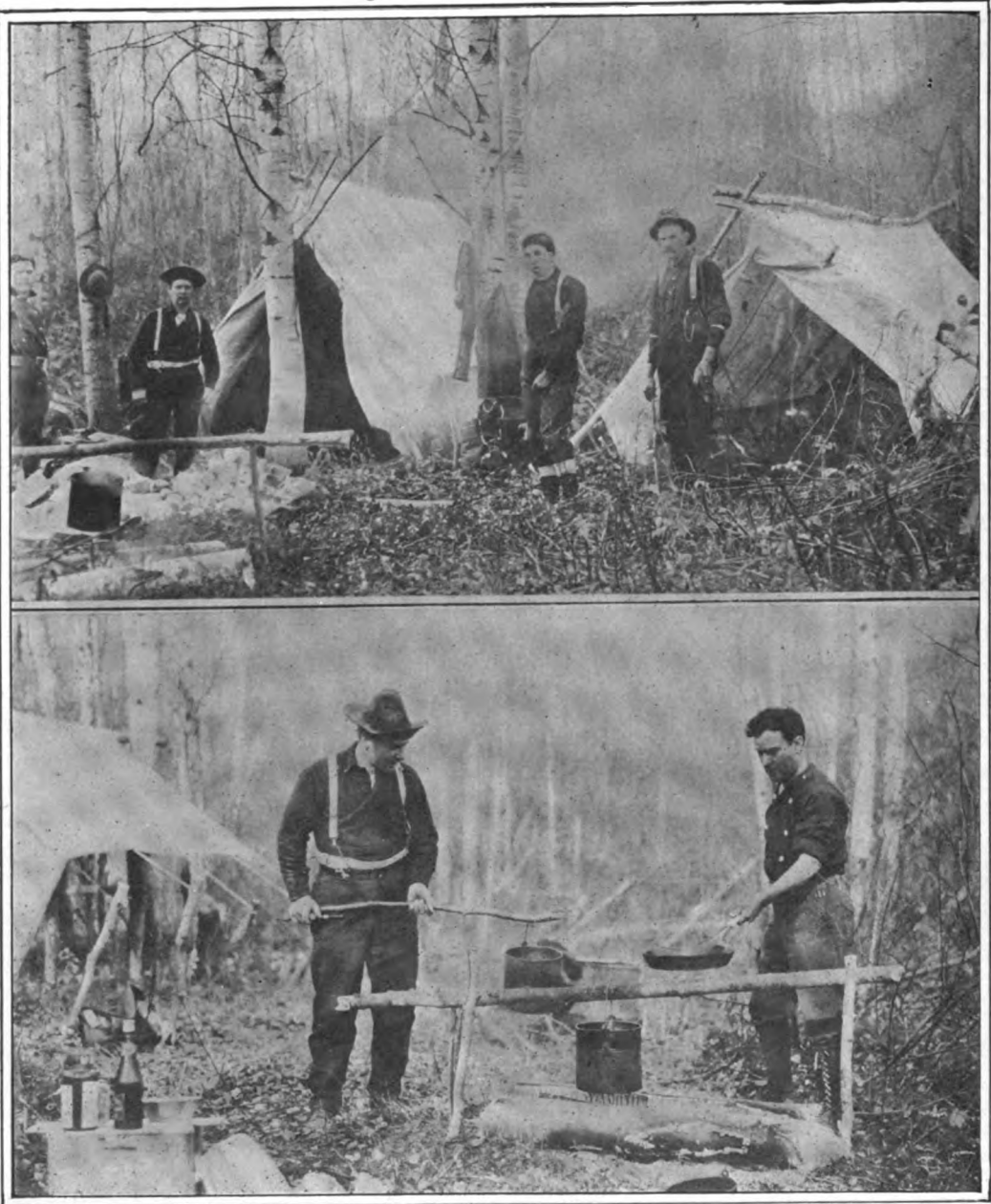
Here is a view from the brush. Looks different, doesn't it? Sort of tickles a fellow's palate and makes us want to take our vacation after September first, or whatever time the big game season opens. The old guide and the Indian remind us of that last trip and clinch our resolves for next fall. We drift over back of the camp to chop from an old pine stump and, as the pitch sears the bright steel blade and rubs the paint from the hardware pride, we look across to the beaver dam and thank our lucky stars that we have not come out to work as hard as these industrious king dam builders of nature.



A BEAVER DAM IN THE NORTH WOODS.

COMFORTS OF HOME

A day, and the camp is as smooth as they make them, with all the comforts of a home. The shiny tin camp kettles and the frying pan have taken on a coat of smut, and the back logs remind us of beans and breakfast. An ammunition box has become a cook's table and our business and professional men have transfigured themselves into camp cooks and are pleased with the change. There is nothing in the world so much appreciated when on a trip of this kind as a little knowledge of camp cookery. The bean pot becomes a bread pan, the bread pan is a dish pan, the dish pan is an emergency spider, and the spider often becomes an emergency coffee pot.



WITH TENTS TRIMMED BY A BACKGROUND OF NATURE, BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN TRANS-FIGURE THEMSELVES INTO CAMP COOKS.

But to follow this party through we must take a look at our fishing tackle. The last time we saw it these lines, reels, rods and flies rested on the shelves of plate glass show cases. Take a look at them after a morning's work; some class to a single fly that stands for the tug of a few trout like the ones bending the string stick in this picture! Some little rod that goes through a few weeks' casting in waters filled with fish like these! Some little reel that comes home with the stamp of such approval as these men give!

TWO TROPHIES

But these are just side issues, as we mentioned some time ago their mission was moose. A tale of the day's tramp, of the birch bark horn, the runway, and the windward side takes time. Pictures tell the story quickly. Here is one of Mr. Rogers, just twenty seconds before his old rifle began pouring lead into a moose. Beside it is the "after" of this before and after series. It shows the result of a long planned trip into the wilderness; of a week's work in a rough brush country. It shows an American sporting rifle in the hands of a man who knows how to use it, and an almighty mad man at that, for the trophy is a spike and the limit is one.

The doctor had better luck and in the illustration looks very much in the mood for a moose. The great, ungainly creature was stopped in its swift trot by a bullet from a 38-55 half-magazine Winchester.

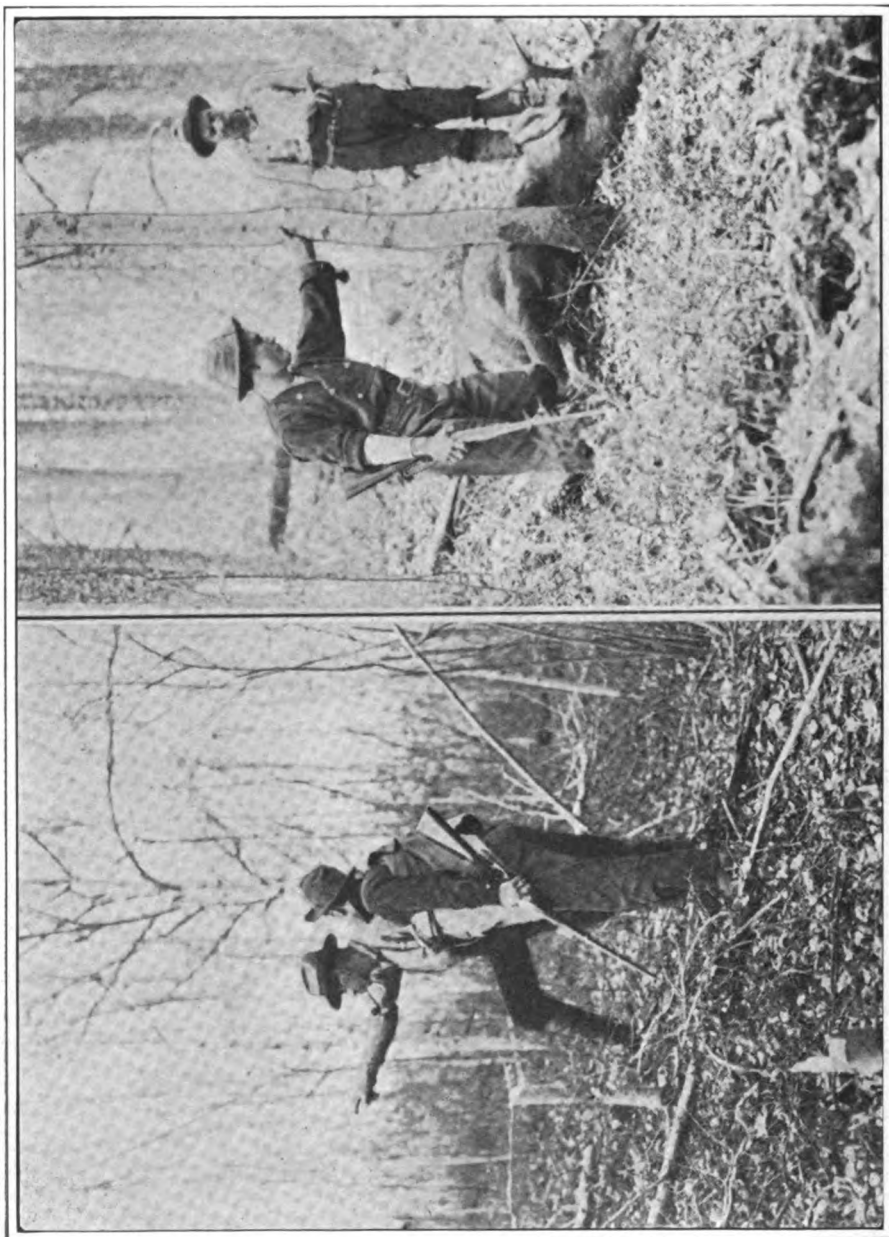
There are men by the hundred who would buy half the guns in your store for a trophy like this, but such things do not come with the mere buying of guns. Marksmanship, nerve, determination and the elimination of buck fever are essentials. One bullet will do the work and it did in this case.

This is principally a picture story, but that part ends with the last photo, which shows the Indian guide, the trophy and the way it came out. This picture can never be appreciated to the limit by anyone who has not swung a pack-sack or made a portage. A few trips like the one illustrated in these pictures throw a spice into life that leaves a good taste in a fellow's mouth and makes town bearable eleven months in the year.

TROUBLE MAKERS

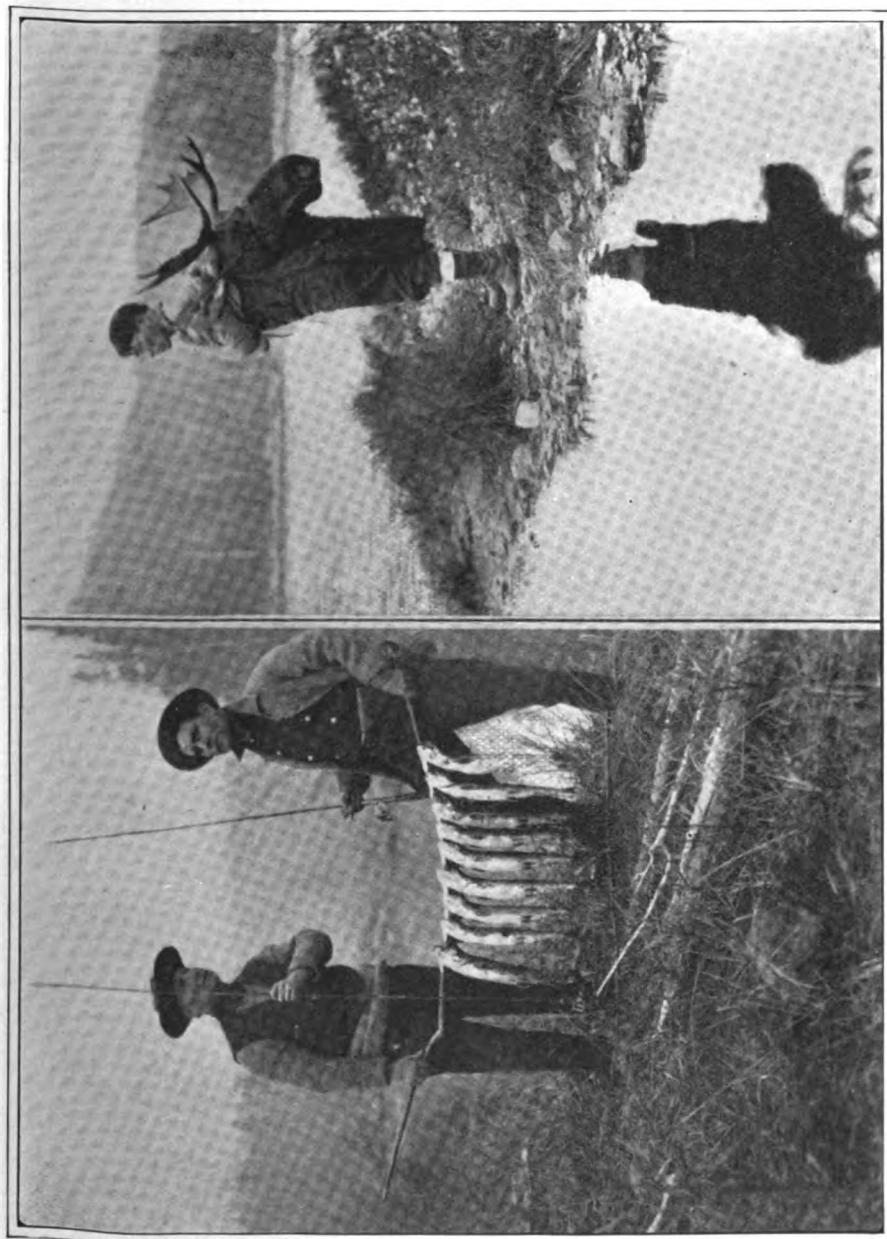
These two men are not freaks; they are just plain American citizens who love the same things we do, hunting, fishing, trapping, camping. It's in our blood and wild west pictures of stage cowboys chasing Jersey cows won't take it out. There are business men in every town in the country who will have their annual hunt if it takes a tooth.

They are cranks on their outfit, and we cannot blame them. A cheap compass that gives a man a bum steer when he is ten miles from camp is no joke. A red axe with a lead edge isn't at all appreciated when a fellow gets



E. S. ROGERS 20 SECONDS BEFORE THINGS STARTED.

AND THE DISAPPOINTING RESULTS OF A SPIKE TROPHY AND
LIMIT OF ONE.



INDIAN PACKING A TROPHY.

AN OPEN-AIR AD FOR TACKLE.

forty miles from no place. An old fish line which has been carried over in a light place does not stimulate trade when it is tried out on real fish in some backwoods lake. Defective ammunition or a poorly sighted gun will boomerang a lot of trouble to the man who sold it, if it slips a cog on big game. A leaky kettle can be patched with a piece of shirt tail, but it doesn't make a strong customer, who comes home from his outing, enthusiastic about your goods.

A tent bought for full size and supposed to be made of 12 oz. duck sometimes proves to be of 8 oz. material with the walls and roof cut short. A rainy week in a camp twenty miles from a railroad, you will admit, is a mighty poor place to learn these things, yet it is too common an experience. We have all sold goods to the hunter who parades like the girl with the silk bathing suit and a parasol, but we should treat the average business man as we would ourselves when he hooks up for his annual hunting trip.

NO FOOLING WITH GOOD CUSTOMERS

One miscue and he forgets our number. We would do the same and the profit in many camp accessories is too great for any fooling with good customers. The season will soon be on. Let's plan some window trims that will bring our customers down close to nature. These goods command attention but one brief season during the year. Pound them for all they are worth.

Buy early, sell for cash, and clinch each customer with quality. These are essentials to success in handling such supplies.

Pull! Bang! Whiff! Dead!

THIS is the death song of the clay pigeon, sung by the trap shooter whose alert, tense figure firmly grasps a hot barreled shotgun, as he bites off the word that sends an involuntary thrill of expectancy through the crowd in front of a gun club house. The trap is tripped, a small saucer shaped clay pigeon streaks through the air at a pace that makes a Teal duck's flight resemble the lazy flapping of a crow. Like part of an automatic machine the gun jumps into action. It stiffens against the shooter's shoulder for a second like the index finger of an accusing hand. A flash and a report follow one another faster than the human mind can transmit the message, but in that brief interval the pride of some clay pigeon factory has been shattered to atoms. The judge's call and the scorers' entry are made before the smoking shell hits the ground and the next gunner of this human battery of the times of peace calls for the second bird and the tournament is on. Sounds kind of natural, doesn't it? We have all seen them start just that way.

A NATION OF RIFLEMEN

There was a time when we were a nation of riflemen. Our forefathers pulled off a little affair down on Bunker Hill in which good shots predominated. A little later on, down near New Orleans, Andrew Jackson led a miscellaneous collection of chaps, who seemed blessed with the ability to shoot the eyes out of mosquitoes and possessed with the morbid desire to demonstrate their prowess on invading forces. History records that in the 60's, just past, there were many Americans in such a perfect condition of rifle practice that it was extremely hazardous for Northerners to spend the winter in Florida or for Southerners to visit Niagara Falls.

WHY WE HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO SHOOT A RIFLE

Then the country began to settle; villages became cities and crossroads stores were transformed by the deft fingers of Juggler Time into great towns. We began building inns 20 stories high with roof gardens on their tops. Automobiles rushed over the turnpikes and interurban traction lines became so extremely popular that—well, we have come down to a day when Broadway ain't a pasture any more, and rifle shooting as a great national pastime is losing out.

If this doesn't sound right to you just get on a crowded street car in any

large town with a big calibre rifle in your hand and note the curious glances thrown at you from every angle. Folks don't know whether you are a militiaman or a member of a Wild West show. There are thousands of boys in every

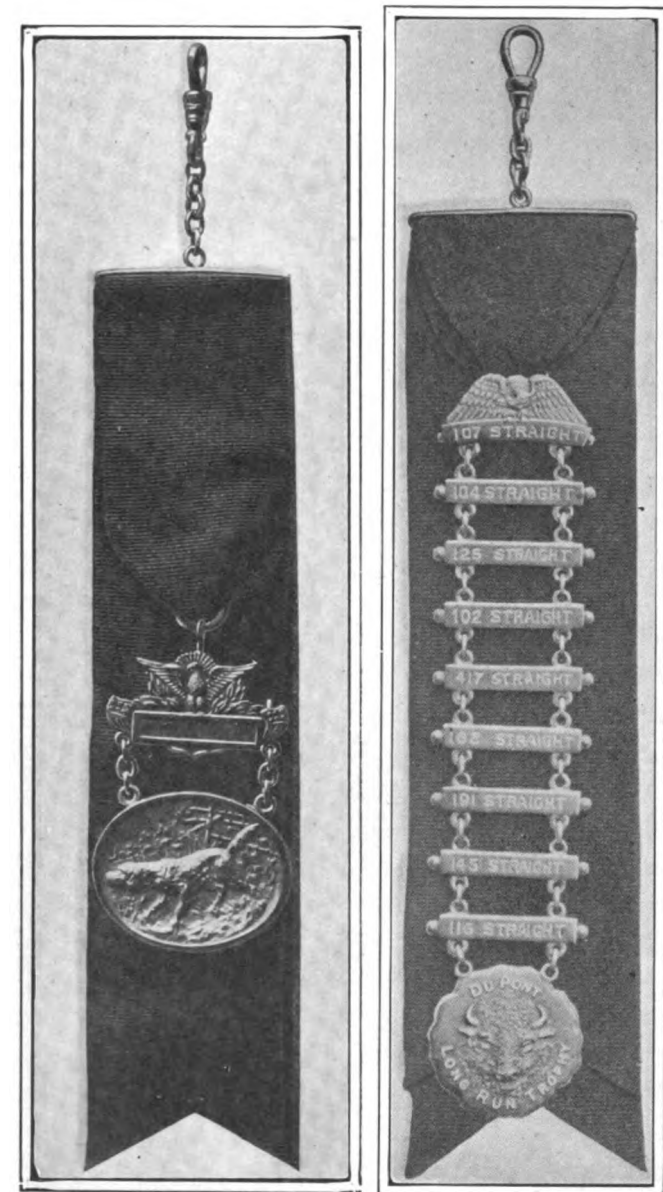
town who know absolutely nothing about a rifle and couldn't hit the broad side of a flock of barns at ten paces.

WHO SHOOTS AND WHY

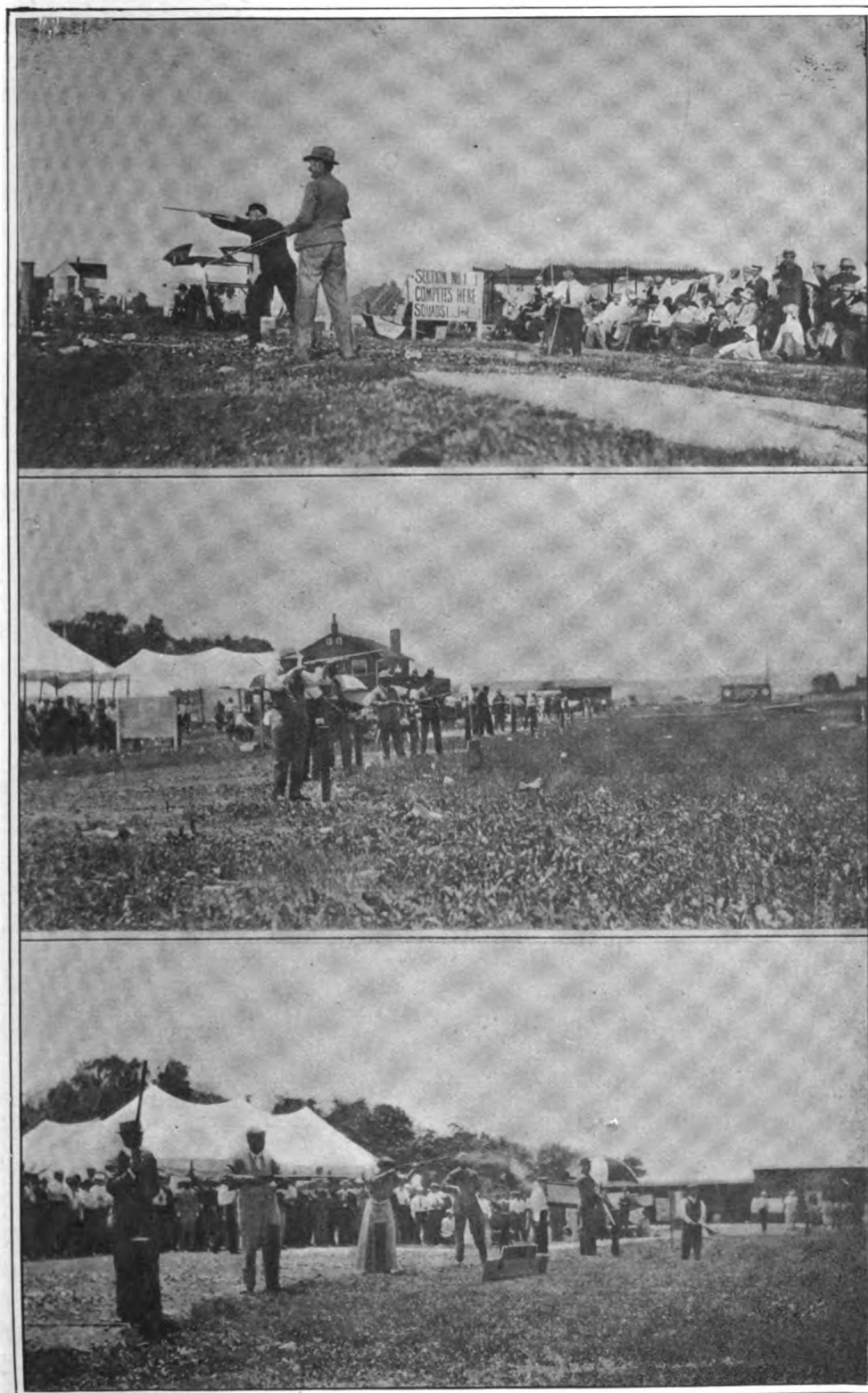
There is, however, in every American citizen the inherent desire to own and use some kind of a firearm, and this desire is finding an outlet in trap shooting and the spatter gun.

This is a pastime where every man stands squarely on his own merits and it is backed by all the zest of competition. It is a game in which spectators are comparatively few and participants many. Men of all stages in life rub elbows in this fraternity of the shotgun. Lawyers, doctors and clerks mingle with capitalists, clergymen and professional shooters. Hans Wagner and Big Chief Bender wedge some pretty good trap scores in between baseball games. John Philip Sousa likes the

LONG-RUN TROPHIES OFFERED BY DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER COMPANY. THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS THE 1911 TROPHY. THAT ON THE RIGHT IS THE 1910 TROPHY, WON BY J. R. GRAHAM, ENGLSIDE, ILL.



music of a shotgun next to that of his band. A certain, whole-souled athletic Catholic priest has been prominent at many recent tournaments. It is the



SNAPSHOTS TAKEN AT THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP TOURNAMENT.

sport of a gentleman and is becoming more strongly each year a feature of country club life.

No other sport has so many participants at its meets. Every town of size in the nation has its club and big meets, such as the Southern Handicap and the Grand American Handicap, the Eastern Handicap, the Western Handicap and the Pacific Coast Handicap record entries, in some instances of as high as 500 shooters. These great events consume great quantities of shells, but not so many as are used in preliminary training on the home ground.

POSSIBILITIES AND DRAWBACKS

The sale of guns, ammunition and accessories is an enormous proposition, the aggregate sales of which run well up into the millions of dollars each year. Someone is making a profit out of these goods, but don't think for a minute that I am ignorant of the drawbacks. Many dealers have tried unsuccessfully to carry in stock every kind of a loaded shell that fickle inquiry brings their way. I know many dealers who have misjudged the quantity of ammunition they expected to sell at some certain tournament.

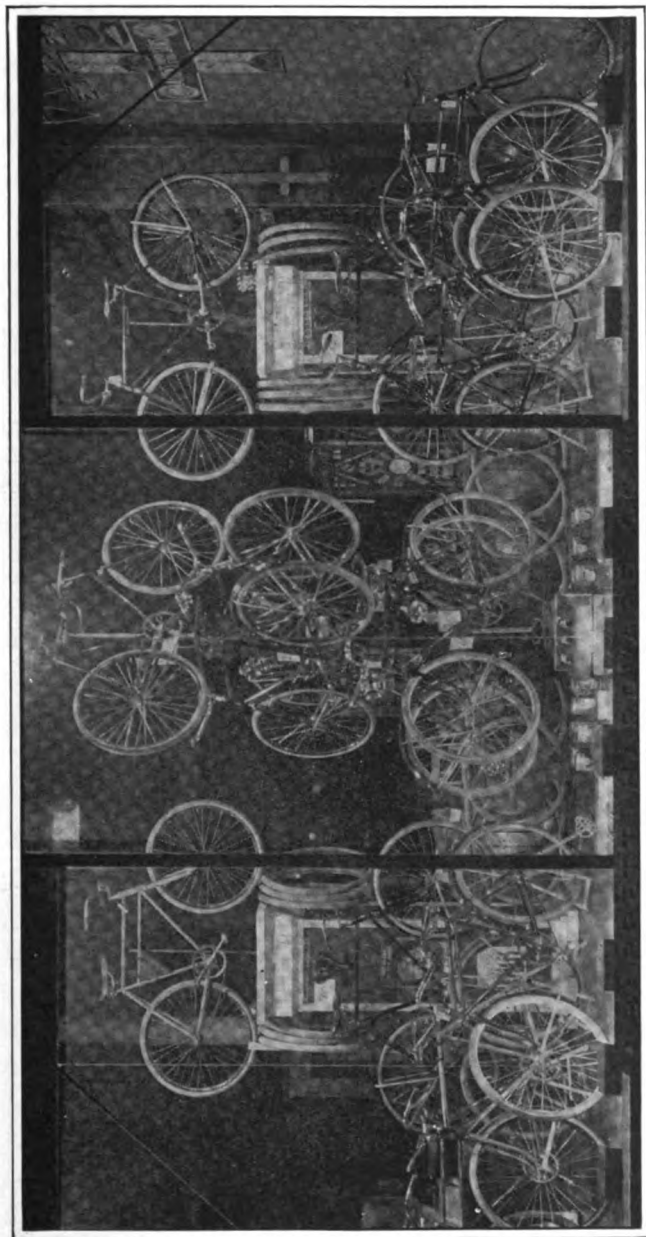
I know just how badly a carried-over stock of ammunition looks. I know many of us look and hope for the day when the retail merchant will be given a chance to make a better profit on these goods. I know that more people—yes, decidedly more—would shoot at the traps if the price of loaded shells could be reduced enough to put this sport within reach of the average pocketbook. I know these drawbacks, and so do you, yet there are hardware men who have chiseled the rough corners off this proposition and are building business of a satisfactory nature with the simplified stock.

TEXAS STORE PROVIDES PARK FOR SHOOTERS

The Adoue-Blaine Hardware Company of Houston, Texas, maintains a shooting park for the convenience of hunters and marksmen. Admission is free to this park and a tower target and other traps are provided for shooting. Shells are sold at the grounds and from this the company derives a considerable revenue. However, it is for the advertising given the sporting goods department of the store that the park is maintained. Catalogues and other advertising matter are frequently distributed at the grounds and it is but natural that shooters, who avail themselves of the hospitality of the company, should purchase their guns, ammunition and other sporting equipment at the store. Every year the company offers prizes for the best shooting results and usually some gun manufacturer, from whom the company buys its guns, will put up one as a prize to be given to the best marksman.

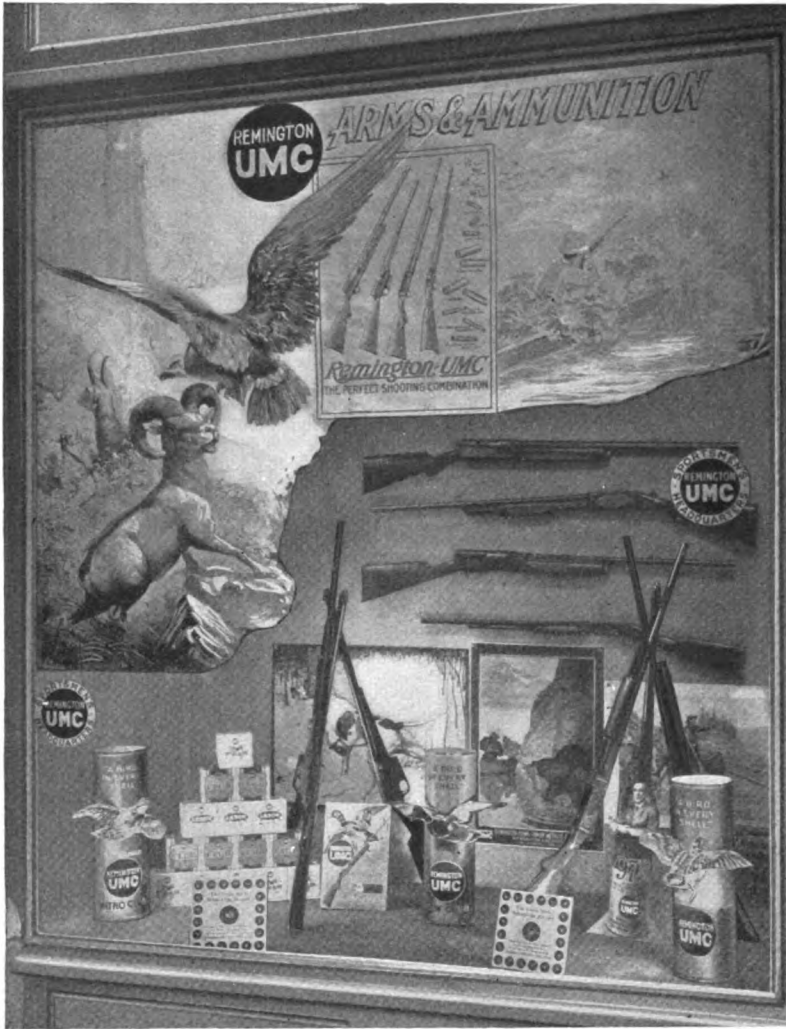
MANUFACTURERS' CO-OPERATION—MEDALS AND WINDOW TRIMS

Co-operation offered by manufacturers of this line of goods is head and shoulders ahead of anything I have ever met. Many manufacturers of powder



SPECIAL CARE SHOWN IN WINDOW DISPLAY OF BICYCLES.

shells are ready to back the trap shooters game with booklets telling how to organize and conduct a gun club, with score sheets for records and medals for winners. For instance, the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Company gives a long run trophy to every amateur who will break 100 straight targets and to every professional shooter who breaks 125 straight in registered tournaments.



REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY'S 1911 WINDOW TRIM.

An additional bar is given for each time this record is made during the year. In 1910 J. R. Graham, an amateur at Engleside, Ill., made the longest run, which established a record of 417 straight. The medal presented to Mr. Graham is herewith reproduced.

I mentioned window trims. You have appreciated the magnificent trims sent out during the past few years by manufacturers prominent in the gun and

ammunition field. We herewith reproduce the new 1911 trim, which is being given away by the Remington Arms Company. It is yours for the asking, and I know thousands of you are just enough on the job to make known your wants as soon as you read this announcement.

THINGS PUT OFF UNTIL TO-MORROW

Things put off until to-morrow are seldom money-makers. This is a live proposition and selling ammunition at a profit is another. Steel nerve, quick, unerring, unfaltering judgment are essentials to a trap shooter. You know I am not going an inch too far to say that these are also essentials in the making of hardware success. A good shooter does not always make a perfect score, nor is a business man infallible. We sometimes forget and we often make bubbles, but I am safe in predicting that the hardware dealers of this country will hold up their end of the row on any co-operation plans of merit that manufacturers may spring.

Pull!

Bang!

Whiff!

Dead!

That's the kind of dope that bags every prospect that jumps from the trap but like good hunters be sure to load your gun before rushing forward to pick up the game.

Advances

YOU remember the day you stood first on one leg and then on the other, with your hands very much in the way and made the first shy advances that told every one in the neighborhood you were in love, before the light broke upon yourself. You remember the day she turned you down, too. How you longed to be a soldier with one of those tight fitting blue coats surmounting a padded pants' seat. Yours was a fearless sentry stride, and your deep manly tones often rang out, breaking the stillness of the night, with clear cut command to advance and give the countersign. Those early advances cost you many a sigh, but you came through whole; launched yourself into a sea of business and have been dodging advances ever since.

CASE HARDENED

Most advances, by the way, are well dodged. They come without bidding and go when our warerooms are groaning with stock. I sometimes think the big cuckoo clock, which controls our manufacturing plants, has been trained to jump out, yell advance, advance and duck back again. These advances have been coming with such regularity for the past five years that we have become accustomed to them and would probably greet sharp declines on any commodity with suspicion. In fact, we greeted the great reduction of last year on .22 ammunition with such suspicion that the increased sales on this caliber cartridge are very noticeable.

OLD EMPLOYEES' POOR ARGUMENT

Price advances are not the only hairs in our soup. Clerks have been trained to hit for an annual advance without further reason than that they have been with us another year. They are doing the same old work in the same old way. The same old customers line up at the same old counter and find the same old goods in the same old place. Being with the house another year has put many a clerk in the rut where old customers know his weaknesses just a little better and get under his hide just a little deeper.

THE HIGH ROAD TO WAGE SUCCESS

Boys, when you hit the boss for a raise in pay, forget that reason of another year with the house. Show him the new work you have done: show him the new customers you have won. Don't ask for a raise like a cuckoo clock, right

on the hour. If you are worth more money to-day, ask for it to-day. If you have failed to make yourself more valuable from a cash standpoint, keep your trap closed, even if you have been with the old man another year. It's easy to raise pay, but hard to reduce it. Expenses swell as easily as the mumps, and reductions are as hard to make as pickles are to swallow during that painful period. The man who asks for an advance only when he knows absolutely that he is worth it, never worries much about salary. Employers are generally more anxious to raise salaries than employees are to receive. These conclusions are drawn from experience and observation. Think them over.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF AN ADVANCE

But to get back to advances. There is a pleasant side to everything. There are so many sides to some things that the bright spot is hard to locate, but it's there just the same, flitting about like a sun stroke on a mountain side, and you can catch it for keeps the moment you take the cue from the man of whom you make early or advance purchases and sell along the same desirable lines. It is something like the lesson the allied armies taught China. That, by the way, was the most profitable whipping China ever received, and the Chinamen of to-day would not try to win battles by hand springs or holy smoke.

PICTURE BOOK BUSINESS PROFITABLE

This proposition of doing business with a picture book and a pencil is certainly cream for the man who gets it. The jobber who can make direct shipments from the factory where he buys goods, or can even split up car shipments and send them out in local lots the day they reach him, and thus dodge storage or shipping expense is to be congratulated. Not only is he to be congratulated by appreciative retailers, but he should be copied. We keep a copy of the order we gave for that lot of lawn mowers or garden hose, which is shipped early, with a long dating. In case of error we can dig it up in two seconds, and we should also keep a record of the actions of the man who made us anticipate our wants. Let's not keep it to look at. Let's get action on it and break our sale records.

SALESMANSHIP NOT A ONE-STRINGED INSTRUMENT

There are a great many items of hardware, bought a long ways in advance of actual needs, for various reasons. The first and foremost reason is that jobbers like to clinch business that day, and to the music of the mermaid salesmanship, we plunge in with our clothes on. The strings of the instrument upon which the traveling salesman plays are tuned with long dating, liberal discount and in many cases, with freight advantages of car shipments. This is particularly true in districts remote from market, where the orders of several retailers are bunched into a car which is shipped to the town most centrally located, and from there distributed by local freight.

I said we dove in on advance purchases with our clothes on. By this I do not mean that the ducking is going to do us any particular harm. It won't if we dry our clothes in action like the duck hunter, who acts as his own retriever. If he undresses and tries to dry out over a driftwood fire on the bank, he will catch cold, as well as shed tears over the smoke in his eyes. But if he runs through the day in the same clothes he can't catch cold if he tries.

So the dive of early or large purchases will affect us. If we come fresh from the scene of purchase and put to work on our own customers the arguments that have sold us, we will reap our reward. Screen doors, wire cloth, poultry netting, steel goods, garden hose, lawn mowers, hammocks, seeds and refrigerators are among the many items commonly bought in advance of actual needs by us, and every one of these lines will stand for early sales, as well as early buys.

PURCHASES AN ENTERING WEDGE FOR SALES

How are we going to make refrigerator or lawn mower sales at this season? This is a most natural question. The reply is, by using every purchase as an entering wedge for sales. Your grocer, the man who runs the confectionery store, the ice cream parlor, or the wealthy citizen are all A 1 prospects for something special.

"Good morning, Mr. Brown, I dropped in to see you about a refrigerator. We are placing orders for the coming season and if you have ever considered anything special for your home or place of business this will prove an opportunity for us to serve you." Did you ever try it? The mere fact that he can order special, that he can get just exactly what he wants without additional expense, that he can save freight money by getting in car shipment and so forth, and so forth, will suit Mr. Brown. Test it out.

SELLING SUGGESTIONS

Didn't the court house or school house janitor ask for a lawn mower twice the size of anything you had in stock last year? Feel him out and see if he still wants a 20 or 24 in. cutting machine. Janitors are easily enthused, and county commissioners or members of the school board are also subject to the wiles of salesmanship. Show up samples of garden hose and talk it every day from now until the season when lawns and flowers call for water.

More than one man will screen in his porch next season if you start schooling him to-day, and your neighbor's chickens won't scratch up your pansy bed if you talk poultry netting to him to-day. Wait until your garden is coming up and his wife has seen you shy a brick at one of his pullets, and the subject will be dangerous.

Get a bright shiny sample of the rake, hoe and spade you expect to sell this spring and tackle advance orders. Some of the results will be surprising.

This is the age of advancement. We have been taught that no man stands still. He is either advancing or losing ground. Don't go with the crowd. Get about a neck ahead and advertise the fact that advances in service and quality are your specialty. Price advances may have been played by the crowd as the favorite for the past five years and may be touted as to-day's winner, but salesmanship is a horse with a long neck. Many a race is won on the home stretch, but more are taken at the starter's post. This racetrack language is paid for. It cost me everything but my carfare home several years ago. I don't take a tip from strangers to-day, nor do you, but if you are running a retail hardware store we are not strangers.

Just a Story of Success

TO the little settlement at La Crosse on the Wisconsin shore where the Black River empties into the Mississippi, Fred Kroner returned from New York with the hogshhead of merchandise which was to launch him into the hardware business. It was in the summer of 1865 when the sturdy settlers of the West were gaining strong footholds on the great river and from there reaching up its tributaries, in the fight against nature and the elements which seemed bound to keep the big woods country primitive. The great forests were hunting grounds for even a good Indian and thousands of the live variety, who refused to be good, roamed freely where the Creator had placed them.

GREW WITH THE COUNTRY

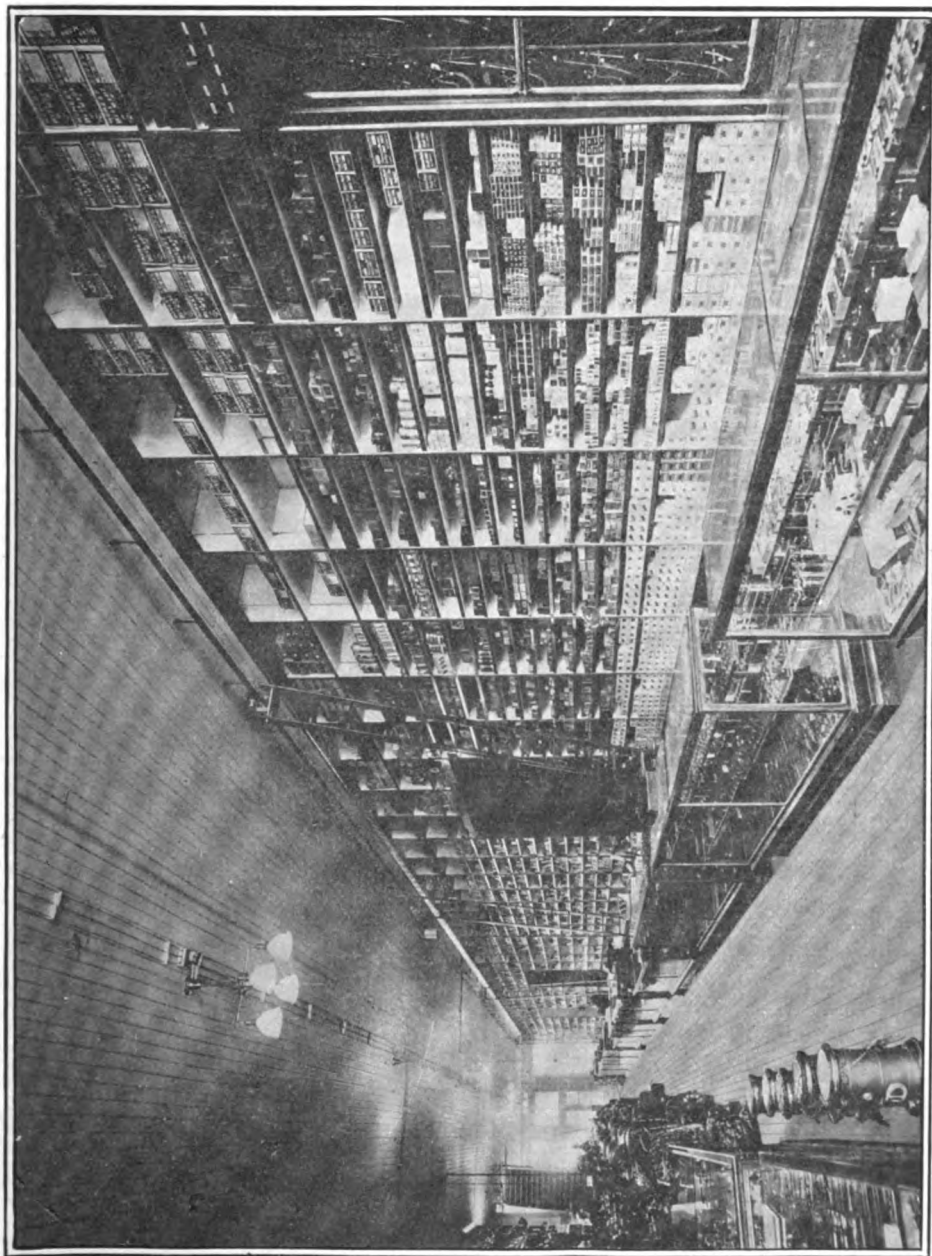
Combating successfully, if slowly, against these barriers the settler turned a few more furrows each year. The Lumber Jack placed a few more millions of white pine on the landings, and the river men rafted and cursed as only river-men could.

To such customers young Kroner sold his hardware. The pots, pans, kettles, axes, powder, traps, etc., needed little display, for stern necessity demanded their use. Soon not only the first shipment but several others had been turned, and the young man, by perseverance and sterling business methods, had established himself firmly in La Crosse.

As the great bodies of timber fell before the woodsmen and the settler began planting little fields between the stumps, the hardware business began to increase by bounds. Especially was this true of lumbermen's supplies. Retail orders for two or three dozen cross-cut saws or fifty dozen eight inch mill bastard files became common, and the "La Crosse Chopper" was an axe named by this progressive merchant and shipped to him in car lots. Peavies, cant hooks, boom chain and mill supplies all crowded one another to furnish business for the institution, which grew to be the largest hardware store in the thriving city.

BUSINESS LEFT IN GOOD HANDS

Always conservative in policy, Fred Kroner demonstrated before his death, in 1893, how great a business can be built out of the stern necessities demanded from the Hardwareman. He left to the management of sons, well equipped for the responsibility, a most thoroughly organized wholesale business and one of the best retail hardware stores on the Mississippi. The same far-



ONE SIDE OF HARDWARE STORE, WITH 150 FEET OF SHELVING, WHICH GREW FROM HOGSHEAD OF MERCHANDISE
BROUGHT TO LA CROSSE, WIS., BY FRED J. KRONER IN 1865.

seeing qualifications that aided in the foundation of this business, seem to have been inherited by the sons of Fred Kroner.

They saw the beginning of the end of the great lumbering industry in Wisconsin and wisely cleared their business decks. The great stock of lumbering supplies was slowly cleared away, and when the government thoroughly awakened to the fact that the nation must do something to preserve its timber, the company was found, as it is to-day, doing a flourishing business in shelf and builders' hardware, stoves and ranges, metals, sporting goods, guns and cutlery. Their retail quarters at 116-118 South Third street have been occupied by them since 1874, and the old stand as well as the old name lends them prestige.

Increased retail business has recently demanded many improvements in the old store, and the new shelving and show cases, here illustrated, show something of the store. The shelving is 20 inches deep, 15 feet 4 inches high and 150 feet long, on the side herewith illustrated.

WELL DISPLAYED GOODS INCREASE SALES 40 PER CENT.

The eleven beautiful show-cases, fronting this exceptionally long wall of shelving, show how strongly the Kroner company believes in the tasty display of hardware. The four alcoves along the wall are each 9 feet 6 inches wide, 7 feet 4 inches high, and the same depth as the shelving. They contain beautifully displayed samples of machinists' tools, hammers, hatchets, draw knives, builders' hardware and saws. The hand saw display has increased the retail saw business in this store 40 per cent.

The salesroom is 50 feet in width and 150 feet in length. It is a clean, exceptionally well lighted store, representing progress, and has been built up on quality goods.

GOOD HARDWARE TOWN

Two blocks further down the street the Kroner Brothers conduct a well equipped wholesale store, which is entirely separate from their retail enterprise.

La Crosse is a beautiful city of over 30,000 inhabitants. It has three transcontinental railroad lines and is an unusually fine business town, there being seven other good hardware stores in the city, besides the Kroner concern.

Hardware Tapeworms

OLD inhabitants of my native village know a boy who was always keenly interested in the workings of patent medicine people. This interest first took definite form when he appeared as the successful boyish aspirant in a pie eating contest under the auspices of a medicine company that had pitched its tents on the common. Perhaps some of you fellows are unfamiliar with pie eating contests, and I will endeavor to make myself clear.

OPEN-FACED PIE

Contestants are admitted to the arena, without an entrance fee, and, with hands securely tied, are turned loose on a piece of open-faced pie of the custard or pumpkin variety. The boy who first empties his plate is usually introduced to the audience by the herb doctor as champion of state or district, as the case may be. My close boyhood friend was the champion pie eater of the United States. It was a sort of native son affair, but the lad was also his father's son, and was promptly and properly toned down in a later contest at home.

WORTH THE PRICE

This boy took a vote with himself on the results later in life and, considering the size of the dollar that went with the honorable mention, concluded that the good time he had on it was worth the after effects. But to get down to tapeworms. Before interesting events, like the incident mentioned, took place in our village, it was necessary for the town folk to listen to long and convincing arguments on everything, from Kickapoo Indian Sagwa down to an Indian herb that would invigorate and stimulate hair growth, or remove 40-foot tapeworms over night.

Then came the free show, to which every one really earned admission. The audience laughed at the ridiculous contests or shuddered at the snake charmer. In fact, they enjoyed everything to the limit, quieted by the assurance that their newly purchased bottle of "Quick Cure Remedy" would banish tapeworm or other troubles.

I worked on my first hardware job in that village, and as I look back I can see a lot of trouble the hardwaremen there are still sharing with other merchants all over the land.

HARDWARE SCAVENGERS

A lot of practices are being followed in many of our stores that need stirring up with decided vigor. One of the foremost of these is the art of giving away

one item to sell another. How many dollars' worth of merchandise do you suppose has been passed out over your counter this year without proper record having been made of it?

How many boxes of shells or gun cases have been given away with guns that were already marked at restricted prices?

How many dollars' worth of files have drifted out as complimentary company to saws you have sold?

How many boxes of double-pointed tacks have you presented to purchasers of wire cloth?

Don't you think the putty you have given away with glass would make a pretty big pile?

Did a scythe stone never show its perfect friendship for a scythe by agreeing to go out gratis with its chum?

THERE'S MORE YET

The miles of rope you have presented to the people of your community would have tied up every stray dog in the city, but it went out free with sleds.

The screws your employees have given away in the past five years would probably fasten a hinge into every door in town.

Paint isn't sold on long enough profit to justify free brushes, yet some of your clerks seem to think so.

You may be able to afford a free tea kettle with every cook stove sold, but you didn't figure it in when you marked those stoves.

Many a poor victim, on the roof of a burning skyscraper, would have given a fortune for the straps that have been given away with skates in your store, and a stream of water turned out of the nozzles which checked out free, with hose from your place of business last year, would stop an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

MORE GIVEN AWAY

We pride ourselves on being in a business that calls for more than ordinary ability, but any hodcarrier in the country can sell stoves, when he throws in a coal hod or stove board. There are all sorts of people working in hardware stores who are past-masters at the art of cutting prices. They can't sell an anvil without its free hot cutter or cold cutter.

Start seining for these chaps and your drag net will bring up free grass catchers with lawn mowers, cold shuts with chain, nail sets with hammers, free brushes with razors, &c. It's tough, fellows, but it's true, and the quicker we fall to the fact the sooner we will be on easy street.

POSSIBILITY IN YOUR STORE

The following list shows what could slip out of any \$10,000 stock with almost no effort. This list is made up of the items we have mentioned, and you doubtlessly know of many others:

10 bx loaded shells	@ .60	\$6.00
20 files	@ .10	2.00
2 shaving brushes	@ .25	.50
3 hose nozzles	@ .25	.75
20 files	@ .10	2.00
25 boxes tacks	@ .02	.50
100 lbs. putty	@ .03	3.00
5 scythe stones	@ .05	.25
50 lbs. rope	@ .08	4.00
25 gross screws	@ .20	5.00
10 paint brushes	@ .40	4.00
5 tea kettles	@ .75	3.75
10 pr. skate straps	@ .15	1.50
2 stove boards	@ .60	1.20
4 coal hods	@ .40	1.60
3 hot cutters	@ .20	.60
3 cold cutters	@ .20	.60
2 grass catchers	@ 1.00	2.00
10 nail sets	@ .05	.50
		<hr/> \$39.75

TWO GRAINS OF THOUGHT IN A GLASS OF NEW RESOLVE WILL CURE

A \$10,000 stock paying a clear dividend of 15 per cent. would earn \$1500 in a year, and our little items given away are nearly 3 per cent. of that amount. Now, I know that these things are often given away on special occasions to stimulate trade, but they should *always be ordered from the manager's desk* and not from the clerk's good-will or something worse.

Sales made in that manner grow unconsciously on a clerk, and he should be aided as well as ordered to get such a tapeworm out of his business system. Think it over and start in the new year right. Your tailor won't throw in an extra pair of pants with every suit you buy, but your clerks have given away about half the nuts that should be on the bolts in one of your bins. You know it's so without going to see. So mix some of these thoughts into the smoke of your evening's cigar and accept my best wishes for your banner year.

A MONUMENT AMONG THE LIVE ONES

Clerks are generally more willing to co-operate than managers are to start things for the good of the store. But like ill-behaved children with fond parents, they get into the jam unless rules are made and enforced. A manager should always experiment by living up to an ideal, before he makes it a rule, for a law without enforcement is like a kite without a tail. Good wishes and pleasant words, that go beyond the requirements of mere courtesy, are values that can be given free with every purchase, and "Thank you" is a gift that will build for you a monument among the live ones.

Rents

FROM the man who finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent, up to the merchant who has paid for the business building he occupies, several times in rentals, all acknowledge that the landlord gets everything that is coming to him, and then some.

PRIDE AND THE RENT BILL

I don't want to get personal about profits, but pride won't pay the rent bill, and I have learned that there are all kinds of hardware stores where the rent end of the business is all going out and nothing coming in. Therefore, the remedies which are making good in other hardware stores should be in yours. No one ever made a killing lending things, but many a dealer has received more than ordinary returns on small amounts of money invested in hardware that rents.

Among these profitable renters are guns, tents, oil stoves, electric irons, pipe wrenches, vacuum cleaners and jack screws. Of these items, guns and tents have their season. Oil stoves, electric irons, vacuum cleaners and jack screws seem to be perfectly satisfied to earn money 12 months in the year without a vacation. It is of these, and particularly of the two last mentioned articles, that I wish to call the attention of the merchant who is not making the most of them.

CUSTOMERS EXPECT YOU TO SUPPLY NEEDS

An ordinary jack screw retails for about \$2.25. Some of your customers may never in the world have use for one, but among them are a score or more who will have use for a set of jack screws once during the year, and when that time comes, if one jack screw would do the work he would buy and you would hear no more of it. But such is not the case. When Jim Smith raises his house, or barn, as the case may be, he wants eight or ten jack screws at once, and will be through with them in twenty-four or forty-eight hours. He will gladly pay 10 cents each rental for them per day rather than buy, and he naturally looks to his hardware dealer to supply his urgent need.

VERY PROFITABLE

I know many hardware stores where jack screws are rented on a very profitable basis. In a store where I once worked ten jack screws paid for themselves in rentals in six months and were in good condition at the end of that

time. This, of course, will not be the case in every store, but the woods are full of opportunities and this may be one in your town.

PAST EXPERIMENTAL STAGE

The vacuum cleaner is a comparatively new item in the hardware store, but it will be a very important piece of stock before we realize it, and to the merchant who is an extremely careful buyer, fearing to venture any great amount of money on merchandise which may to him be experimental, I most strongly recommend the buying of a good vacuum cleaner. Prepare yourself for the great future business that is coming on this line and at the same time reap substantial cash profit, along with your experience, by renting it to your customers.

OPPORTUNITY WELL ADVERTISED

It is not often we meet with merchandise that will pay its own admission into the store and then furnish for us profitable, entertaining and educational amusement. If your customers are not already well posted on vacuum cleaners, they soon will be, for an advertising campaign of immense proportions has been started on this line and it is up to us to lay down that receptive mood attitude, which characterizes the arrival of a brand new experiment, and go out after this business, which is firmly established in many places and soon will be in your town.

TAKE FIRST STEP NOW

Start in by being the landlord of the vacuum cleaner and the word "rents" will soon ring like music in your ears. One step at a time is enough, and the future will tell you plainly enough what to do with vacuum cleaners. But to-day I want you to start, before a competitor outside the hardware line takes up the sale of this profitable merchandise.

Good Things to Eat

THE city merchant living in the midst of busy scenes, and having a great transient population from which to draw trade, with examples for copy right in his business door yard, with the library, the art gallery and the theater for his leisure hours, with hundreds of strictly modern conveniences woven into his daily life, is often envied these things by the country dealer, lacking such environment. The village merchant is in turn envied the quality of his customers, the peaceful quiet of the small town, his ofttime undeveloped opportunities, his proximity to the hunting and fishing grounds and even his good butter and fresh eggs.

WON'T LAY EGGS

Of course, the dairy of the small town has done much to help the city man out on good butter, as well as to cut into the churn business and to boost the sale of cream separators. While the rapid sale of incubators does nothing more than increase the supply of Spring Fries,—It doesn't lay eggs.

I suppose it is natural that we should all long for the things we see but dimly and in this story I hope to point out to the country merchant his power to run a sale and to feature certain lines of goods better and easier than can the city merchant.

Did it ever occur to you to bristle up the fur on your back when the city man gets to talking about the peaceful quiet of the village? The best way to stop such impressions, and at the same time to increase your sales just at this season, is to join the kids and celebrate.

THANKSGIVING POSSIBILITIES

By this I do not mean that you shall overload your poor distressed old stomach with turkey, mince pies and cranberry sauce. I merely want to awaken in you the Thanksgiving spirit and its possibilities. We have all become enthused with this spirit before, and have probably turned all our suddenly awakened sales powers on carving sets and other turkey dissecting tools.

Now, turkeys are O. K., and it is with genuine pleasure that many of us note the Thanksgiving harvest of this important crop. But we have all learned that the Thanksgiving season is not half as good as Christmas week for the sale of the much talked about Thanksgiving carving sets.

My experience is that food choppers and meat grinders are better sellers just at this time, and the hardware merchant in the smaller places certainly has a bulge on the city man in the sale of this line of goods. For instance, the resident of the metropolis buys his sausages in pink paper lined boxes at so much a dozen, while the farmer is as familiar with home ground hog as he is with stove piped potatoes or poor grain in the center of his market sacks. The early boarding house life of the city married man has trained him to shun anything that savors of hash, while the country customer seems to have no such scruples.

COBWEB ILLUSIONS

With such fields to work in, we too often find the country merchant asleep to his opportunities and this profitable business drifting away. The mere fact that this merchandise is on your shelves in boxes that will keep dust from getting at the goods, won't win business. Of course, if such is the case, some customers will hunt you up, but they represent little more than the spray of a strong current pushing past to the merchant who is a booster. That trench digger may be your neighbor, or he may be several states away, but he is the factor in the elimination of store cobwebs just the same.

WONDER-WORKING WINDOW SUGGESTIONS

A newspaper ad on food choppers, a good strong letter to your trade and a window display of these goods will work wonders, just at this season when man's thoughts naturally turn toward good things to eat. I am going to offer some window suggestions, which I trust will prove beneficial to some of our readers.

Cover the bottom of your show window with shelled corn. Make up the background with stocks of corn or sheaves of grain. On the bottom of the window place at least half a dozen pumpkins with the largest at the rear of the window. On the tops of these pumpkins show your food choppers and their parts.

Between them display, on the floor of the window, plates of food that can be made more palatable by the use of your food choppers. Say a plate of raw meat, a plate each of peeled onions, raw potatoes, boiled potatoes, carrots, bread, apples, green tomatoes, fish and any other material that can be made over by the process you are advocating. Place on your chopper plain price cards and in the center a plain card reading as follows:

<p>SOME OF THE THINGS FOR WHICH WE ARE THANKFUL</p>
--

This window will prove a selling power, and the material is right at the door of hundreds of our readers who are conducting stores in farming communities.

I once knew a crabbed old jeweler who refused to eat turkey on Thanksgiving. He would eat it the day before or the week after, but steadfastly insisted that no man should tell him when to eat turkey. He wasn't stubborn at all, just bull-headed. Now if you have no special plans for Thanksgiving and will follow these suggestions, I feel that they will help line your cash drawer with clinkers that won't go into the ash pile.

Postscript.—Let's not forget that this is the big season for roasters. Customers won't eat ground turkey until after Thanksgiving.

A Bargain Sale

A VISIT to the scenes of boyhood days always brings to life anew the bee stings and the honey of the past. Ashes that have long held smouldering the wood fires of childhood, are blown away by the wind of reminiscence, and in the intense blue charcoal flame, manhood sees dimly reflected the crackling little red fires of years ago.

DIFFERENT

The water in the old swimming hole feels just the same, but when you come up from the first dive, the other fellers are not on the bank tying knots in your shirt sleeves or hunting for turtle eggs in the sand. The frogs' legs that usually followed the swim are missing, and probably wouldn't taste anything like they did years ago if they did form part of the day's programme, for the freckled faced little bundle of nerves, who used to preside over our boyish feasts, has long since passed into the safekeeping of the great Creator.

GRUDGINGLY ACKNOWLEDGED

Squire Hanscomb's melon patch is a deserted field of sand burrs and the thickets of the river bottom, where rabbits, partridges and coons once abounded, have been changed by the ruthless hand of the hustling newcomer, who describes them to us as the most fertile fields of the district. The deep healthy color of the waving grain gives ample testimony that he is right, but if the steady grind of business hasn't knocked all the sentiment out of our systems, we admit the improvements grudgingly.

I don't need to tell you that I have been 'way back home for a visit and that I saw things in a new light. The hardware store, where I first made the intimate acquaintance of a stove brush, didn't look quite so much like the hub of the business universe. Four of the old employees were still there, and we talked of other days, while I sized up the stock and found that it didn't look the same.

STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

In fact, everything seemed changed, until I came to the old man and found that the call for attention, heels together and body erect, was about the same as in the days when he gave me \$20 a week in advice and \$5 in cash. The cash was usually "blown" in advance, but the advice was of such sterling quality that I will probably be blowing on some of it the rest of my life.

Most things in the old town were different, but before I finished my visit

I found the lady's organization of the village church still doing business under the name of the Dorcas Society. A world of pleasant memories clusters around their doin's. Fortunate, indeed, was the boy or girl who was in their good graces, and as I look into the past I see that about every boy and girl in the village was so blest.

PROFIT SPOILERS

At the suppers, I remember satisfying the ever growing appetite of a growing boy, on dainties that would have tickled even a ministerial palate. Chicken, pies, cakes, ice cream and dozens of other dainties were served in unlimited quantities, for the sum of 25 cents, and not even a time limit was put on the boys.

At their socials or annual sales money for charitable purposes was raised by every means imaginable. Among the most successful plans used to separate the younger element from their cash was the fish pond, the grab basket and candy counter. These booths were often besieged by clamoring crowds of youngsters, and the show was incomplete without them.

IT TOOK ENTHUSIASM

I used to think the business life of the fair centered about these places, but I have since learned that the old lady in charge of that successful organization, put more energy into the Bargain Booth than other departments. The Bargain Booth at the annual Dorcas Fair contained all the leftovers of the previous year, and with many ingenious new additions, made an interesting stock of needle work, where a little money would go a long ways. Bargain seekers always went there before loosening all their cash elsewhere, because they really expected great values for a small outlay.

CONFIDENCE

Children were heavy patrons of the Bargain Booth, because they believed the advertisements, and out of these childhood memories let us draw the material for a live bargain sale. Men and women are merely overgrown boys and girls, with very similar ideas, and are subject to very similar temptations. Curiosity and something for nothing will induce them, at least once a year, to lend their hearty support to a hardware bargain sale.

FATHER TIME A CRIMINAL?

Around every hardware store can be found good merchandise that moves very slowly. Styles and patterns are always changing, and unless life can be infused into this stock, it will, in a season or two, die a natural death. Perhaps it would be better to say an unnatural death, or that it met its fate at the hands of an unconscious murderer who walked in his sleep, for we know that *most stale hardware is the accumulation of neglect.*

An automatic screw driver that was a model five years ago and cost \$1, is really worth about 20 cents to-day, but it is still marked \$1, and is rusting on the shelves. Those old folding chair stepladders are still marked \$3, and they are really dead stock. That old stock of short scythes, or that new, long stock of patent ice cream freezers are in the same class.

If you believe in business vivisection open one of the veins of your enthusiasm, inject life into these unfortunates and start them out the front door before they startle the dump at the back door.

JUNK AND ELBOW GREASE

Try this bargain sale and you will be surprised at the results. When you give your shelves the next thorough cleaning, take down every old or slow moving piece of merchandise and see what a wonderful assortment you own. Remembering that it is a pile of dead or dying stock, set a price for your bargain sale and clean the ancient ones up until they shine. A little spit and a lot of elbow grease is what makes sales for the old apple woman on your corner.

THE WINDOWS

Just heap your windows solidly with the miscellaneous conglomeration you have gathered and put a price on it that will stir up a whirl of excitement. Fill in with plenty of staple 50 or 60 cent articles, which will give your sale volume and strengthen it. Show strongly the exceptional values.

For instance, if yours is to be a 50-cent sale, show a \$3 patent freezer, a \$5 safety razor of the slow sale variety, an old pattern door lock that used to retail for \$4, an out-of-date scythe and snath that once brought \$2. One of those old \$1 copper bottom granite stew kettles, and a dozen like articles, each marked with a small, plain price card showing the original value.

This will awaken an unusual interest. If the sale is to occur Saturday, the window should be filled not later than Tuesday, and a large sign placed there reading as follows:

**Big 50c. Bargain Sale Saturday
ONE DAY ONLY
Sale Starts at Ten o'clock**

Follow this window display later in the week with an interesting newspaper ad or handbill, using if possible cuts that illustrate some of the special values, and Saturday you will sell hundreds of staple 50-cent articles as well as move a great many slow ones, which are or soon will be practically dead, except for their advertising power.

Have tables conveniently arranged in your sales room, on which you can display the surplus merchandise to be used in this sale, and at about 9.30 a. m. move the goods from the window onto these tables where a sign of this style will do the rest!

<p style="text-align: center;">50c Real Bargains. As Advertised. Any Article 50c</p>

Almost every buyer will show and talk about his bargain, and unconsciously be the best ad to boost your business.

WARNING

Just one note of warning. Put absolutely nothing into a sale of this kind that is not worth the price asked. Let the big value old stock goods predominate. One knocker can do more harm than the good done by half a dozen boosters.

It is simple things put up to the public in an unusual manner that gets business, and out of the simple incidents of our childhood, we should be able to discover the weaknesses, the likes and the dislikes of the people with whom we deal. Human nature is much the same the whole world over.

STICK TO IT

Rocks, that are only roughened by the tools of the quarrymen, are worn smooth by the constant drip of some little spring, and the only thing that will keep our business even or on the steady increase is the eternal steady stick-to-it-iveness of giving our customers new things and old things always in a new way.

It isn't a crime to copy if you get out of the home field. It is one of the aims of these stories to simplify your copying system, absorb good ideas and to pass them on to you and your hardware neighbor in the next state.

Opportunity

THIS is the age of opportunity. There are three standard brands, the machine-made, the hand-made and the variety nature almost forces upon us. The machine-made is a variety especially prepared in quantities for men who never do anything out of the ordinary and seem satisfied with \$5 a month raise every 10 years.

The hand-made variety is not so common, and the manufacturers are called self-made men.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

These men have taken nature into partnership and have always welcomed her home grown opportunities with open arms. It is these uncommon common men and this home grown every day variety of opportunity we are going to talk about to-day.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH

We give our little kid his first savings bank and dish the poor youngster out a line of fatherly talk on pennies that grow to dollars until, in the eyes of the lad, we are Jim Hills or Rockefellers. Then we go down to the store and let Arbor Day, Children's Day or Memorial Day slip by without their playing any important part in our store lives.

PALATABLE PUDDING

Say, fellows, by accepting or rejecting these commonplace opportunities we are judged. It doesn't take a great man to plan something in store life which lets the public know that humanity is one of the flavors which makes our business pudding palatable. A little sale at Easter, a plan for Labor Day, or some simple special on Children's Day, may give the people of your community the idea that their hardware merchant is a live one.

LIVE WIRES

A mere failure to do these things doesn't necessarily brand you a dead one—no, not necessarily—yet the average wire of that sort needs its ends scratched before it will bring forth sparks. We all like to be known as live wires, but occasionally we all need scratching.

Some few of our number may be going so much farther than halfway, to meet natural opportunities, that a very nicely manicured set of nails does the

work in one, two, three order. But others of us must dig in deep with the set of lunch hooks we use for nail claws before we will ever produce sparks or wear sparklers.

MISSING AN OPPORTUNITY

Now, I want to assure you with both hands up that the manager of the Quality Hardware Store is one of the last mentioned crowd. That he realizes fully it is a blamed sight harder to practice than it is to preach. Last week our high school boys held a field day, and contestants from a number of other high schools, accompanied by crowds of enthusiastic rooters, visited the city.

A good assortment of the paraphernalia, used by these young athletes, lay on the shelves of our store, yet the morning of the track meet found our windows full of hammocks. The hammocks were seasonable goods, all right enough, but a little premeditated scratching might have brightened the wires enough to have brought us the message that here was an opportunity for a sporting goods window, trimmed with our High School colors.

RESULTS FROM FAILURE'S FLEA BITES

The old flea of failure bit us, and we were reminded that it was time to scratch. We have been running ahead of schedule time looking for opportunity in any guise ever since. Stores in this city have never closed earlier than nine o'clock on Saturday nights. Next Saturday we will inaugurate six o'clock closing, and this week we are using this fact as a business stepping stone instead of a stumbling block.

The theater programme, herewith shown, gives some idea of what is going on at the Quality Hardware Store. We are running a special sale every day of the week, and as the week advances, we include the sales of the day before into those of to-day. Each day have made the offerings a little stronger than those of the preceding day.

FORCED TO EMPLOY EXTRA CLERKS

It is now Friday night. Our sales have increased steadily every day, and the public has forced us to engage three extra clerks to care for to-morrow's business. The week will round out one of the best totals of the year.

Say, isn't there something stirring in your town which gives you the opportunity to duplicate this sale or run one of a similar nature? Scratch and see.

PLUG THE LEAK

Children's Day isn't more than a million miles from here. How many of us are planning something so red hot for the little folks on this day, that their talk that week will advertise our store in practically every home in town? This bright wire talk has so stirred the Assistant Manager that the ends of his

business wires have been stretched until they look like the bottom of a tin pan, where a rust hole has been scratched, just previous to soldering, by a wise old tinker. Not a very pretty thing to look at, but just enough roughened and just enough brightened to make the solder stick and stop the leak.

EMPIRE THEATER

Vaudeville

SATURDAY 6 SATURDAY QUALITY HARDWARE STORE SATURDAY 6 SATURDAY

The Quality Store Opens the Season Saturday Night at 6 O'Clock and will toss a ball over the plate that will be batted out for a home run by its employees

NEW ERA SPECIALS

SIX WALLOPING SALES

1--MONDAY 25 Per Cent Discount on QUALITY HAMMOCKS. Our Clerks Can Get in on This. Recommended for Saturday Night Rests. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

We Continue Monday's Sale. **2--TUESDAY** Special Showing Big Ben Clocks. The best alarm clock money can buy—\$3.00 All set for 6 o'clock. See our windows.

The Monday and Tuesday Sales Are Continued. **3--WEDNESDAY** ANY BASEBALL BAT IN THE STORE 50 Cents.

25% Discount on Brownstone Granite Ware. Exceptional Values for Batch for Clerks Who Bats on Saturday Nights. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ **4--THURSDAY** Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Sales Continued.

Free Garden and Flower Seeds. One Package with Every 25c Sale. Get in while they last. Plant Saturday night. **5--FRIDAY** Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday Sales Continued.

EVERY SALE OF THE WEEK CONTINUED AND KING OF SALES ADDED. **6--SATURDAY**

Our enormous line of Quality Fishing Rods offered at 25 Per Cent Discount. \$1.00 rods for 75c; \$4.00 rods for \$3.00 ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

We will never celebrate the first 6 O'Clock Saturday Closing but once. If you stand pat with the Quality Store in its move to better conditions for clerks in Redie Town show it this week. These sales are all off when the goog taps at 6 o'clock on Saturday night.

SATURDAY 6 SATURDAY

QUALITY HARDWARE STORE

SATURDAY 6 SATURDAY

AT THE QUALITY HARDWARE

We are not going to let Children's Day slip by, and this is what's doing. We are going to dress a window with sidewalk roller skates. In the center of this window we will show a .22 caliber repeating rifle. In another window we will display children's garden sets, and in the center of the window, a rubber tired doll carriage of good quality.

A show card on the carriage will announce on the week of Children's Day, we will issue sales tickets with every purchase, and will present this carriage to the girl under 14 years of age, who presents tickets representing the greatest total. A similar sign will be placed on the gun for boys. One of our best cutlery cases will be trimmed with cheap scissors and pocket knives, and will be advertised as a children's special.

COPY CORROSION

A strong newspaper ad will be run, announcing these Children's Day specials, and calling attention to everything from jumping ropes to express wagons.

The week will be called "Children's Sale Ticket Week," and it will be a winner.

A very similar sale was run, a couple of years ago, by one of the tea and coffee stores in this city and was very successful.

Right here is a point I want to hammer home. Don't watch your competitor's windows and copy them 24 hours later. It will only make your competitor sore and wires scratched that way corrode very easily. You can, however, gather the good points from his sales and, at distant future dates, improve upon his plans profitably.

EXPANSION OR CONTRACTION

In closing, let us go back to the kid, the pennies and the dollars. Your youngster isn't going to remain a boy forever. The penny to dollar talk will be changed almost before you know it, and your young man wants dollars to hundreds or hundreds to thousands. A few years ago, in the eyes of that boy, you were the big toad in the big puddle. Does he still think of you that way or are you the pollywog in a stagnant pond?

FORERUNNERS

Grow up with the town is a common expression. But the men who develop that way, to any marked extent, are men of the uncommon common variety. Don't be satisfied with the big general store at the crossroads or village, but specialize by making opportunities and by using, for the development of your business, everything Nature throws your way.

Don't just grow with the town, but be the forerunner of the city, and deserve the respect and admiration of your young man as much as you did that of your boy.

Opportunity knocks but once, you say;

Your chance in life has passed.

That sounds all right for the *boys at play*,

But *not* for the *men who last*.

Salesmanship*

AT the tap of the gong, next Fourth of July, Jim Jeffries and the Smoke are going to mix. Fight fans, who visit our sporting goods department don't all agree as to the outcome, but they will rapidly form very decided opinions after the training camps are well under way and they can get a line on the men in action.

Now, I am going to write on prizefights. Ring side seats have always required too heavy a donation to let me in very strong, and I don't enjoy a show from the gallery, as I did in the days when I wore knee pants and pounded tent stakes to get into the circus. I merely have trouble turning on the footlights and want to break the news gently.

THE AVERAGE CLERK DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO SELL GOODS

I realize fully that this statement may call for a storm of protest, but let's spade the ground thoroughly and see if we can't turn up something besides fish bait. Let's watch our men in action before we lay any heavy money on coming events, and we may be surprised to learn that we are drawing clerk values, at the rate of 49 cents on the dollar, through our own fault.

The clerk who has been behind the counter three years thinks he knows how to sell goods. The man who has been in the harness 10 years is cock sure of it. Most managers, when questioned as to ability along this line, will answer, that they were brought up to it. The fact of the matter is, most of us are merely order-takers. Order-taking requires skill, tact and brains, and falls far short of a fool's job in every respect. It should not, however, be confused with salesmanship.

SALESMANSHIP IN A NUTSHELL

What is salesmanship? Is it a creation of desire in your customer to own something you have for sale? Partially.

Is it selling this man goods he thinks he doesn't want? Partially.

Is salesmanship courtesy and an honest effort to please every customer with whom you come into contact? Yes, partially.

These are all essentials to a salesman and stepping stones to true salesmanship, which I have learned to describe as *anything which creates additional business WITHOUT additional expense.*

*N.B.—This article was written before the fight. Our man was whipped but it took action to do it.

That puts it in a nutshell, and we know men who have been swinging a post maul on that little chestnut half a life time and have failed to crack it.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

I have seen two methods used. One was, to just cut the life out of expenses. Cheaper clerks worked overtime, and a discontinued delivery wagon did decrease expenses, but at the same time it transformed a first class store into a third rater and ruined a good business.

The other method we will discuss in detail. The stage may be your store; it may be mine, but the actors are the same the world round, and the owners are all hustling to bank the same cart wheel.

Let's try to keep our well paid, deserving clerk and our hard working old delivery man. They are both ready to jump at anything that boosts the business.

READ THIS ILLUSTRATION, THEN GO OUT ON THE SALES FLOOR AND SEE IF IT IS TRUE

Mr. Blank enters the store door. Fred Brown immediately comes off a ladder where he is arranging stock in a manner worthy of praise. "Good morning, Mr. Blank, what can I do for you?" Fred realizes that Mr. Blank isn't a loafer and didn't just drop in to kill time, so he doesn't approach his customer with "Is there something I can do for you?" Mr. Blank would like to see some padlocks. In a second a neat pad is spread on the showcase, to protect its plate glass top from scratches, and Fred has spread there an assortment of locks, and is explaining the merits of the best one in such a manner that, "I'll take this one," comes before price is even mentioned. Without a word Fred rapidly opens a bin, brings out a hasp to match the lock and "By George, I forgot that," from Mr. Blank, closes the deal.

We know this customer. He isn't a time waster and doesn't want suggestions as to other goods. So on being assured that his wants are supplied, our clerk is paid. He wraps Mr. Blank's order, and while he waits for the change, speaks of the lovely weather. In five minutes a well pleased customer goes out of the door.

Room for any criticism? May be not. Fred earns all we pay him, but he has fallen short of the perfection which is in him. Where?

? NOT IN OUR STORE VOCABULARY

The average clerk closes a sale with a question. Put in as pleasing a manner as possible, questions convey the idea to a customer that his money is all being spent in one place, which is against human nature. "Isn't there something else?" or, "Now, what can I do for you?" are the most common sale closers.

Fred Brown is a worker who tries hard to please. He knew enough to sell the hasp that belonged with the lock, but when the customer answered, "No, thank you" to "Anything else?" the deal was closed. Then comes salesmanship. This customer asked for locks, yet salesmanship would never have closed that deal questioning, with the seed season coming on. It isn't early enough to plant radish seeds, but is it early enough to plant the seed of desire.

Where Fred Brown fell down, was when he sent in the cash and talked *weather*, while he waited for the change. Only a minute's time out of a whole day? Yes, but only 15 per cent. profit out of a dollar invested, is the story the books told at the end of last year. You made expenses, Fred, out of the lock and hasp, but that wasted minute was yours for pure gilt edged profit, without additional expense, and could have been used in this way.

NAILING AN OPPORTUNITY

"Sorry we have to wait for change, Mr. Blank. By the way, have you seen the new Marble Game Getter Gun? It's the niftiest little specialty the Marble people have put out for years." Before the light breaks on Mr. Blank that he is being "sold" you have entertained him five minutes beyond the time his change returned and he is remarking that it beats the deuce some fellow didn't combine those simple ideas years ago. It's just what he wants in his automobile, and if you will send one, with some ammunition, over to his house, he will give it a tryout.

Your customer won't always "buy" in these closing seconds, but he will always look. These direct man-to-man talks skin the eye teeth out of newspaper ads.

Some one has said that "Opportunity knocks at a man's door but once." The chap who said that wouldn't have lasted in the modern hardware store as long as the proverbial snowball in Hades. This opportunity of showing something more, or of making an additional sale, comes with every deal you close.

Every article sold in this manner, is "velvet," and every piece of goods shown is "free advertisement." Your milkman knows how to mix skimmed milk with the thickest cream, and with these few suggestions I trust your "Separator" will bring you more unadulterated profit cream without additional expense.

CROWBAR PROMINENCE UNNECESSARY

The clerk, whose common sense hooks onto this truth, becomes a salesman in every sense of the word. The delivery man who hands the manager a note, stating that the ground is being broken for a new residence on Y street, or that he has noticed, while delivering a dust pan, that the cook stove at Mrs. Stout's is on its last legs, becomes a salesman, for he has used time usually wasted to a

profit. Such men give the Boss the smile that won't come off and a crowbar will never be needed to pry them into prominence.

A SMOOTH ARTICLE

Salesmanship is the smoothest thing I ever saw. She doesn't tramp up the isles of your store with bog shoes on her feet. The lad who unloaded that package of safety razors on me last fall, didn't wear high heeled boots, Mexican spurs or a mask. He just turned on the steam cleverly and slipped it to us ere we were aware. The study of hardware is wonderfully interesting, but the study of human nature, the keystone to salesmanship, is more so.

THE CLOSING ROUND

To return to our prizefight. A bullet head with a wallop in either hand will win battles in a lumber camp. It takes training, science and headwork as well as footwork, to defeat such men as Jeffries or Johnson. Neither of them will land a body blow, and then smilingly talk about the weather while they wait for the change. Padlock your customer, but don't "Lovely weather" him until he has seen your new case of Utica pliers, or something equally interesting.

Again, salesmanship is the creation of additional business *without* additional expense.

Special Sales

THE need of special sales in our stores, at certain seasons, is generally acknowledged. The reasons for this need are numerous and should be carefully considered. An overstock of any certain line of goods, a desire to attract new customers and to impress old ones, the fact that business is dull and that we are in business to make money, are among these reasons.

CLERKS UP ON THEIR TOES AND CUSTOMERS' BLOOD RUNNING FASTER

If business is dull it's a cinch something should be done to oil the wheels of commerce, but we must be extremely careful not to get sand in the oil, or we may create a hot box and hang up our commercial train. It is the use, not the abuse, of a merchant's privilege to run special sales that show profit. It is a good thing to get the clerks up on their toes and to set our customers' blood running faster than normal, occasionally. And one of the surest ways to do this is to spring a sale.

It will attract a great many ladies, and they may be surprised to know that our goods are just as cheap and just a little better than those on sale at the department store, or those given away at the tea and coffee stores. They may also gather the idea that ours is such a neat, clean hardware store and that our salesmen are such a pleasant, obliging lot of fellows that they will want to come again.

MUST BE SEASONABLE AND REASONABLE

A sale first originates in some one's brain and, like a summer vacation, its anticipation is almost as much fun as its realization. The idea cannot originate in the morning and be successfully pulled off in the afternoon. It must be seasonable and reasonable.

I will not forget for some time the skate sale we tried to run this winter, just at the end of the skating season. We wrote some dandy ads and the show windows were a credit to our trimmers, but the sale was a flat failure and brought us but eight customers, because it was unseasonable.

Our profits were there, but you couldn't hear them jingle, as they were wrapped in packages of experience. Experience, by the way, is wooden money unless you put it to work.

INSPIRATION FROM A SALE THAT WAS A FLAT FAILURE

We immediately began planning a new sale. On our shelves was a bunch of odds and ends of enamel ware. They were fag ends representing the profits

of other experiences and made a section of our shelving look like a zebra, only the striping wasn't even, and as an attraction, wouldn't have drawn crowds to the side show. A desire to clean up this place settled the matter of what we should use in our next special.

POOLING A CARLOAD OF ENAMELED WARE

In a nearby city we have a business friend with whom we pool cars and, both being in the market, we bought a car of enameled ware and in its selection kept our coming sale before us. As the time for the arrival of this car approached, we cleaned out our many colored section of odds and ends and filled in the shelves with staple goods.

One morning our friend telephoned us that the enameled ware car was in, and that his portion was unloaded. He further stated that the merchants in his city were sale crazy, and that he intended to give them a run for their money in a special 35-cent sale on these goods, and asked that we do the same thing on the same day.

Disagreeing on the price, our end of the deal was called off, but our friend up the line sold 3000 pieces at that price in one day. If the results of that sale are on paper, I'll bet dollars to doughnuts the balance is on the wrong side of the sheet.

CAREFULLY CONSIDERED PREPARATIONS

When our portion of the car arrived, we had already prepared long sales tables down the center of the room, and as we unpacked and marked the goods, they were placed on these tables with the odds and ends we had taken from the shelving. We stacked enameled ware on these tables until they fairly groaned. While this was going on our window trimmer had dressed four windows in an attractive manner, and had placed in each a sign, which read as follows:

<p>ON SPECIAL SALE SATURDAY PHENOMENAL PRICES Watch Our Saturday Ads</p>

No prices were mentioned, and our competitors were guessing as much as the public. The old saying that "Curiosity once killed a cat," has more truth than poetry in it, and during the three days we prepared the sales tables, the boys spent odd moments telling inquisitive customers they didn't know the price, but that it was certainly going to be a hummer.

Our plans went on steadily. Extra clerks were employed, our delivery system was planned and our newspaper ad prepared. I once read in a local

paper that people have to be told as well as "shown." That special sale of yours must be advertised in direct proportion to its importance.

This truth I have remembered, and our newspaper space that Saturday morning was certainly filled with some live material. Three facts were impressed on the minds of our prospective customers:

The first was Quality enamel ware.

The second was that this was strictly a one-day affair.

The third was that the price of any article was 45 cents.

When the store opened Saturday morning and large 45-cent cards were placed in those four windows, our entire

WORKING FORCE LOOKED LIKE A LOT OF SPRINTERS

waiting for the crack of a starter's pistol. They were expectant. All felt they had something unusual to offer their friends and customers. This spirit is contagious, and the ripples of appreciation soon broke into waves of excitement.

Mrs. Jones 'phoned her sister to come downtown right away before the assortment was broken. Her sister knew at once that the sale was unusual, for Mrs. Jones was a quiet, conservative little woman. On her way downtown this sister did her share of advertising.

There were dozens of Mrs. Joneses at the telephone by this time, and their friends and neighbors were flocking to the sale at the Quality Hardware Store from every section of town.

WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY

The first loads of deliveries were being distributed, and in the wake of that delivery wagon knots of women carefully examined the goods and started for our place of business. This kept up all day, and when the smoke cleared away at night, we had sold 840 pieces of enameled ware, and our delivery man will probably tell to his posterity tales of how he got those pots and pans to the right places before he slept that night.

When we footed things up in the office and stacked up the profits you could hear them clink. Business nerve had won for us just \$84 more on the same number of articles than it had for our 35-cent neighbor.

His store is in a city with a population four times greater than ours, yet we sold as many goods, proportionately, and at a price 30 per cent. greater.

It is one thing to work excitement into a sale, but quite another to let sale excitement work itself into you.

FRIENDLY ALL AROUND

As we consider the results of this sale, we feel that it has made for us more friendly customers, and as we have cleared up some undesirable stock, we feel more friendly toward ourselves.

The result, as with all such special sales, is that the demand for this line of goods is cut off to a great extent for the next few weeks, but if the profits show in cash we can well afford to use the money now rather than leave it in the hands of the public a few weeks longer.

Our customers realize that we gave them exceptional values, and when we advertise our next sale, they will remember that at our last special we not only advertised quality at a price, but delivered the goods.

MAKING GOOD A FEW DEFECTIVE PIECES

When the store closed Saturday night that sale was over, and the few people who wanted to "get in" Monday morning were disappointed. This same Monday morning we heard of some defective pieces of enameled ware, and in every instance replaced them with perfect goods. In so doing we surely "had it" on the department stores.

There were just six such cases, and the advertisement, to say nothing of the business honesty involved, was worth the price of admission.

Our customers will always demand sales. The sale question will always be making new demands of us. Its study will develop new ideas and inspire greater efforts in us to become better hardwaremen.

ANY FOOL CAN GIVE GOODS AWAY

In closing let us again sound the keynote: The proper use of the special sale will do us good. Its abuse will bring us nothing but harm.

A threadbare, yet ever new illustration, is that any fool can give goods away. It takes a merchant to sell them. Let us be merchants in the truest sense of the word.

The Importance of Hello

THE telephone has come to play such a part in our business life that its importance cannot be overrated, and is not exceeded even by that of the windows or showcases. This is particularly true in the larger towns, though the network of rural lines has made the telephone all important in the country hardware store.

LOSSES THAT MAKE BILLS LOOK SMALL

A record of the amount of business which comes in over the store 'phone during a year would show astounding figures to most merchants. We think

TELEPHONE CALL

For Mr.

About. o'clock

Mr.

Phone No.

CALLED YOU UP

.....

.....

.....

427 2nd Ave.	Compliments of	Phone R-67
-----------------	----------------	---------------

THE HIGH GRADE HARDWARE STORE

The place where telephone and other orders
receive prompt attention.

SLIP FOR TELEPHONE CALLS.

FOR TELEPHONE ORDERS ONLY

From Mr.
Address
Phone No.
Date

Telephone orders should be filled promptly and carefully. Copy this order onto a sales slip and then hand it to the manager for filing.

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

Time received Time order was filled
Signed
Clerk

SLIP FOR TELEPHONE ORDERS.

the telephone bill comes due with a regularity that is something awful, yet we seldom stop to figure 'phone profits or dig as deeply as we should into 'phone losses.

Just dig into them as you should and you will find losses other than the heart of your youngest clerk to the blonde hello girl. You will find losses that will make the telephone bill look insignificant, and when the tracing is finished

and clew after clew is trailed to its origin you will find that the lack of a business telephone system is to blame for most of the losses.

THE REQUISITES OF THE 'PHONE MAN

One man should as nearly as possible answer the telephone calls, and he must have qualifications extraordinary. Good looks don't go very far on a telephone, but a pleasing voice, backed up by a patient disposition, are qualifications which, coupled with a knowledge of the stock, go to make up a perfect 'phone man. Rush orders and prompt delivery are strongly coupled together in the business that comes in over the 'phone.

MUCH ALIKE

The wholesaler who received your telegram asking for shipment of certain merchandise and failed to make that shipment for a week, didn't get your next rush order. Your customer is in just as much of a hurry when he 'phones and asks for rush delivery.

VOICE ADVANTAGES

If the order for a keg of nails and a few locks is 'phoned you at eight o'clock in the morning and delivered to your contract customer at four in the afternoon, you can hardly expect his next order. Should he take the matter up by 'phone, diplomacy, patience and the pleasing voice mentioned, on your end of the wire, may save your customer when he was almost lost. A gruff, "I don't know;" or a lot of ignorant questions in a I-don't-seem-to-care voice will lose an angry customer 9 times out of 10.

DIDN'T LOOK IT

Have you never done business with a man over the 'phone for weeks, or even months, without seeing him, and become so instilled with respect and confidence in that person that you could hardly believe your eyes when you met and found him to be a most insignificant, homely-looking, little man? It is then that you realize as never before that handsome is as handsome does. Talking is sometimes doing.

NOT MARRIED TO THEM ALL

You may be six feet tall and wear your perfectly fitted clothes like a prince, but either you must possess a pleasing voice and a pleasant disposition or hire some other man to answer the business 'phone. Your wife may know your disposition and forgive your sharp tones, but you are not the husband of every woman who orders tacks or kicks about her stove repairs over the 'phone.

Herewith are shown two good pads to be placed beside the telephone. The first could be sent out to customers as an ad, as well as being used at home.

Looking Squarely Into a Customer's Eyes

A MAN who can look you squarely in the eyes and tell a lie is so scarce that we have come to judge men by the amount of scrutiny they can return without a quiver. Once in a great while we go wrong on this kind of sizing up, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is right. A fellow who can't meet your eye won't meet his obligations and will do things behind your back he hates to face. There are a mighty few easily embarrassed people to whom this does not apply.

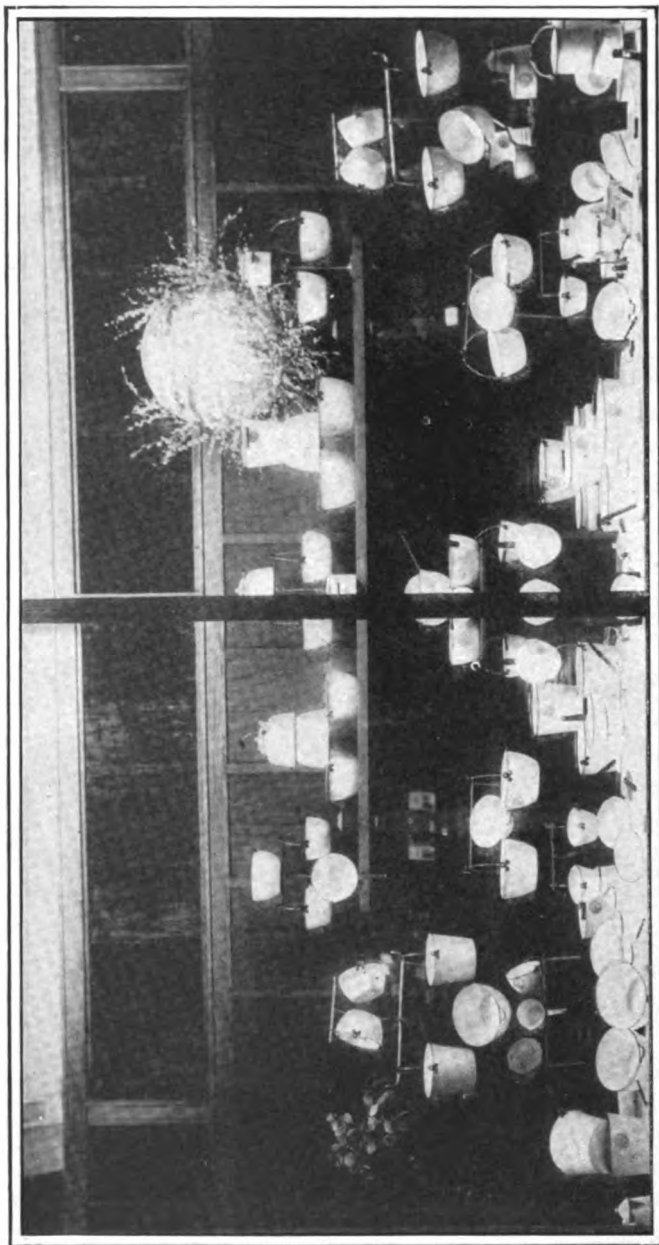
IMMACULATE OWNERS OF DIRTY STORES

Customers coming into our stores like to meet clerks or employers who can swap looks—good, square, unfaltering looks—though it is a good thing to keep in mind that these people don't come in to admire our eyes. They have not come to pass comment on our personal appearance, though they may be unconsciously impressed if an extreme of right or wrong predominates. One thing about every mother's son of us, they will take our square and possibly winsome looks for just what they are worth, but they will never pass judgment until they have been impressed by the appearance of the goods in the background. Some of you may not believe that, but just try telling a woman about the quality of a mixing bowl and the rapid way in which your stock is moving, when your sample is so full of dust that a roll in it would necessitate a bath or an unenviable reputation, and you will recognize the truth of this assertion.

We have all met immaculate owners of dirty stores and the comparison makes us think. The shipping clerk who assures visitors that orders go out the day they are received, would stand but little chance of being believed if he told the story while sitting at a desk buried 4 feet deep with old mail.

WHY ENAMELED WARE SHOULD RECEIVE ATTENTION

We have mentioned a mixing bowl as a possible dust collector. This is merely a representative of a profitable line of hardware too often given the short end of an even break. Of all the items in the average hardware store it would be hard to name a more profitable one than enameled ware. These goods make a big show out of a small investment. They are the salvation of the short-capital beginner in the hardware business who wants to fill up his shelves. They are easily arranged in the most attractive manner. The shelving devoted to this class of hardware could be cleaned and the shelves washed in half a day



ENAMELED WARE ATTRACTIVELY SHOWN IN WINDOW OF L. S. DONALDSON COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS.

by one man, yet there are thousands of instances of neglected stocks where clean hands could venture only with the assurance of coming out dirty. This kind of stock certainly gives our customers the same impression as a shifty eye.

FIXING THE CROSS-EYED SECTION OF YOUR STORE

If a man is born cross-eyed he is up against a natural handicap hard to overcome. In the days of the old doctor who went snorting around the country in a one-horse shay little, if anything, was done to remove this handicap, but modern surgery has found a way to straighten crooked eyes, and nature can often be improved upon. This is, as you can readily imagine, a delicate operation requiring great skill and a knowledge of the latest methods of surgery. The cross-eyed section in your store is fully as hard looking but as easily fixed.

To wipe every piece of enameled ware, to wash every shelf, to arrange your stocks with the lighter goods on the top shelves and the bulky ones on the ledge does not require a specialist. Your delivery man can start with tea-pots up near the ceiling and taper down to the dish pans. He can do this the afternoon of the first rainy day, but he probably never will do it until he is told to do so by the boss, and there are other people, besides the delivery man, who sometimes swap stories the biggest part of rainy days.

EASILY-MADE WINDOW DISPLAYS

Windows of enameled ware are the most simple of the many displays we are called upon to make. Any effort to show these goods will result in sales right off the bat. Enameled ware sells the year round. Whenever a fellow is stuck for goods to boost these every-day sellers will fill the bill. We are illustrating, just as an example, which can be cut down or enlarged upon to suit your needs, a window display of the L. S. Donaldson Company, Minneapolis, Minn. This display is a most practical illustration of a beautiful window which is simplicity itself. In it there has not been used a single fixture that ingenuity, a hammer, a few nails and a little lumber could not construct. It is a display that is very easily copied and will make money for the man who tackles it.

A CRACKER-JACK RACK

It won't be anything new for you to follow up your window advantage with backing on the inside of the store. In this connection just take a look at the inside display rack for these goods being used by J. J. English, in his hardware store at Kenosha, Wis. This rack is a cracker-jack. Mr. English had tackled stoves in this section of his store for several years, but keen competition had cut the life out of stove profits in Kenosha. This rack was designed in an endeavor to make the best piece of floor space in that store pay a good profit and it has exceeded the expectations of the man who planned it.

The way goods are arranged on this rack is unusual. Get on to the way most of the pans are turned bottom side up. Just a simple way of keeping out the dust. This table, or rack, didn't cost a fortune. It was substantially built right in the English hardware store, and without any frills has been grabbing business ever since. It is just an eye pleaser that takes money out of a customer's pocket and puts a feeling of satisfaction into his system.



STORE DISPLAY OF ENAMELED WARE BY J. J. ENGLISH, KENOSHA, WIS.

GETTING THE RIGHT TRADE IN THE RIGHT WAY

You like to introduce the kind of merchandise to your customers that will call for a hearty wholehearted handshake. This finger-tip society shake or an embarrassed meeting of people who have nothing in common, isn't the sort of thing we like to pull off. It's a lot like asking a jobber's representative to sleep with a rag picker when the country hotels are crowded. It wouldn't

suit the big book artist and the peddler would probably feel some embarrassed. One would go to bed in his underclothes and the other would probably sit up in his pajamas. Of course it's a possible thing that this would be reversed if the traveling man got into bed first, for he has a system of taking the things he wants.

But we were talking about kitchen utensils, so let's get back to our subject. You can arrange common every-day goods in a way that will put them on a speaking acquaintance with the best trade in town. You can keep enameled ware so spick and span that it will look a customer squarely in the eye and demand courteous attention. You can buy goods that will demand inspection and will return a scrutiny that insists on quality. A permanent, lasting, desirable business was never built up in a hardware store on second-grade goods. This class of enameled ware is built of the kind of stuff that cannot meet a customer's eye, and no amount of care, no amount of cleaning or no quality of fixtures can put it into the homes of people whose permanent business we most desire.

EVEN QUALITY NEEDS YOUR CO-OPERATION

In closing, if your enameled ware business is unsatisfactory just try moving it up a notch. Try the system that has made a section in English's store pay five times the profit he made on stoves with less than half the money invested. The only competition you will meet comes from tea and coffee houses or ten-cent stores. Quality will meet such competition and put it on the run any old day, but quality without your co-operation will stay hidden on the shelves until the cows come home. It's up to you.

From the Back Steps

A WOMAN is judged by the way she keeps her kitchen, a man by the looks of the backyard, and a merchant by his warerooms. That doesn't give us all a fat rating, but this judgment isn't eternal and the object of this talk is warehouse improvement. Take it in the spirit in which it is offered and you may look on your business self in much the same light as you have been looking at that confounded long faced, hypocritical old church member, a common day contemptible and a Sunday saint. He reminds you of a new ornamental pressed iron front on a rotten old building. It may sell to green land seekers, but not to the natives who know its history. You wonder why I have compared anything about you with a fakir.

DETAILS OF A RECENT VISIT

I guess the tale of a recent hardware visit will explain. A short time ago I stepped into a little city where two hardware stores supplied everything from gasoline engines down to froes for shake splitting. One of the places was a model example of evenly balanced attention to every department. It possessed no startling features. It didn't remind one of either a boom town or a deserted camp. Business from one end of the store to the other seemed to be working through well oiled, well wiped machinery, and the engineer had not thrown his waste on the floor.

A NEAT SALESROOM

I went across the street. Two magnificent windows announced a sale and were given over to kitchen utensils that were to be sacrificed. The windows had just been trimmed and beyond the flat cost price on everyday sellers could not be criticised. It was a well trimmed lawn. I stepped inside the store and was greeted by well dressed cases and neatly arranged goods on every hand. Care in almost every detail was evident. Salesmen were courteous and prompt in their offers to serve me. I walked on down through the salesroom, past the office corner, and was beginning to rub my hands in the satisfaction of having found two very neat hardware stores in the same small town.

A DISAPPOINTING WAREROOM

Thinking to avail myself of every pleasant thing about the place, I opened the door to the wareroom and stepped into a surprise party. It was the dirtiest joint I had seen for months and I could not help but compare it with an alley

or backyard cluttered with oyster cans, ashes and rubbish. A narrow snake-like aisle led from the doorway down through a wilderness of tangled rope, blacksmiths' vises, bolts, steel goods, galvanized ware, screen doors and numerous other bits of hardware that had the appearance of having been carefully arranged by the whirlwind of indifference.

BACKROOM CUSTOMS AND CUSTOMERS

A wheelbarrow blocked the aisle and I saw a clerk hurdle it in the same care-free manner that a shiftless farmer drives over a rock in his lane year after year. A blacksmith's helper came in and dove energetically into a bolt bin to wait on himself. The first handful proved to be the wrong size, and without even a glance he shot them into a neighboring bin and grabbed again. The second guess evidently suited a little better, and calling the order to one of the clerks inside he went on his way unmolested.

NECESSITY FOR IMPROVEMENT FELT

It wasn't the first poorly kept wareroom I ever saw. We have all seen them and at times felt our own need of improvement in this section of the store. It is, at times, hard to know where to begin to make improvement in warerooms, yet it can be started at most any angle, and the elimination of one warehouse evil will suggest other improvements. Goods should be as carefully classified. Some common warehouse hardware should be given permanent space, while other material can be more satisfactorily handled if it is frequently shifted.

WAREHOUSE CARE

For instance, steel goods are often stored on a balcony and can be kept orderly only by having the same space month after month. These goods, in some form, are sellers every day in the year and deserve a permanent place. Screen doors and wire cloth are of that class of goods that can be given shifting space. At certain seasons they demand the center of the stage, and while flies and mosquitoes abound are very rapid sellers. As the fall months approach, the demand dwindles to nothing, and with good salesmanship as an impetus, the stock does the same.

The carry-over can be well stored in some less convenient place in the warehouse, and hand sleds, coal hods, heating stoves or other live fall items can be favored. The mere fact that a rush is on should be no excuse for a warehouse neglect. There are times in the life of every store when storage rooms will show lively business, but they should never show real neglect and will not in a store where a regular method of warehouse care is in force.

I have known one very successful manager who insists on having his ware-room swept as regularly as the salesroom and the appearance has caused more than one good business man to make favorable comment. It is not always con-

sidered good policy to devote so much time to goods in such places, but the fact that warerooms are so often sadly neglected and are catch-alls for everything about the store, causes us to wonder if one cannot improve and to suggest some of the best and simplest methods of such improvement.

IT IS A ONE-MAN JOB

A salesman or an apprentice boy, who is given the responsibility of keeping the warehouse in a neat, orderly condition, will develop rapidly. He should be carefully coached on the danger of piling one class of goods in such a manner that they will inconvenience the rapid removal of other goods or bury live stuff. Seasonable materials in reasonable places; every day sellers in permanent places; heavy goods near the door means minimum handling expense; a man who will take a real pride in his work. These are simple wareroom necessities.

DO IT NOW

Shifting goods with shifting seasons will filter out some selling reasons. Take pride in your wareroom; clean it up; trim it up, and you will find your reward in merchandise buried. You will find saved sales in the discovery of large items robbed of small parts. We are judged by that wareroom just as much, or even more, than we are by the sanitary condition of our back yard at home. Let's take a look at the wareroom before spring business has us on the run. Surely last year's experience must have suggested some possible improvement.

Time Treated as a Fixture

Poor old Father Time has again taken his annual bath in the Fountain of Youth and come up fresh and smiling, dressed in a youthful New Year's habit more picturesque than beautiful.

We sometimes think the scanty manner in which he is dressed during the month of January, accounts for the extremely rapid development, which in a year so completely transfigures this plump youngster. It's too blamed cold to turn a child loose with nothing more than a promise of clothes, and it's small wonder he ages so rapidly, but Baby Time seems to have his place and it is born in him to be "Johnny on the Spot."

Regularity is certainly a part of his nature, and just as sure as the sun rises and sets, he shows up bearded, wrinkled and worn at the end of his twelve months' reign. Life's curtain drops on the old and instantly rises on the new born year, and in the brief interval between acts we ring bells, blow whistles and make New Year's resolves.

THROUGH THE LENSES OF POSSIBILITY

In those brief seconds we close old accounts and open new ones or, occasionally establish a cash basis. We resolve to increase the salary of a deserving employee, or to dispense with the services of a clerk who hits for an annual raise from habit rather than merit. It is the time we get out that letter of thanks and good wishes to our customers and, filled with the spirit of good will, our credit man writes, "With best wishes for a Happy New Year—please remit." New Year's is the day our Garden of Hope suddenly bursts into blossom and threadbare business suits, looked at through the lenses of possibility, become as broadcloth.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE

It is the day when Father Time cancels our unpaid notes of last year's determination, and to his innocent successor we trustfully confide our New Resolves. Among these are thoughts we hardly speak above a whisper. It seems almost too good to be true that the old store has actually earned for herself those new ladders which have been used as material for many New Year's air castles of the past. We almost pinch ourselves to be certain that we are wide awake as the facts of our Christmas silver and nickelware sales float before us, and the figures show, with undeniable firmness, profits that will put in those cases of last year's resolve.

We are tempted to drop in thanks on the stiff joints of our rheumatic old knees as we clear our eyes for a second look at the old hardware section that has, at last, earned its modern shelving. We go over the old place, a foot at a time, and wonder how she'll look in the new trim. Over that slivery old counter we have turned out hardware, essential to the development that has marked our day.

It was a good old friend, and with that last backbreaking effort, has built its own monument in the hardwood-topped, glass-sided counter-case that will soon take its place. Every old handmade fixture about the place has a history. Every nail has been driven for improvement. We built that old bolt bin when we were striplings with fat ideas and lean purses.

RING OUT THE OLD

Memories crowd rapidly one upon another as we move up the center of our dim, lamp-lighted old store in its time-honored, irregular arrangement this New Year's night. We have reached the front door and, with a hand on the knob, the old store windows even seem to be squeaking "good bye." Accompanied by the orchestra of an assured plate glass front to-morrow, the music is plaintively sweet. With the thoughts of our parent whose hands fashioned those old frames, we are held closely in the arms of sentiment until the honk of an automobile, coming around the corner, breaks the spell and reminds us that dad has run up from the city to spend New Year's with the kids.

RING IN THE NEW

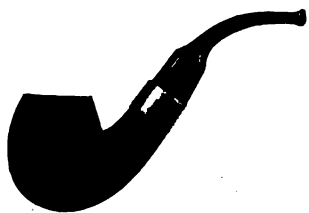
With the tingle of New Year's blood in our veins, we turn the key in the door of the old store that has earned its overcoat of new fixtures and go home, happy in the resolve that has mailed the order.

Boys, I've had a pretty New Year's dream, but facts are facts and the old horse, "handmade fixtures," has about earned free pasturage in many stores where modern methods and system are as yet strangers.

Pipe, Fittings and Fixtures

Oft in the evening twilight
We bring back memories fond;
We try to read the smoke-wreaths
And think of friendship's bond—
My pipe and I.

ONE night, after a most strenuous day, spent calling on a dozen or so of you, my employers, I sat in the easiest chair of a hotel bedroom, with my feet resting on the footboard of an old wooden bed which had served as a nesting place for several generations of active and interesting bugs. As I sat there, blowing rings of smoke from an old pipe that had done service through several mosquito campaigns, I wondered what effect smudging would have on bed bugs, but being too comfortable to move I sat through the evening studying the smoke wreaths.



IN THE SMOKE

Few words in the English language mean more than does the word "pipe." To the smoker it is an inseparable friend. To the youthful novice, tackling his first pipeful behind the barn, it is an agony producer baffling description. In dime novels the chapter where the accomplice of the deep dyed villain "pipes" the plot, is an absolute essential. To the landlord of the air castle, pipe dreams are life itself, but you as a hardware-man know of many uses for pipe, other than the material for dreams.

GOOD PROFIT AT HALF PRICE

The sale of black and galvanized pipe is known to be most profitable to the dealers who are handling it, and in the smaller towns it is stocked by the large majority of hardware stores. I shall not dwell at any length on the buying or selling of pipe, but most strongly do I recommend that you charge at least half the plumber's price for cutting and threading pipe, which you will then find to be mighty profitable.

ON THE WATER FRONT

The average hardware dealer sells more $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch galvanized pipe than other sizes. The principal cause for this is the modern range and its water connections which are usually fitted with pipe of that size. The value of the water

tank and the simple plumbing department has long been realized as most profitable to the hardware merchant in small towns, where the plumbing business is not specialized and pipe plays an all important part in the stores of such towns.



FIG. 1.—PIPE FIXTURES USED IN STORE OF NEW ENGLAND FURNITURE & CARPET COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

HOPELESSLY IGNORANT—PROFITABLY KEPT SO

You have, for the past century or two, endeavored unsuccessfully to educate the public up to that point where it will understand that you do not stock $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch pipe, but it's a tough proposition. You are not drawing a salary for conducting a public educational institution, so just take the money and let the outside world call $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch pipe the 1-inch size or $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch the $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch. The customer's

mind will always be as clear on $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch pipe as yours is on $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch. So let him drift and spend your time on self-education in a postgraduate course on pipe fixtures.

LEARNING EVERY DAY

During my years of retail hardware experience, I have always found many



FIG. 2.—ANOTHER SECTION IN THE STORE OF THE NEW ENGLAND FURNITURE & CARPET COMPANY.

ways for using merchant pipe in making store fixtures. I never realized, however, its great importance for such purposes as I have since I began this trip, hunting for good practical plans to pass along. I have seen axe handle racks, wire cloth racks, bird cage racks, office railings, harness racks and a host of other serviceable fixtures, made of pipe that have left on my mind strong impressions. They have brought me to a realization of the fact that my knowledge of pipe was indeed limited.

The store of the New England Furniture & Carpet Company, Minneapolis, Minn., is well known for its progressive merchandising methods and its ability to properly display goods. The upper table shelves made of pipe, galvanized window guard, are roomy sensible fixtures easily made. Pipe looks better than lumber and dust has trouble collecting on shelves made of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch window guard. The table with the V-shaped top which is shown in Fig. 2 shows how easily bottle brushes, radiator brushes, cream separator brushes, counter brushes, feather dusters and other perplexing stock can be displayed.

Another pipe feature of this store is a circle of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pipe supported by pipe brackets, attached to one of the store posts. On this circle can be sampled 60 hammocks. T. Frank Davey, the manager at the hardware department of this store, says that necessity really forced him to plan the pipe fixtures which we illustrate.

Catalogues

POOOR old Halley and his comet have been accused of a lot of crimes they never committed. The editor of one of our great daily papers says that so many different spy glasses were turned on the comet at one time that it mistook them for gatling guns and, like a yaller cur, put its tail between its legs and departed for parts unknown.

STIRRED BUT NOT SETTLED

We hear a lot these days of the catalogue house and tremble at its encroachments. This subject has been put into the mud mixer of our conventions and stirred with the same fervency as has the parcel post question for a number of years. We are just beginning to learn that the stirring system won't settle such muddy water, and have quit furnishing the catalogue house with free advertising.

STINK ITSELF OUT

The farmer, who advised his boy to quit using a fish pole to punch a skunk out from under the kitchen, was close to nature when he assured the boy that if left alone the beast would stink itself out. Natural people will deal out nature's remedies to the catalogue house, if we will drop the subject like a hot potato, and put all our time and energy into an effort to make our store the best in town. Drop the catalogue house, in Chicago and New York, and take up the catalogue house in Punkinville, London or wherever you may be located; but take it up under a head that will yield a profit.

NOT ACKNOWLEDGED

Let's turn the spy glasses of the store on our business library and see if we can't increase its earning power. If more than one glass seems focused on your pile of catalogues, just remember that you are living in the iron age, where a "yaller streak" isn't acknowledged and hills are climbed these days by simply throwing in the low gear or taking a run at the mountain.

VILLAGE ADVANTAGE

The best field, for the business librarian, lies in the smaller towns or villages remote from large business centers. In such places we seldom find the large complete stocks that are carried in the cities, and day after day customers drop into these village stores and ask for goods not carried in stock.

Are your clerks answering such inquiries by telling your customers that such and such an article is not stocked, because the demand would not justify it?

Are they taking him back to the manager's desk, where together they scan the pages of two or three jobbers' catalogues without results?

Is your customer coming to an office where, in a book rack, is assembled a great variety of good catalogues, but in so badly confused a pile that the manager himself spends 30 minutes to find a book he knows is there?

These are conditions known to prevail, but there are others.

FREE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Goods sold from picture books are the best gilt edged profit winners any of us encounter, and that kind of catalogue house business appeals to us. Money paid in advance for goods not carried in stock, sounds so fine that most any clerk in our store could go into business on such a capital and cash discount all his bills. Yet some few of our numbers neglect this part of the "Stock" and refuse to accept an encyclopædia of practical knowledge and easy profit, which manufacturers all over the country are trying to force upon them.

GOOD BUSINESS REFUSED

Some fellows seem to think because at one time Bill Green bought a plane of a different make than the one carried in their store, that it would be a crime to order a repair for that plane. Such a fellow also seems to think that every kitchen in town should be supplied with a Sunshine range, for he refuses in a most flat-footed manner to order a set of grates for Widow Brown's Earthquake cookstove.

UNDERRATED

The man who fails to realize that supplying little unusual wants is the quickest way to win new customers and to hold old ones, falls short of the mark and will some day wake up to the fact that he has underrated his competitor. The manager who cannot, out of every day's business, dig up at least one mail order for goods not carried in stock, is furnishing ammunition to the enemy.

MEANS WHAT IT SAYS

At the manager's desk in the Quality Hardware Store a neat card announces that special attention is given to mail orders, and it means just what it says. Special orders for special goods are mailed every night and never left until the next morning. We believe that a mail order's power for good diminishes in direct proportion to its delays.

AT THE QUALITY HARDWARE STORE

Our catalogue racks, or bookcases, as we like to term them, contain a wonderful assortment gathered from every section of the country. The shelves are partitioned and each section is numbered.

For instance: In section No. 1 are found the catalogues of Yale & Towne Mfg. Company, Sargent & Co., the Barrows Lock Company, the Corbin Lock Company, &c. In section No. 2 are the catalogues of different pump manufacturers; in No. 3 we have stove catalogues; No 4 contains gun, ammunition and sporting goods catalogues, &c., on down the line. An index book arranged alphabetically completes the outfit.

EASILY FOUND

If a customer comes in and asks for a certain gun spring, it is a very easy matter for any clerk in the house to think of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. A glance into the index book shows that their catalogue is in section No. 4 and the catalogues of all other gun manufacturers are in the same place.

It is hard to remember the names of all the manufacturers, but it is easy to remember the name of at least one manufacturer of each line. If your catalogues are just kept at random, try this system of arranging them alphabetically in an index book, and shelving them in groups containing goods of a similar nature, regardless of their alphabetical order.

MORE PICTURE BOOK PHILOSOPHY

We all realize that a customer feels under obligations to a dealer who can obtain for him something he needs, which cannot be found in town. He will pay a long profit, transportation charges and often telephone or telegraph bills without a murmur, for he wants the stuff and likes to see a picture.

Are we going to come up to what our customers demand of us or will we instruct our clerks to say, "No, we don't carry it in stock and none of our jobbers' catalogues show a picture of what you want?"

SYSTEMATIC EFFORT

Halley's comet had a little yellor streak, but even at that it eclipsed the moon. You and I are not called upon to buck the moon, for we work on day shift, but we are asked every day to supply some need out of the ordinary, and it is up to us to make good where the other fellow failed.

Let's start our own little catalogue houses and let the last work of each day be that of writing our mail orders. Let us realize that we must systematize this part of our daily work and the results will surely come up to our expectations.

Cases

SO numerous are the duties about the hardware store and so many the leaks found in its various departments, that in watching them all we sometimes fail to make the most of our showcases. There are merchants the length and breadth of this great country who, with good judgment, spend large sums of money looking for business locations. Practically all of us watch the field of business location in our own home towns.

USELESS STRUGGLE

We all know a town where the once prosperous principal business street is to-day almost deserted. Most of its old buildings are weather beaten warehouses, and its few struggling storekeepers are crusty representatives of old men who tried to block the progress of youth and modern business methods.

THE "BOY" WITH GRAY HAIRS

Now "youth," in business, doesn't require a face with a few silky hairs just sprouting on its surface. It may be applied to the young man, but it is more often suited to the chap whose hair is streaked with gray, but through whose veins rushes the rich red blood of new ideas, ambition, progress and assimilation. These men are not found on the shanty town street telling tales of the past, but are one or two blocks to the east, doing business in a good location on the new street.

These old young men are the real "youths" of business to-day, and a bunch of us kids are following in their wake like boys after a show band, but we are assimilators, and to-morrow the circus will be repeated with variations in our backyards.

JUDGMENT WITHHELD

We admire the man whose quickness of perception leads him to desert a poor business location for one located in a place where things are doing. We admire his spacious modern business building and his clean, up-to-date stock, and are about to pronounce him an expert on location, when we happen to find a showcase and pause in open-mouthed amazement.

How in the name of Heaven a man, blessed with the ability to select such a business lot, to build a structure so well adapted to his needs, and to buy such

a well assorted stock, should be cursed, on the top round of the success ladder, by hiding his showcases behind a bolt bin or a tool rack, is beyond us, and we withhold our judgment while we look the store over more thoroughly.

HORSE SENSE QUESTIONS

There are five showcases in this store; no two are together and they all run parallel to the shelving. Are they such misfits that they will fight if placed in the same part of the store? Have they been worked single so long that they are too old to break double?

Does that pile of horse blankets or hammocks on the case behind the bolt bin mean that the old case is a saddler and must be ridden?

Does that pile of axle grease, that row of cream separators or that stack of garden hose, piled in front of another case, mean that it is an outlawed kicker, to be surrounded by a corral?

Does the case down by the front door, containing goods which the clerk tells us have been there three weeks, represent a horse who strenuously objects to being curried?

SHOWCASE IMPROVEMENT RULES

Not a bit of it. The only horse in that building is the one that's on the owner, and it's high time he changed the dice. If I were to lay down five rules for showcase improvement in the hardware stores of this country they would be as follows:

1. If you have but a few cases, put them in one section of your store where they will work together and make a showing.
2. Keep them clean, wash them once every 10 days, and dust them 10 times every day.
3. Never pile merchandise on the top of a case which reaches out more than 10 inches from the back of the case. Showcases are meant to display their contents and should not be substituted for shelving.
4. In filling a case always place your heaviest or bulkiest merchandise in the bottom of the case and taper to lighter goods as you fill the upper shelves. Planes on the top shelf, chisels on the next shelf and screw drivers on the bottom of the case may appeal to some of us, but we must keep "close cases" on such an arrangement or it will take a top-heavy tumble.
5. Never pile merchandise on the floor directly in front of a case. Your big footed customer won't appreciate it, for his toes keep him too far from the showcase as it is. No one is so crazy about the wares displayed in a hardware showcase that they will buy opera glasses for the privilege of inspection. We like the man who is nearsighted when it comes to seeing our goods.

Don't be afraid to start something new in your store; customers tire of seeing the same old thing in the same old place. When your wife cleans house at home, she so twists things around that you hardly know whether you are in the bedroom, the parlor or the dining-room, but you like it and, if you didn't, you wouldn't dare to say so.

Stores are a lot like homes. If you have never swung a showcase crosswise into that vacant space in the store, just try it, and if your customers don't like it, they will talk about it; but don't let them talk too long. Switch things around again and give them a new subject.

LEARNING EVERY DAY

When the Assistant Manager first began to write these articles he didn't like the heading the staff artists drew for this department, and made a noise like a storm. The editor wrote back that it was their plan to give their readers something new, fresh and interesting in every issue, and that the headings of this department would be changed at frequent intervals. The idea is a dandy, for no two men think alike. It is this difference in opinion that builds business and business building is your specialty.

MORE THAN ONE ROAD

It's a mighty lucky thing we don't all fish with the same fly, hunt with the same gun, love the same woman or arrange our showcases in the same manner. We are all shooting at the same target, trying in our different ways to hit the bull's eye and ring the bell "success."

DAY DREAM QUESTIONS

If we were all alike, would our showcases be mating places for this and the next generation of house flies? Would the top of every showcase in this country look like the catch-all corner of a packing room?

Would customers struggle up hills of axle grease or shin the spouts of a cream separator to its top and from that pinnacle view the beauties in the case that lay beyond?

Would idle clerks while away the time writing the word "Success" on the glass through yesterday's dust and occasionally run to the other end of the store and write the same big word on another little case?

Would the sparrows come in from the awnings and build for themselves nests in the ever-increasing pile of rubbish accumulating on our showcases?

GRATEFUL AWAKENING

These are just the questions of my day dream, and I wake to hear the deep voice of some old hardware deacon down in the front row as he roars forth, "Thank God! There's a difference," and the "Amen" from the great chorus

lined up behind the hardware counters of this country would make a Free Methodist campmeeting ashamed of itself.

Let's make our showcases the store pets and remember that a mother is judged by the looks of her child.

BUSINESS CONTAGIOUS

I sold a farmer an assortment of 50 greasy carriage bolts to-day, and as he went out the front door, my hands looked as if they were covered in places with black gloves. I was looking at them as another customer came along. He took in the situation at a glance and asked me if I had ever tried water for them. I laughed and told him, "Once, but I caught cold." Your showcases are never laid up with the tonsilitis; they couldn't catch cold if they wanted to. Turn on the hose and they can catch business. It's contagious.

The Value of Cleanliness

JUST a word of self-introduction. I realize, as you do, that no living man knows the hardware business. I also know that there are greater or lesser degrees of perfection. I shall give you the best there is in me at all times and aim to work for your interest in such a manner that my hand won't tremble when I reach for the cash envelope on pay day.

Cleanliness, in a hardware store, should begin with a clean conscience and a cheerful disposition. I shall endeavor to avoid the personal appearance of the assistant manager, whose face is long enough to eat oatmeal out of a churn, but I shall at all times encourage the development of a nose long enough to find dust in the bottom of the deepest receptacle in the store. I shall probably poke this nose into some pretty dirty corners, but I won't blow there and stir things up too much, for dust would probably settle on the showcases.

AN UNDESIRABLE INHERITANCE

We hardwaremen have a pretty dirty reputation, but it isn't entirely our fault. Its something we didn't want, but was just naturally handed us by our tinker forefathers, who at the country cross roads, ran stores with blacksmithing, pipefitting, tinsmithing and hardware departments all in the same room.

This picture would not be complete without the apprentice boy pausing from his half shined stove to listen in open-mouthed amazement to the drummer who, for the past three days had been telling stories and incidentally beating that well worn path to the tavern across the way. The drummer was making his reputation good. But this is ancient history.

The traveling man has long since lived down his predecessor's reputation, and to-day represents the cleanest cut bunch of hustlers on the map. He no longer worries himself making his reputation good, but by his work is making good reputation.

IS YOUR STORE ONLY A "MEN'S STORE"?

Have we done as well, or is our place of business still known as a "men's store?" Has modern cleanliness meant to us merely the laying aside of a soiled celluloid collar and the donning of a spotless linen one, or have we grasped it in its truest sense and cleaned out those nail bins?

Cleanliness has got to be such a common thing in good confectionery stores that it no longer excites unusual comment, but a soiled skirt, which has been

dragged across some tobacco-juiced floor in a hardware store, still furnishes material for gossip at the ladies' sewing circle.

A jobber's representative is always looking for a chance to praise and encourage the man to whom he sells goods. He never misses an opportunity. Has he ever told you that your store had a dustproof appearance? If not you are the man for whom I am working to-day.

DOES CLEANLINESS PAY?

I have found from practical experience that it pays in more ways than one to keep a clean hardware store. Purchase a duster, put a boy on the handle end of it and the investment will bring good returns. Don't expect too much the first day.

The average boy will handle a duster about as recklessly as a drunk handles a hammer over the top of your best showcase. Put him wise and within a week he will be gathering up the dust instead of stirring it up, and find time on the side to sack your blacksmith's coal.

A number of years ago I was showing a lady some stew pans. She examined several very closely and bought one; at the same time she gave me one of my first lessons on clean merchandise, in a well administered lecture about soiled gloves.

From that day to this I have fought dust, and stew pans have been my specialty.

We move our goods and dust every portion of our stock at least once a month, and in this work use a woven down duster, which gathers or wipes up the dust better than anything we have tried. In this stock cleaning we use common turkey or ostrich dusters on the ledges and facings every day, and at least twice each year we use a wet cloth and wash thoroughly every shelf in the store.

Just the smell of well washed shelving has a tendency to start a clerk on a showcase campaign.

A SHOWCASE THAT CONTAINS A LESSON

How often we see unused and abused showcases. I have in mind a certain cutlery case, which was once used to a very poor advantage by one of our competitors. It is a four-foot case with three wooden shelves hung on the usual brackets.

One day this competitor decided to cut out his hardware department and devote his entire time to the grocery business, and I went down to buy some of the stock. I was ushered into a spotless, well conducted, flourishing grocery department occupying three-quarters of a large room, and one of the dirtiest, poorest arranged, dead hardware departments I ever saw, occupying the balance of the space.

He liked and understood the grocery business, but his ignorance of the hardware business had evidently caused him to endeavor to maintain its ancient reputation for dirt. If this was his aim he certainly succeeded. I might have stood for the hardware department but for that immaculate grocery side. The contrast certainly ruffled my feelings, for I like to think of a hardware store being just a little cleaner than a grocery store.

In the front part of the room stood the cutlery case mentioned. The wooden shelves, which were originally in it, had been taken out because the flies had gotten too busy on them, and the hacked-edged, home-cut, plate glass shelves, which had been substituted, also showed plenty of fly signs, though it was in January and the open season for flies had long since passed.

These glass shelves were covered with pocket knives, wrenches, screw-drivers, scissors, revolvers, cleavers and carving sets. Every jar in the room set these various articles jumping and teetering on the smooth glass until they looked as if they had been put in with a shotgun. The blue velvet in the bottom of the case looked like the city dump and smelled like the pesthouse. Later, in a wareroom, I saw the shelves of this showcase and resolved to buy it, as we had a place in our store for just such a case.

THE FORLORN CASE COST \$12

To make a long story short, I bought it for \$12 and brought it home. It was surely a forlorn looking case. Didn't have a friend in the world until our nurse took it into the hospital and began making it over. The molding of the wooden shelves was taken off, varnished, and the shelves trimmed with a rich green velour. The case was scrubbed, washed and polished until it shone like a mirror. It was then placed in a prominent position in our salesroom where the shelves were filled with pocket knives and the bottom of the case with scissors.

The knives are neatly arranged and are sold from the case. The scissors are merely sampled, but the stock is convenient and easily reached. If a particular customer wants the sample we sell it, but it is immediately replaced from the stock.

The green velour, used to cover the shelves, is a pretty background and when once arranged the knives stay in the position in which they were placed. We have mats, made of the same green material, to show samples on top of the case. We do not use the felt mats usually sent out by cutlery and ammunition manufacturers, as the attractive advertisements on them usually distract attention from our goods, while a solid color mat brings out every good quality these goods may possess.

That case is paying for itself every week, and is a fixture of which we are

proud. We owe it to the thorough washing it gets every 10 days, and the dusting it gets several times daily.

We owe it to the neat stock we keep there, and we will pay our debt to that old case, which teaches us daily the profits of cleanliness.

It would be nothing short of a crime to sell anything but guaranteed goods from that case. Every clerk in the store knows its history and boosts its contents. Its story told to a new employee impresses a lesson of neatness, which means clean shelves, neat windows, a warehouse that looks like a salesroom and a desire to be like the rest of the bunch and work on the stock.

STOCK MEN AND HEN'S TEETH

Good stock men are as scarce as hen's teeth these days. They don't just happen—they are made. A school boy's description of the growth of a pollywog is, first comes the head, then comes the wiggle. As the head of your institution, are you encouraging your clerks to become stock-keepers? If not, remember the head won't get very far without the wiggle behind it.

Our crack stockman came from the store of the dirty showcase. He had the ability, but lacked the support and co-operation of the management and of his fellow clerks. He will probably read this article and be encouraged to still greater efforts.

Some of you may think he will also be encouraged to tap the boss for greater pay, but we won't worry about that, as it has in the past and will in the future, come with increased efficiency.

If your store has its catch-all corners, let's clean them out and trim a new showcase with a history. Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Get next

A One-Man Job*

ADVERTISING is the art of reducing selling expense. Like painters there are advertisers who just think they are—the best picture is never made with the most paint—quantity usually whitewashes high board fences or chicken coops, while quality concentrates on canvas or paper. An ad-writer should never forget that a few good words go a long way. People who take the time to read long-winded advertisements seldom have enough money to buy a big bill of hardware.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S SWEETHEART

Most of us start advertising with an ambition to construct a mansion and end by building a woodshed. On the jump-off the whole world looks rosy. It's an easy thing for a fellow to imagine half the folks in town flocking to his store as the result of an ad, but it seems to be a blamed hard proposition to realize on such a dream. A one time ad is a joke that is sometimes accidentally hit by opportunity. The merchant who makes the most of printers' ink is the man who treats his advertisement like a sweetheart and buys her a few new clothes at each change of the seasons. Just as a girl anticipates spring with a straw hat in February so this man can get a notch or two to the good with a display of baseball goods in March. Every merchant should plan his ads at least three months in advance.

SO SIMPLE THAT IT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND

It's not a hard thing to spot an ad that has been hurriedly written just to fill space, but even a space filler beats a good ad worn threadbare. It's hard to understand how a middle-of-the-road crank on changing window displays can let the same old ad run forever more in the town paper. Advertising as a whole is a simple thing surrounded by much mystery.

Advertising in its best form is doing the same old thing in a different way. A change of wording around the same old illustration beats no change at all forty ways for Sunday, but there isn't a reason under the sun why any of us should be using old woodcuts that are Ben Franklin reproductions.

IN DEFENSE OF THE SMALL TOWN WEEKLY PAPER

There isn't a good reason of any kind why the little fellow in the small town, depending on a dinkey little newspaper, should rely on advertising copy of the vintage of 1876. You may be up against this kind of a proposition. You

*This article is not illustrated because I need all the space to tell the story.

may live in a very small town. Your local weekly paper may be struggling for existence and you may even think of your advertising as philanthropy. Your weekly ad may run months without a change because you think it doesn't pay. There is a reason back of every single department of a hardware business that doesn't pay, and there's a reason back of advertising in the small town that fails to bring results.

I'm going to tell you a little story to put this matter squarely before you. This isn't a flight of fancy. I've got an over-active imagination all right, but this proposition can be pointed out with facts. By the way, speaking of facts—it's poor policy to lie when the truth will do better. But to go on with my true story.

THE MAN WITH SOUVENIRS

Six or eight hardware merchants were decorating the easy chairs in the IRON AGE-HARDWARE booth at the New England Hardware Exhibit down in Boston one afternoon about three weeks ago spinning yarns real and imaginary. Bartley J. Doyle, sales manager of the Young Safety Razor Company of Philadelphia, had just given us all a good cigar and was in the middle of a story that even beat his tobacco when a merchant from Shelburne Falls, Mass., joined the crowd. At the conclusion of Doyle's story the conversation shifted to souvenirs and if the contents of our pockets could have been wished on a criminal making an insanity plea, he would have put it over without argument.

We had fly swatters, toy lawn mowers, note books, butterfly bill holders, match safes, whetstones, calendars, tin pans and mouse traps. The buttons and badges that were brought out of those pockets would have decorated at least one end of the exhibit hall in a pinch.

The man from Shelburne Falls didn't bring out a souvenir. Not a single sample lined his jeans, and when asked what sort of a collector he was this merchant said he had 75 souvenirs that had any of ours skinned a city block. He had them in a note book, a list of manufacturers' names. This man had visited every booth in the big exposition hall and every manufacturer whose goods he sold had promised to send him electros of those goods to use in his advertising in the little home paper.

Just think of it! The material for 75 ads collected in a single afternoon. They were ads that fitted his business—enough to give his customers something new, bright and interesting every issue of his local paper for a year to come. It had souvenirs beat to a frazzle, and a whole circle of good fellows pricked up their ears and got into action.

A CHANCE FOR THE MANUFACTURER TO CO-OPERATE

Every now and then we hear of a manufacturer who is looking for a chance to co-operate with us in the sale of his goods. These chaps almost to a man are

giving out electros of their goods for use in our circulars or newspapers, but they are working singly and their individual efforts are sometimes just pattering around the outside when they should be slamming these good things under our belts. I hope one or two convention exhibitors read this story. And I hope they get what I'm driving at.

Any exhibitor at any hardware show can do himself a favor by having a fine set of illustrations of his goods on hand. I mean reproductions of ads that he is ready to furnish us in our retail stores. If every manufacturer exhibiting at every show we have seen this year had hammered hard on this proposition the truth would have gone home and 1912 would have gone down in history as a year in which retail hardware merchants had done some real advertising.

COMMENTS ON COMMITTEES

There are a few retailers who are bucking into this thing in the right way. Our friend up in Shelburne Falls is one of them. As retailers we must act as individuals on this advertising campaign or we will be found a long way behind the bell cow. It isn't a job we can let out to a committee. Not by a long shot. Someone has said that if Noah's Ark had been built by a committee it would be on the stocks to-day. Elbert Hubbard has described a committee as a body of men who take a month to do what an able-bodied man can do in half an hour. Fra Elbertus has been known to slip more than one truth into the groove and no individual has ever disagreed with him on this statement; a committee may sometime but "sometime" and committees are not keeping the author of the "Message to Garcia" awake nights.

Your advertising is a one-man job. If you can't attend to it just hand the job to one of the boys. Tell him to make the most of it and see to it that he gets a brass band send-off from the boss.

Frank Bare's Bin Busters

There are many kinds of music,
But the sweetest of them all
Is the clink of ice in the pitcher
As the boy comes up the hall.

THAT'S the way we felt in the early morning hours over in Cleveland last winter at the Ohio Hardware Show. There was something doing every minute, and it was hard to go to bed. Frank A. Bare resigned the secretaryship of one of the livest hardware organizations in the world that week, and hardwaremen simply refused to mark time. The members of the Ohio association knew what they were losing and tried to talk their secretary out of his resolve to quit, but he had made up his mind and when Frank Bare settles a thing in his own mind he is "sot" in his ways.

Some men would have failed as Ohio secretary if they moved to Denver, Colo., but not Bare. He ate up his work like a grizzly and just licked his chops for more. It's Bare's system of injecting enthusiasm that furnishes material for the noise we are going to make to-day.

Altogether too few merchants realize the power of show cards and signs, but the time is coming when we must prick up our ears and get into action on this subject or our hardware business will sneak out of town between darkness and dawn.

SELLING POWER IN SIGNS

Frank A. Bare is dead next to the possibilities of signs and the way he decorated his convention hall at Cleveland was an inspiration that would move a hardshell Baptist or a soft-shell crab.







It would be a perfectly safe bet that the wall paper borders in Bare's house in Denver are about the tastiest in town because this hobby demonstrated itself in every sign we saw at Cleveland

Horseshoes, hinges, hatchets, padlocks, wrenches, hammers, keys, flatware and knives make some mighty nifty borders, and if some of us can't transplant these sign borders into our advertising we are asleep at the switch and the yard engine is apt to make a muss of us.

Our hardware stores need better signs and more of them. If the big sign over the door consists of dilapidated gold letters it needs filling in just as badly as do the teeth of Fang Face McGuire, who never felt the cushion of a dentist's chair in his life, and who knew more about tar brushes than he did of tooth paste. That sign is our business face and the strangers are getting a line on us from it every day in the year. The next signs that should interest us are those in the window display. A good display with a poorly made-up show card always reminds us of the modest-suited man who wears a celluloid collar and a hear-me necktie. The contrast is marked and, by the way, your window goods ought to be marked also with neat, plain price cards that conform in style with your window cards.

MAKE SIGNS THAT LIVE

Every window sign we use should be so worded that it can be used inside the store after the window display has come out and the goods have gone back to the bins and boxes.

If you haven't a show card writer in your store just take a hunch from the fellows who are investing their good money profitably and get one. The woods are full of good show card writers. Every city has a surplus. They are not expensive luxuries but modestly paid necessities. Most of them know little or nothing about hardware, but you can drum your system into their heads in no time and make rattling good clerks of them. You know a show card writer will dig into things up to his eyelids to get material for a good sign, and the same desire for knowledge of your hardware will uncover something besides fish bait.

The advice offered in these signs is sterling. Where it came from Bare only knows. We recognize a sign or two clipped from *Iron Age-Hardware*. You may see an extract from a letter you wrote. We don't care where the ideas of these signs came from, but we do care where they are going.

Your business needs them. You are paying me a salary to help you conduct a more efficient, more satisfactory, more profitable hardware store. This is the strongest suggestion I have ever made to you. Set your teeth into it and don't let go until kingdom come.

Your business needs signs and show cards. If you don't hire a show card writer get busy with your local painter and make a year's contract for a series of show cards for the coming season. If you are in a small town that local painter will become so enthused over your store that he will throw you enough additional business to more than reimburse you for the outlay. That's straight goods.

Two-thirds of the goods we buy are brought to our attention by advertisements. What portion of your sales are the results of signs? Isn't the proportion too small? Haven't we been asleep with flies buzzing around our snoring apparatus?

We could ask ourselves a dozen questions that would show sand in our gear box, but we won't because beginning to-day we are going to change our system and answer the call for action. It's the sign of the times.

Show Cards and Window Trimming

A WINDOW display without a show card is like a ship without a rudder, a derelict on the sea of business with no pilot to the harbor of Best Profits. Someone has said, "Merchandise well displayed is half sold," and someone told the truth. Half sold sounds good, but the pretty thing about America's hardware merchants is that a half a loaf isn't their style.

SHOW CARDS SILENT SALESMEN

As far as a window display is concerned, the best way to go after the other half of that loaf is to use price cards and window cards first, last and all the time. Show cards are the best guide to send stray coin to your cash drawer that I can think of. Price cards form the connecting link between the merchant and his customer. You know this if you have ever tried them, and if you don't know it there are dozens of good hardwaremen who do and their word sounds pretty good to us.

The show card is well described as a silent salesman who never squanders employer's time, never kicks on over-time, never flirts with the stenographer and is always on the job. The show card never "hollers" for an increase in salary, yet it brings you in more money every week if properly used, than the highest priced salesman on your staff.

If this isn't your experience you are missing something, and you better hit the high spots or the other half of that loaf is going to get away from you.

LEARNING THE ART

During the past ten years schools for window trimmers and show card writers have sprung up in practically every important city in the United States, and they are performing a great service. Ten years ago the matrimonial bureaus were about the only institutions teaching young men by mail. To-day the correspondence school covers a multitude of subjects and the men and women who have been bettered by such courses number thousands.

Show card writing and window dressing, two of the most needed things in this day and age of competition, can and are being taught successfully that way. You or some clerk in your institution ought to get busy.

Show cards add a heap to the value of a window display. The display may be attractive enough to focus the attention of people upon it, but it is the window

card that holds their attention and arouses their interest in the goods to the point of buying.

POWER OF SUGGESTION IN CARDS

The best card bears a suggestion of selling. A card reading "Special Sale, Your Choice of Any Article in the Window for 10c.," is a direct appeal for buyers.



WINDOW CARDS DESIGNED BY A WICHITA, KANSAS, HARDWARE STORE SALESMAN.

"Fishing Tackle, the Kind That Gets Them," is an appeal of a different nature to the fisherman. Back such window cards with small price tickets and you have a business tickler that starts things any old time.

The window cards here reproduced are the work of H. W. Goeller, a young salesman in the employ of the Houck Hardware Company, Wichita, Kan. Mr. Goeller became interested in window display and has put in some excellent

trims for the Houck company. He resolved to learn the art of show card writing and did so by self-instruction.

This young man is a fair example of the pulse beat of modern hardware merchandising. He is a part of the great movement now on in America to better our hardware service. Good luck to him.

Money Making Motions

MOVING Picture Shows are probably the best example of this nation's love of motion. Thousands of men, scattered about this country, started in that business a few years ago on a shoestring and are well off to-day. Their success is due to a popular amusement at a popular price. In the smaller towns and villages, a high-class amusement of that nature is preferred to the performance of a fourth rate traveling troupe, existing on a rehash of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." So the moving picture show has prospered probably to a greater extent than the small town hardware store, and from it we should learn a lesson and get a corresponding wiggle on ourselves.

LIVING IN A LIVE WIRE AGE

We all like things with a little snap and ginger to them, and ours has been aptly termed the Live Wire Age. The man with the ability to spring something bright, new and interesting builds additions to his store. These additions are generally built on the back of the building and are made possible by activities up near the front, often in the show windows. This is one place on the face of the universe where we are not only privileged but expected to start something. *A real live window display has never been known to exist behind dirty glass*, so let's start every display with a brush and a pail of water out in front.

The mere smell of a bright, clean, freshly washed window is an incentive to the clerk who trims, and with such encouragement a fellow will tackle anything and win out. I know from inquiry and observation that there are hundreds of hardware show windows that have never seen a live wire interest display. By this, I don't mean a few little yellow chickens during the incubator season, or a litter of pups on dog collar day, though such things are admitted to have put money in the till.

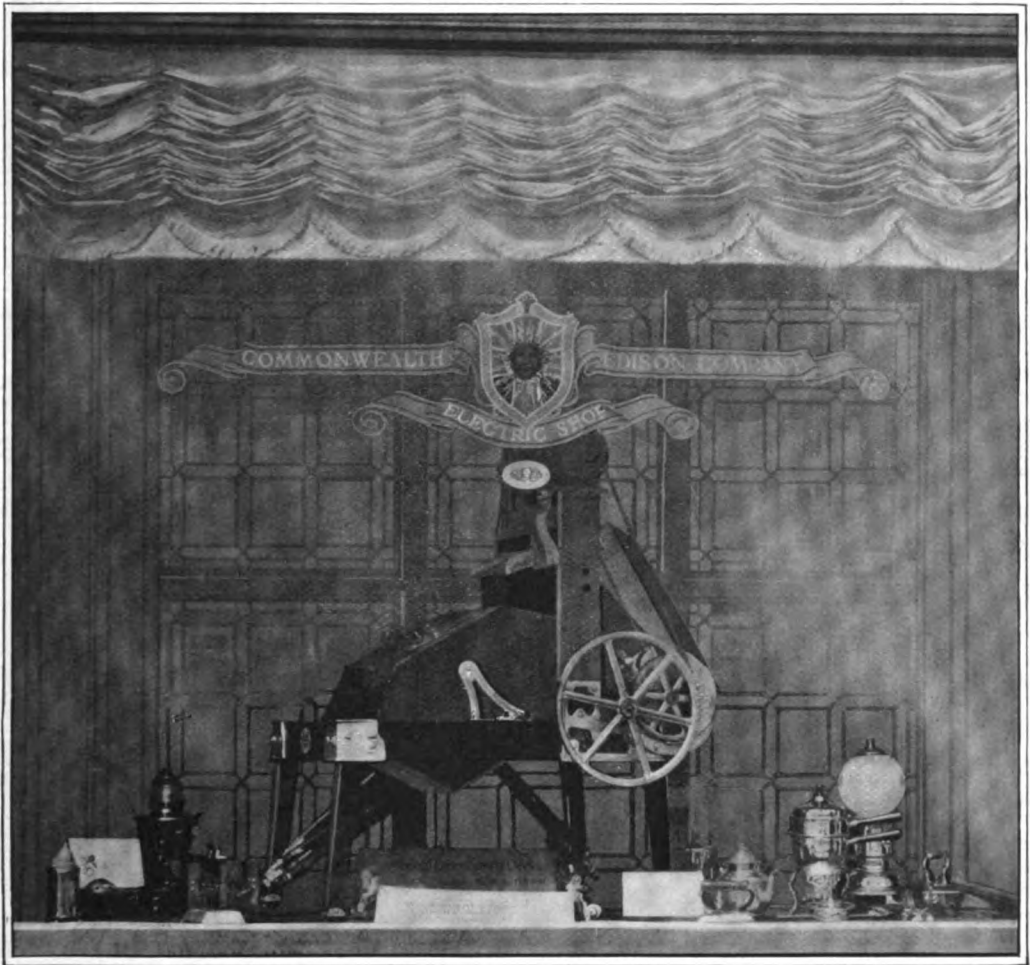
A MANUFACTURER'S PROFITABLE ADVERTISEMENT

The displays I have more particularly in mind are mechanical. Realizing the wonderful returns obtainable from displays of this nature, many manufacturers have started out special trims of their products, which are run on the circulating library system. A prominent manufacturer of fountain pens recently started such a campaign with an apparatus that kept a big pen writing continuously, on a revolving table, for about 12 hours without winding. The

expense of expressing the trunk containing this outfit from store to store was large, but the aggregate returns were most satisfactory.

THE MINT OF THE COMMONWEALTH

The electric shop of the Commonwealth Edison Company, at the corner of Jackson and Michigan avenues, in Chicago, has recently given this motion



ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE IN FULL OPERATION IN WINDOW OF COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY.

window movement a most satisfactory tryout. We are herewith reproducing two of their displays. The first illustrates an electric washing machine in full operation. Power washers of all kinds have been very rapidly coming to their own during the past few months, and this simple display, strengthened by the fact that the machine really moved and worked, put over some very good sales. Take a second look at this window. Simple, tastily arranged, as it is, sur-

rounded by numerous smaller electrical conveniences, this window would never have been a winner without the impelling forceful argument of motion.

The other display of the Commonwealth Edison Company represents the corner of a miniature laundry room. The washing machine was going and the little figure at the side of the ironing board pushed the small electric iron with decided vigor. It is one of those displays that simply brings you up standing on your toes. The morning it got me I was hurrying to fill an important business engagement. I stopped involuntarily for a moment, then hurried on. An hour later, I was back to finish my "rubber" with the rest of the crowd and to get this picture.

The Electric Show is well known in Chicago, due to the enterprise which gets out displays of this nature. More electric irons were probably sold from this store last year than from any establishment in the state of Illinois. The enviable reputation of the Commonwealth Edison Company undoubtedly had much to do with these sales, but I am disposed to give the greater part of the credit to live window advertisement. To me, these windows seem to be Motion Mints.

FINE MOVING DISPLAY IN PHILADELPHIA STORE

I stopped in Philadelphia a few hours not long ago and took advantage of the opportunity to visit the Vance Hardware Shop. You have probably heard of this store. It is one of the best, biggest, neatest—well, anything good you may have heard about it is just about right. Their window display, herewith illustrated, could not speak for itself in any photograph other than a moving picture; for it was life from start to finish. The bottom of the window was filled with green colored excelsior, representing grass.

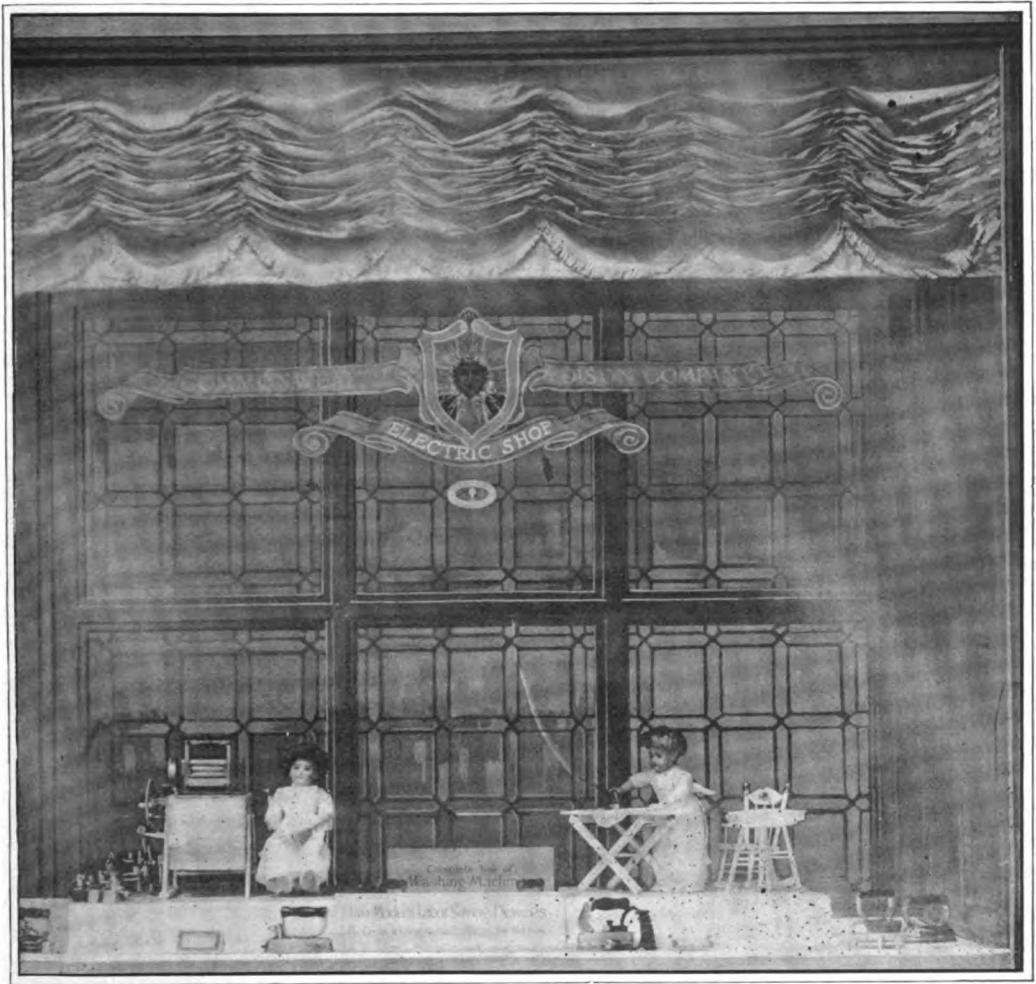
The revolving tables shown in the window were designed and manufactured for the Vance Company by the B. L. Williams Company, 132 Market street, Philadelphia. This concern has succeeded, by ballbearing pivots, in making a very small motor, whose power is cleverly increased by speed reduction. The theory is that a 1-16-hp. motor using no more juice than a 1-16-c.p. lamp, will carry a large number of medium-weight articles, attract great attention and, by turning, show the articles displayed in various positions. The large table in the center is 4 feet in diameter, and the tables on each side are 3 feet in diameter. It is almost unnecessary to say that this manner of displaying lawn mowers not only resulted in a large sale of F. & N. Mowers, but drew a large number of new customers to the store.

The lawn mower shown in the left-hand corner of the window was connected with a device consisting of two rubber wheels, concealed in a box, with small motor. These revolved constantly and kept the high gear of this mower

featured in dandy style. Small ribbons, tied to the frame, were fluttering from the blade motion, and called further attention to the rapidly revolving knives.

A SYSTEM WORTH FOLLOWING

The windows of the Vance Hardware Shop are changed weekly—something new every seven days—and are managed by the advertising and promoting de-



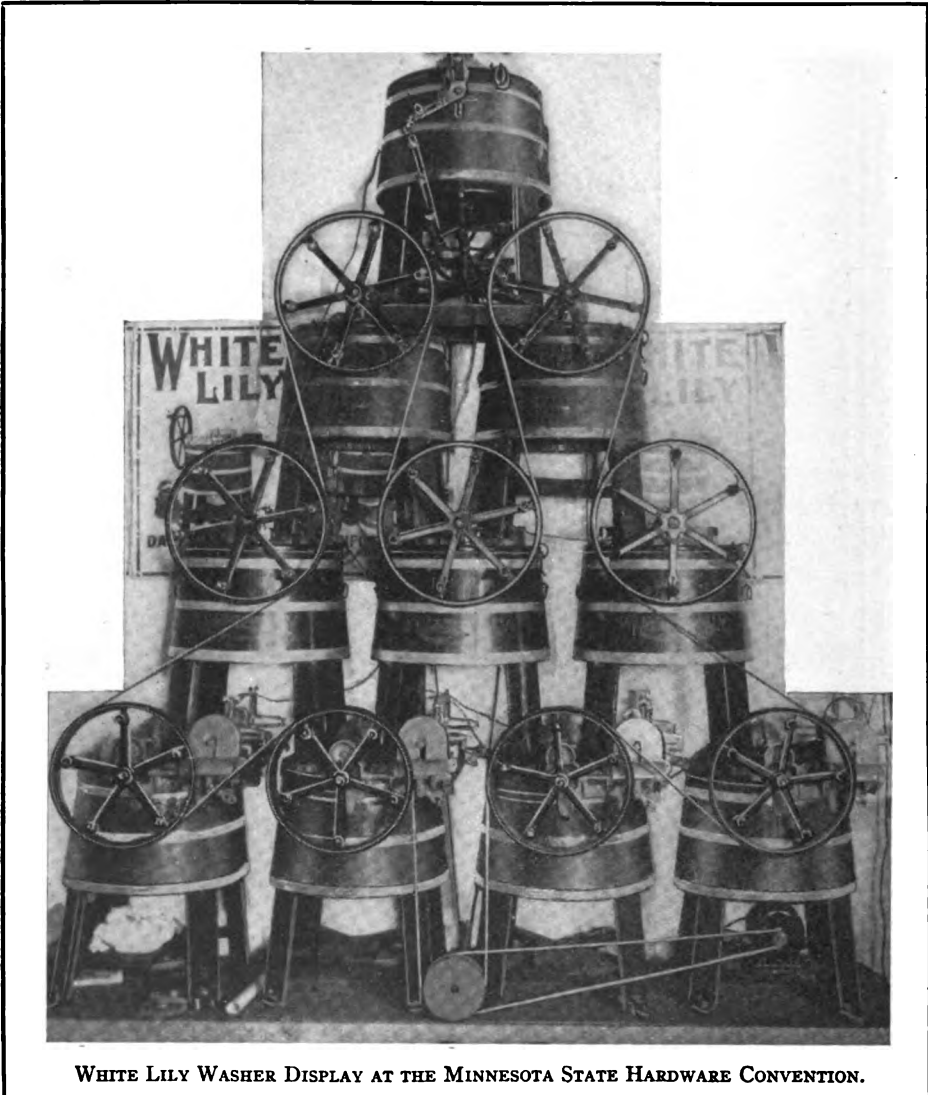
MINIATURE LAUNDRY ROOM WINDOW DISPLAY OF COMMONWEALTH EDISON COMPANY.

partment. This department handles everything that pertains to advertising and promoting in connection with the Vance business, sending out circulars, issuing house organ, getting up exhibitions and in a general way constantly gives life to the organization. The men responsible for this department's success are starters in every sense of the word. Real, live motion makers, and the ginger they have put into window displays of this nature has helped

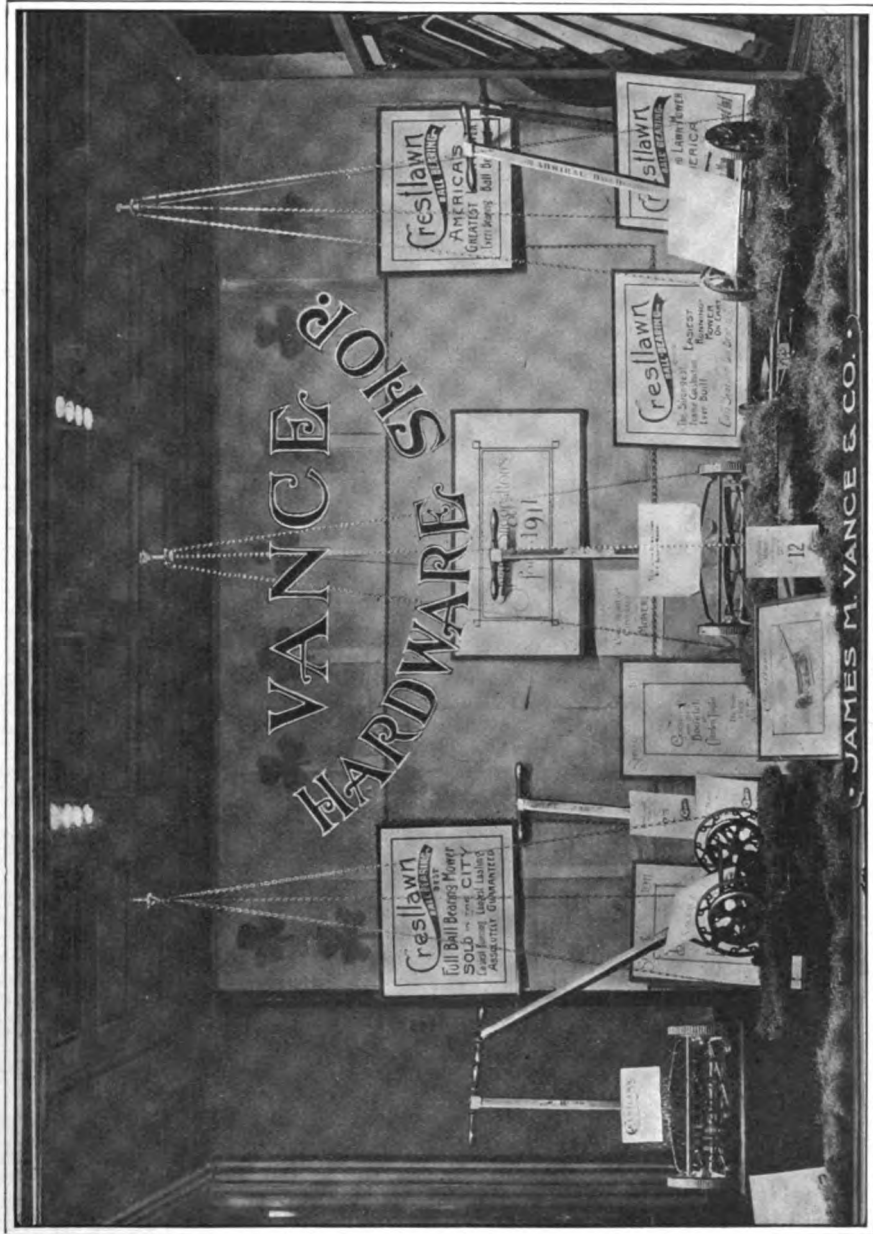
make the people of the big Quaker town spell Vance with a big V. Six hundred lawn mowers in one season is going some; but that's the record, with high-grade machines by odds the best sellers.

HIGH CLASS CONVENTION DISPLAY

While we are on this subject of moving merchandise, let's take a second to admire the Convention display of the White Lily Washer people, which is



herewith illustrated. Those of you who attended the big Minnesota Hardware Convention last year, certainly remember it. Motor driven and connected with one belt, this pyramid of washers was one of the most attractive of the many beautiful displays. Each wheel was tipped with a circle of lighted red,

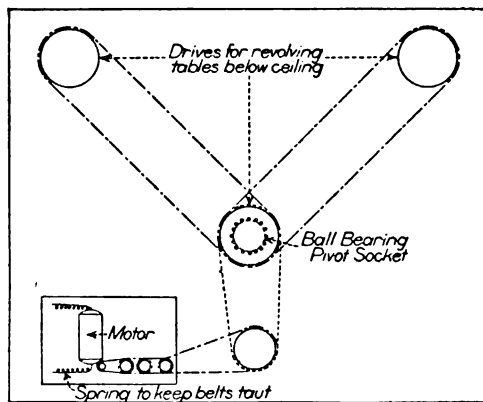


MOTION DISPLAY OF THE VANCE HARDWARE SHOP, PHILADELPHIA.

white and blue electric lights, and with Old Glory wig-wagging at the top, it made a hit with every man, woman and child who saw it.

THE KEYNOTE TO QUICK SALES

In closing: We could illustrate and write on this subject of moving displays for the next six months and it wouldn't do you a rap of good unless you put it to work in your store. I know some of these illustrations are not easily copied, but the thing I want to get at is that it takes no more inventive power nor no more time to make up a moving display of common, practical goods, than it does to make up a tinware locomotive or an automobile of the same class. One will sell goods, the other will merely amuse, and seldom leaves a lasting impression of any certain merchandise.



MECHANISM FOR REVOLVING THE TABLES IN
LAWN MOWER WINDOW OF VANCE
HARDWARE SHOP.

Ingenuity that plans a little running stream in a fishing tackle window, and executes that plan, is worth money. A gasoline engine that works, attached to a wood saw or a corn sheller, will sell twice as many outfits as the one that never runs for demonstration purposes. Curiosity is the keynote to on-the-spot sales. A little motion in a window display sets people thinking.

I have never known a single instance of failure in this class of human interest window trims. We all know instances of successful ones. Your experience with this method of selling would be interesting to the rest of us. Keep that in mind if your experience has never been published. Yours on the move.

Advertising

A REAL ESTATE man once answered the question as to where he got his enthusiasm by saying that his business slogan was, "Early to bed, early to rise, work like hell and advertise." The language is coarse, but the truth summed up, in those few words, is fine and he hit the nail squarely on the head.

GET THE HABIT

A merchant must study conditions, he must make the most of every opportunity, work hard all the time and profit by his failures as well as by his successes. He must be regular in his working hours, regular in his habits, work like the very old Nick while he is on the job, feel prosperous and advertise the fact. The old saying that haste makes waste is very true in advertising, and no one has the chance to study it as does the retailer.

WASTE

If any of us could have the money uselessly expended on the advertising matter that has gone into our waste paper baskets in the past ten years, we could take a trip to Europe and even spend a couple of weeks at Monte Carlo, in the bad luck season, on the proceeds.

WASTED EFFORT

Our first thought, as we chuck a useless letter or pamphlet to the basket, is that it's only a two cent stamp, which will make or break no one, but on reflection we know that the stamp is the short end of the expense.

Paper, envelope, printing, brainwork and a lot of other energy that started out with the velocity of a 10-inch shell, has spent itself and dropped into harmless oblivion at the bottom of our waste basket.

USELESS?

Occasionally some good live business subject comes to us through the mail and in its appreciation we forget the armache caused by shooting useless advertising matter to the basket.

Did I say "Useless?" Yes, I did as far as the other fellow is concerned, but how about you and I? That statement surely doesn't apply to us, if we are profiting by the mistakes of the other fellow, when we put the shoe on our own

foot and start in through the press, our windows, showcases or personality to advertise our own merchandise.

SPASMODIC ADVERTISING

The question is, are we profiting by these mistakes of the other fellow or do we stumble along the path of advertising errors as blindly as the man we criticise?

Do any of us run our newspaper ads twice the same way?

Do any of us dress our show windows "just occasionally" when the spirit moves us?

Do we use the newspapers regularly or spasmodically?

Do we give our customers the opportunity to look at new goods in our show cases as often as we should?

These questions could run on almost endlessly, but we will stop questioning, for we all agree that people unconsciously buy advertised goods. The advertising may come from a paper, a window, a showcase, a personality in you or your clerks, or best of all from the satisfied customer.

LITTLE AND BIG RESULTS

A little ad, a little while, brings little results; a better ad, a longer time, with regularity brings deep results and lasting satisfaction. The merchant who says advertising doesn't pay is usually just a good fellow who works so hard at other essentials in the business that he hasn't taken time to specialize on advertising.

SYSTEM

The best method for caring for this part of the business is to put it entirely in charge of a clerk fitted for the work. This man should also trim the windows and showcases that the advertisements may be planned and worked hard in all departments at once.

Such an employee will soon systematize his work and have regular days to trim cases, regular days for the windows and regular days for his newspaper advertisements. He will educate your customers to look for something new. He will soon learn to utilize every offer of free circulars or pamphlets, offered by so many jobbers and manufacturers. It will become a work in which he will take a pride and will bring results.

DEMANDING ORIGINALITY

Something out of the ordinary is what the public is ever demanding. Unless your system shows something characteristic it will be like the "other fellow's" wasted energy. Some of us have tried to run an occasional advertisement and have expected results, but it doesn't work.

In the country districts, fence signs are commonly used to boost business. The best and most satisfactory system for this kind of work is to have mile boards made and nailed in high, conspicuous places at regular intervals along all the country roads leading to town. For instance:

Twelve miles to Brown's. The nearer town you get the better you will know him.
Eleven miles to Brown's complete hardware.
Ten miles to Brown's cream separators.
Nine miles to Brown's carpenter's tools.
Eight miles to Brown's builder's hardware.
Seven miles to Brown's sporting goods.
Six miles to Brown's kitchen utensils.
Five miles to Brown's cutlery cases.—Quality counts.
Four miles to Brown's stay-at-home hog fence.
Three miles to Brown's Imperial ranges.
Two miles to Brown's implement depot.
One mile to Brown's—Tie your team at his free hitching racks.

Just at the entrance of town a big plain sign announces that Brown's Hardware store is located at No. 711 Main street.

Underneath each of the above signs Brown hung a good sized target with a small sign which read as follows:

Hit the Bull's Eye and Buy Your Guns and Ammunition at Brown's.

Best None Too Good for Brown's Customers.

Brown simply uses every method he can to get his name before the people of that country. He works the newspaper regularly every week, something new is shown in his windows every Saturday morning. He toots his own business horn and a bunch of big satisfied customers boost Brown's business, because Brown says the best is none too good.

City advertising is entirely different in some ways, but in the big essentials, System and Regularity, it is the same.

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE

Let the people know that you want their business and have no hesitancy in asking for it. Give them the worth of their money in the quality of your goods, thank them for the business you have received and ask for more. Like our real estate agent, shed your coat, tack up a slogan, live up to it and advertise.

One or Two Phases of Window Display

THE only business ever known to exist any length of time, without window displays, is a blind pig, and the average hardware merchant of to-day isn't interested in that kind of live stock.

Work on a window display should begin out in the street. A mudhole on the front of your lot will mean a whole lot of mud on the front of your windows. This gives the mud slingers of your community a crack at your reputation, and we know, to our sorrow, that the average knocker hits below the belt.

VACATION UNNECESSARY

Clean, bright goods, arranged in an attractive manner, in a well washed hardware window will cause that window to sell as much merchandise as the average clerk. Of course, the window has a little the edge on the clerk if it is supplied with a good lighting system, for it can work overtime and not play out, while the clerk, in order to retain his snap and energy, must have a vacation once a year. The fact that some of us give our windows a vacation more often than that doesn't make it essential to the window's life. A well worked window doesn't look anything like an overworked clerk, though an overcrowded window does sometimes remind one of an excited clerk five orders behind.

A GLAD HAND OR A COLD SHOULDER

The window display is to the store what a face is to a man. The Almighty Creator put some merchants into this world with faces that grew north and south instead of east and west, and if he handed some of us faces unadapted to perpetual smiling it is perhaps less our fault than our misfortune. If, on the other hand, the face of our store has a hit-in-the-head-with-a-brick expression it is a positive fault and we must shoulder the blame.

Our credit man says one good look into a man's eyes usually tells the story. In his flash judgment every man is either honest or crooked. You say flash judgment shouldn't count? Well, perhaps not, but that credit man draws a magnificent salary for the money he saves his firm every year, and he isn't wrong once in 5000 times. Credit men are merely experts on human nature, and the crook who breaks the harpoon off in one of these chaps is mighty clever. We are all, in a way, credit men to the stores with whom we deal. We see their window displays, make our flash judgment and either go on down the street or

into the front door. The window has either given us "the glad hand" or "a cold shoulder."

ONE EXPERIENCE

Experience taught me a window display lesson a few years ago. I want to pass it along, as it taught a lesson in *window dignity*, and at the same time one in *window foolishness*. I was located in a town where a certain railway line was without competition, and had a "cinch" on the business. I guess that sort of stuck in my crop, and when one stormy winter the division on which we were located was credited with 42 wrecks in 30 days, I saw what I thought was an opportunity and got busy on a window. We rigged up a railroad. Snow sheds, embankments, bridges and telegraph lines, all were there.

We built a miniature dispatcher's office, and in front of it a tin dispatcher laid out with a bottle of rye beside him. The train was a tangled mass, and dolls with stretchers aided donkeys with carts in hauling mangled forms of the poor wreck victims to a hospital in the distance. On the other side of the window was a saloon named the "Railway Rest" and a depot with a sign, "Tickets to Destruction." In the front of the window was a card reading, "Division X—Forty-two Wrecks in Thirty Days."

As far as stirring up local excitement was concerned that window was a success. Crowds blocked the sidewalk in front of our store, and the local papers wrote editorials on it. The division superintendent asked us to take it out, but we thought it was a winner, and let it run a week. Sober reflection has since taught me some things about that window that couldn't soak in then.

It did not create any toy business. It did win us the ill-will of a number of railway officials. It wasted our best window a week just at a most important season, and while we amused the crowd we lost a few good customers. Since that time I have left the portraying of local events to the newspapers and used our show windows to better advantage.

THE PRINCESS WANETA STILL SLEEPS

A small circus went into the hands of receivers here last summer, and the officers sold the freaks at auction. The ringmaster bid in the \$10,000 mummified Egyptian Princess for \$2.25 and stayed with us. A few days later I think the boys put up a job on the boss, for I was approached by our friend of the circus and asked to rent the mummy for a window display. I invited the man to a seat at my desk and it would have done your heart good to see his smile broaden as I told him how it would surely attract crowds. I thought we would probably have to make police arrangements to clear the sidewalks. She would probably look best in a window with a white background.

The Egyptian Princess had cost 10 cents a look all summer, and a week's rubbering, while she was in our window, would cost the public absolutely

nothing. Yes, we could undoubtedly attract the crowds, but our windows were used to create a demand for goods, and when that object was accomplished and some customer wanted to buy we would be forced to explain that our stock of mummies was not for sale, and that our windows were just used for public amusement. He saw our way. That poor mummy hasn't sold any hardware for 2000 years, and as far as we are concerned "the Princess Waneta still sleeps beside the still water."

THIS PROBABLY HITS YOUR STORE AS WELL AS MINE—READ IT

Another phase of window abuse is tinware automobiles, saw steamships, rope merry widows on the heads of stove pipe women and the like. I am not going deeply into the subject at this time. It will never send your prospective customer away with the impression firmly fixed in his mind that your store carries a most complete line of lanterns because you have used one for a tinware automobile headlight. It won't send him away thinking you keep everything that belongs to a stove if you have used stove pipe elbows as tires for that automobile.

He won't stroll thoughtfully down the street wondering how you stock such a fine line of gasoline stoves because you have one in that automobile. Cross-cut saws, their make, quality or price, will work but a small corner of his brain as he goes on up the street after seeing your battleship whose sides were made of saws. Following this line of window displays may win for you a reputation as "the-little-village-cutup," but it will never gain for you the serious consideration you desire from your customers. As they look into the "eyes" of your store do they see there *business stability* or a *playground*?

Our present window trimmer has taught me more about windows in the past three years than I ever knew before. He sums it up this way: What have you to show the people at a special price? When he shows garden hose, he shows only goods of a kindred line in the same window. Grass shears, hose nozzles, menders, reels, bibbs and lawn sprayers look well in a garden hose window. Mix a few churns and milk cans in this window, and it will detract from its working power and probably send those who look at it away, thinking "watered milk" instead of "everything to make the lawn grow."

SUMMARY

Show one line of goods at a time. Let it be *the* line for that week. You couldn't sell a man a stove if you talked stove half a minute and then jumped to rim locks, then talked stove again until you jumped to hunting knives. It would only confuse your customer.

How often have we seen windows filled with such a confusion of hardware that it made our heads ache? When strangers look into our stores' eyes let

them see there stability and singleness of purpose. They are forming of us first impressions that may affect our business for months. These impressions may be favorably inclined if they have read our newspaper advertisements of that morning.

The newspaper and the window display are not enemies or even competitors. They are both your friends, working for the same single purpose of *boosting your business*. They work hand-in-hand. The paper informs your customer of the window display's arrival in town, and puts him in a receptive mood. The proper kind of window display proves the print was true, and backs up the morning's reading with substance. The newspaper is the prominent citizen introducing the new Mr. Silent Salesman. The window display in turn silently makes your customer acquainted with a wide-awake clerk, and you know the rest.

An old Southern colonel visits at my desk occasionally and has often said to me, "Son, familiarity breeds contempt." I take off my hat to the colonel, and have found that the public will do the same to a deserving window. Cut out the horse play. The crowd is always ready to cheer when the band strikes up "Dixie" or the "Star Spangled Banner." It only grins when they play "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

Character in Business Letters

THIS is going to be a small story on a big subject. It won't be too long, for it concerns business letters and the best are often the shortest. A business letter is something that gets a quick start and knows when to stop. It is never "dictated but not read." Some men do not know this, but business men do. Most men who rubber stamp letters in that way are Barn Stormers and the rest are poor unfortunates who have inherited money, business and a stenographer who must be kept busy.

Courtesy is the first requisite of a business letter. It is also the last important thing about such a missive and should not be forgotten any place in between.

LETTERS MARK THE WRITER'S CHARACTER

No other one thing about a man is more indicative of character than are his business letters. Words may be but the bubblings of unsettled thought and are soon forgotten. A letter, however, is an eternal, unchanging, not-to-be-challenged record of what a man has been, of what he is and of what he hopes to be. Has Beens, Four Flushers and Comers are recognized in every mail. The Has Been delves into ancient history and too often rides storm tossed on the raft of a reputation. Four Flushers use the pronoun "I" too often, and make much ado about nothing. They also dictate letters that are not read. This applies at both ends of the route. The Comer never writes a letter unless he has something to write about.

When he does write letters he gets down to business as quickly as courtesy will permit, and it is courtesy to know the value of another business man's time. Off again! On again! Gone again, Finnegan! hits the nail on the head. Hot headed men should always mail well-cooled letters.

More than one man writes letters that are never mailed. Every one of these waste basket missives that is cooled in the ice box of good judgment makes the writer a bigger and a better man.

Any man who writes you a mean hasty letter will think more of you if the answer you send back is big, broad and manly. A great poet has said: "Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men sleeping but never dead will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

INFLUENCE OF LETTERS LIVES

A man whose friendship you value may write you a letter to-day and into that letter may creep the poison of a thousand influences foreign to his nature.

From his pen-point may flow the influence of sickness, of disappointment, of temper or of teasing. Every man has meanness in his nature and it is just that meanness that dictates a letter that takes an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It is Greatness that dedicates such a reply to the waste basket, and to edit letters and remove their sting is to be a business doctor with a growing practice. Such a doctor buries few failures.

A mean letter is seldom, if ever, filed with but a single reading, and like a red flag it flops up some time in the face of a man you have learned to like and reminds him of your weakness.

I once stood by the desk of a man who had met with sudden death. His morning's dictation bore signatures that were scarcely dry. We read them one by one. Every letter made its point and every point was without a sting. An associate who was with me turned after reading one and said these should be termed the love letters of a business man. They told a story of a man in love with his work, in love with the world and in love with his mail. I guess he must have been too good to live, for it is a sad fact that every mail reminds us that the good die young.

Some day a minister of the Gospel is going to earn his six hundred dollars a year if he can think of some good thing to say about the departed as he quotes "Dust to dust" over our remains. We can make life easier for that man by writing good business letters to-day. The reading of one of them may lighten that preacher's load and make him less spectacular as he juggles with the naked truth about the departed.

LETTERS MAKE THE REPUTATION

Business houses with whom we have transactions often know us by just two things—our letters and our checks. The letter precedes the check and first impressions should always be good ones. First class stationery often overcomes the handicap of second class letters. I received a letter from a hardware merchant a few days ago that was written on a sheet of coarse tablet paper and mailed in a plain envelope. Curiosity caused me to look up his rating, and when I learned that it was over twenty-five thousand dollars I concluded it was time some one reminded him of the necessity and value of business stationery.

A letter is a foreign ambassador and should be well dressed. In fact, we are not going too far to say that a good business head generally buys a good letter head. Here's hoping you are one of that number!

Interesting Development of a Great Montana Hardware Store

A GREAT many of our readers, perhaps, never heard of Kalispell, Montana, until the widely advertised Flathead Indian reservation was thrown open and settlers flocked into that country by the thousand. Easterners, Southerners and those from the middle states rushed into Kalispell expecting to find little more than a cow camp on the edge of a wild Indian reservation. They expected to see the town shot up every night in the week and a big display of Western fireworks on Sunday.

Carried away by tenderfoot enthusiasm, our Eastern claim-seeker armed himself with a fierce look of determination, a broad-brimmed felt hat and a pair of six-shooters and lit squarely on his high-heeled spurred boots in the center of an old, well-established, thoroughly modern town, where the citizens only turned to smile and go on about their farming, lumbering or mining. The Easterner soon found himself a curiosity, and burying his ideals of the falsely painted West, shed his firearms and was soon lost in the busy community.

FIRST IMPORTANT TOWN ON THE FLATHEAD

Had this same self-frightened Easterner dropped into the upper end of the Flathead Valley early in 1889 he would have found, down on the Flathead River, about ten miles up from the beautiful lake of that name, a little village named Demersville, that would probably have been nearer the West of his dreams. It was a hustling little camp, facing the deep, broad river that carried on its bosom flat-bottomed steamers which plied to the lower shores of the wonderful 20-mile lake. Logs of the new lumbering companies drifted with the spring freshets. The banks, for miles on either side were covered with a growth of timber which seemed to end only with the tree line of the immense ranges of mountains that bounded this Rocky Mountain Garden of Eden.

Indians, from the nearby reservations, roamed about as the spirit moved them, and at well-remembered times, moved by spirits imported by reckless traders, their depredations sent the settlers for miles around flocking, in armed groups, to the little town at the boat landing.

WONDERFUL NATURAL RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT

Furnishing supplies to the settlers of that wonderful farming land, as well as to the great tribes of Indians to the south and east, our newcomer would

have found a first-class frontier store conducted by the Montana Trading Company. The soil of this great upper valley was well adapted to raising fruit, grains and all sorts of vegetables without the necessity of irrigation. Its deep black depth seemed bottomless, and over miles and miles, this fertile land stretched away to the foothills. Yellow and white pine, fir, tamarack, spruce and cedar stretched back from the river bottom of cottonwood and birch. The whole valley was a hunter's paradise, and the streams and lakes fairly overflowed with fish. It would have been hard indeed to have found a more ideal spot in which to launch a hardware business, and managed by men of exceptional business ability, the young firm quickly gathered the strength that sent it in 1891 a powerful mercantile institution to the newly founded town of Kalispell, which three miles further up the valley on the new Great Northern Railway, supplanted the river town.

GROWTH OF KALISPELL AND MISSOULA MERCANTILE COMPANY

The business, rapidly growing as the railway helped develop the valley, was reorganized in 1893 under the name of the Missoula Mercantile Company. Since that day the wonderful natural resources of the Flathead Valley have been rapidly developed. Several fine cities note the center of mining, lumbering or railroad activity. Fence to fence wonderful farms stretch away mile after mile, and little sawmills by the dozens mark lumbering activity in the foothills. Through it all Kalispell has remained the metropolis of the Flathead and the old Missoula Mercantile Company the leading mercantile institution.

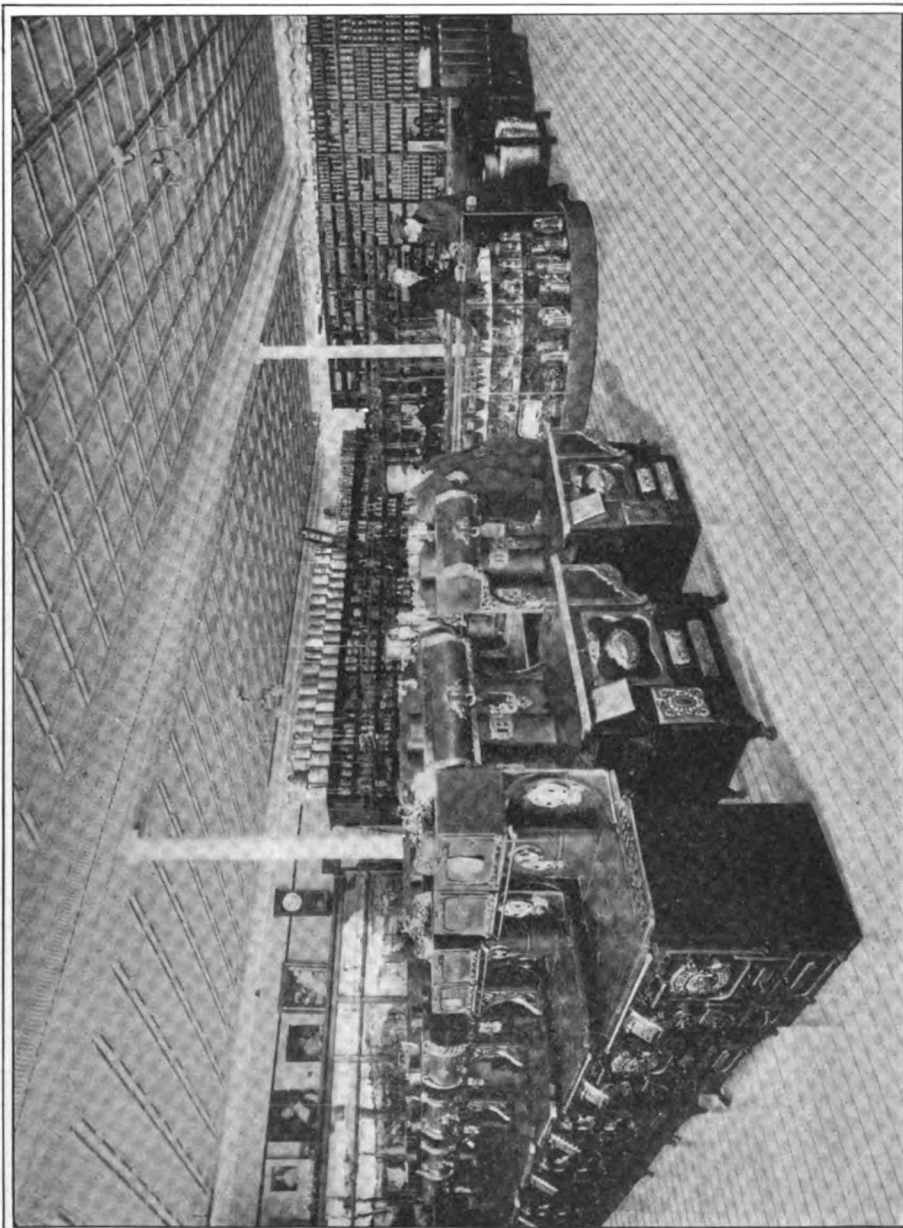
INCORPORATION OF KALISPELL MERCANTILE COMPANY

Conflicting in many ways with the same company at Missoula, Mont., and particularly in confused freight shipments, the concern was reorganized again last February, being incorporated with a capital stock of \$850,000 for a term of forty years, under the name of the Kalispell Mercantile Company. The officers of the company are as follows: C. H. McLeod, president; H. C. Keith, vice-president; J. H. Chester, secretary; H. F. Prentice, treasurer; and its directors are: C. H. McLeod, F. T. Sterling, T. B. Thompson, H. C. Keith, John Simpson, J. E. Busey and Charles Kettelholm.

Mr. Keith has been the active general manager of this institution since its early organization. The business is now conducted in three departments, which are classified as hardware, groceries and implements. The store has lately been remodeled and the main hardware room, in which we are particularly interested, occupies 8,000 sq. ft. of floor space. Owing to the peculiarity of the situation of Kalispell on the map, the assortment and size of stock carried is enormous.



SHOWING THE MAIN SALESROOM WHICH CONTAINS 8,000 SQUARE FEET OF FLOOR SPACE.



STOVES AND RANGES ARE DISPLAYED IN THE CENTER OF THE HOUSEFURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

A healthy demand exists in the Flathead Valley for practically everything that can be termed hardware, and the Kalispell Mercantile Company has developed a phenomenal business. Lumbering supplies, builders' hardware, tools, sporting goods and house furnishing hardware are important subdivisions of the hardware department, which is in charge of John Simpson, who for many years before becoming a member of the firm, was a trusted employee. He comes as near knowing the hardware business as any manager in this country. Every detail of the immense organization is understood thoroughly by Mr. Simpson, and he is well justified in taking an honest pride with his well-trained corps of assistants in the institution they have built.

WONDERFUL BUSINESS IN LUMBERMAN'S SUPPLIES

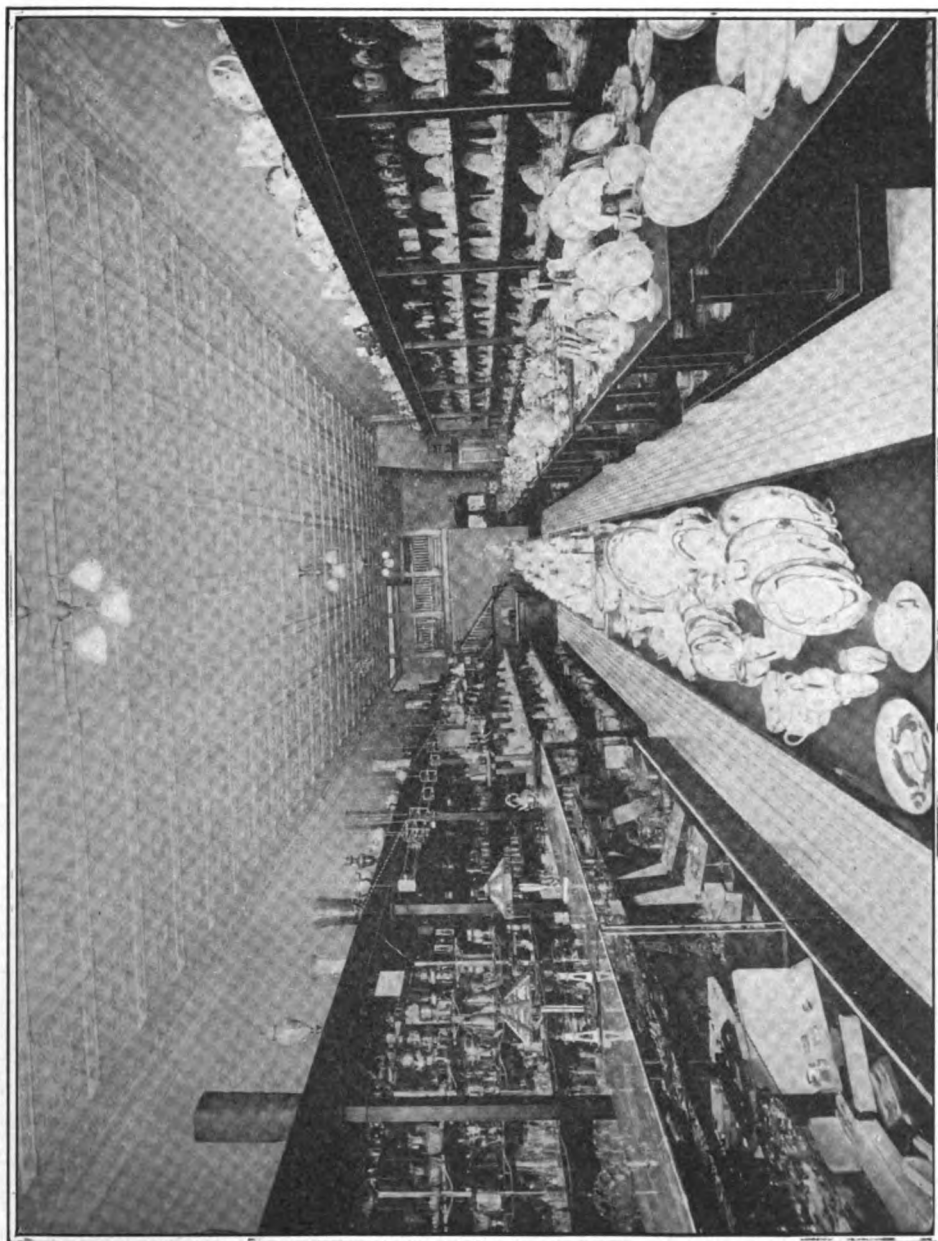
The great forests surrounding Kalispell have called to that community hundreds of skilled lumbermen from eastern and middle states, where the supply of timber has become exhausted. Great saw mills at Somers, Columbia Falls, Whitefish and many other points draw their mill supplies from Kalispell.

The window display of saws here illustrated gives some little idea of the way the company goes out after this business. Retail sales of a dozen cross-cut saws, five or six dozen axes and twenty or twenty-five dozen files often to go a single lumber camp at one time. Axe handles, all sorts of chains and hooks, blacksmiths' supplies, cant-hooks, peavies, pike poles, driving calks and other lumbering supplies number among their daily sales. The saw mills are constantly demanding saws, belts, packings, oils, machinery and repairs, and out of this healthy demand the company has built up a business that makes it one of the best purchasers of these materials in the West.

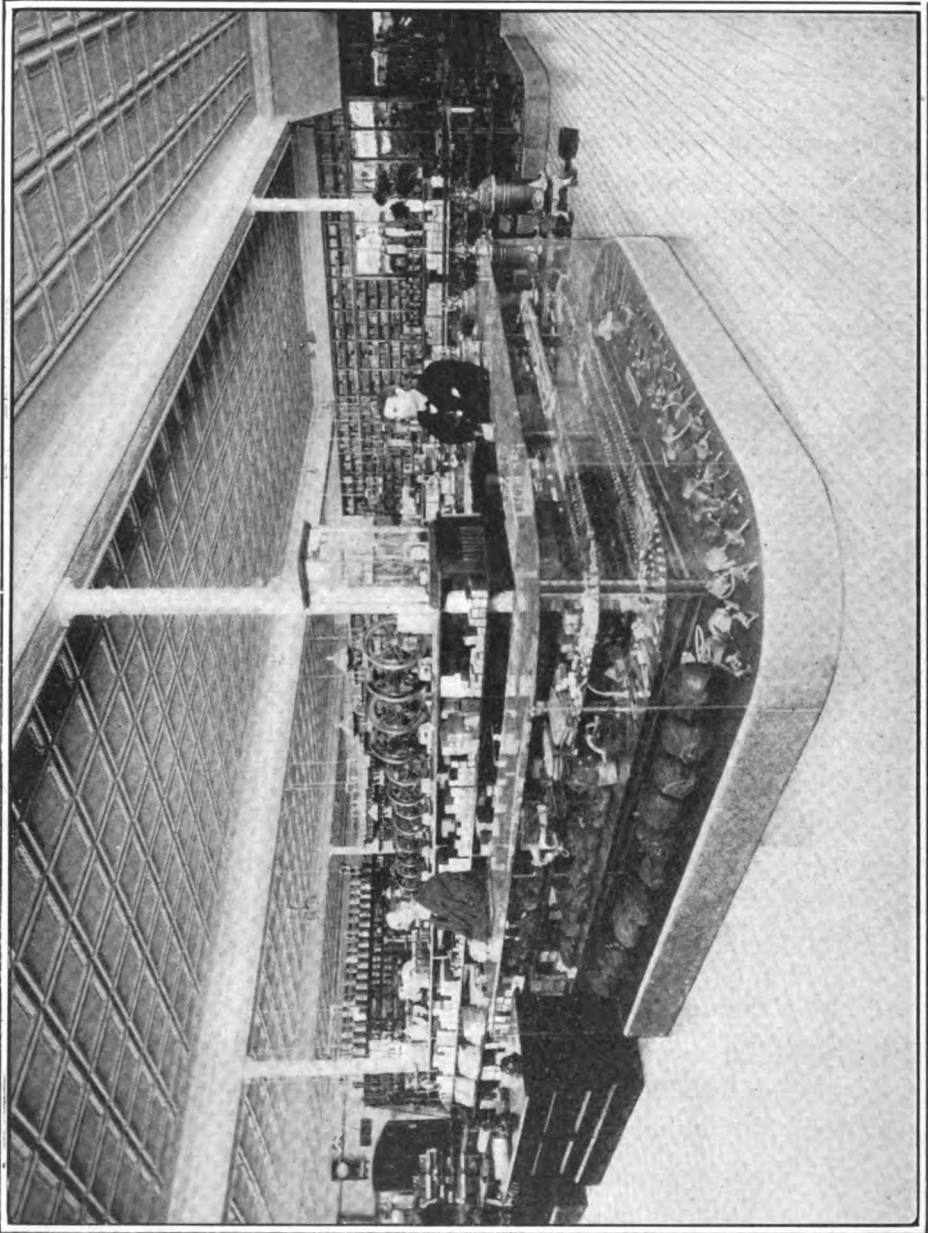
BUILDERS' HARDWARE AND TOOLS

From the board-shack town by the new railroad, Kalispell has developed into a most beautiful modern city of about 10,000 inhabitants. Its streets are broad, clean and well cared for, being boulevarded through the entire residential district. In the town beautiful homes have been built by the hundreds and magnificent summer cottages dot the entire southern shore of Flathead Lake, which is but a few miles distant. The Flathead Valley is famous for its beautiful farmhouses, and the public buildings in Kalispell are certainly a credit to the city. Good buildings in any community are generally the result of the educational efforts of the leading seller of builders' hardware. In this department of its business the company has always endeavored to sell the very best, and the results of its efforts can be seen in many of the finely equipped buildings of the community.

The builders' hardware department is cared for by an employee thoroughly familiar with blue-print work, and the prompt figures submitted on



"CHINA HALL," AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE COMPANY'S DEPARTMENT. IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY OF A BRIGHT, CLEAN, WELL-CONDUCTED, PROFITABLE CORNER IN MODERN HARDWARE.



A CORNER OF THE SPORTING GOODS DEPARTMENT.

specifications for building have often landed the company big orders. In conjunction with the builders' hardware a most complete line of carpenters' and mechanics' tools is carried in stock.

The concern is an advocate of factory brands, and in its beautiful displays customers recognize the brands of the foremost manufacturers of the day.

SPORTING GOODS, GUNS AND AMMUNITION

The mountain country about Kalispell is an ideal hunting ground. Bear, sheep, goats, elk, black and white-tailed deer, mountain lions, wolves and many of the smaller fur animals make the sale of traps, rifles and heavy ammunition exceptionally good. At the opening of the big game season it is no uncommon thing to see eight or ten rifle customers lined up in front of the gun cases in this store, where more rifles are sampled than would be sold in an eastern town of the same size in fifty years.

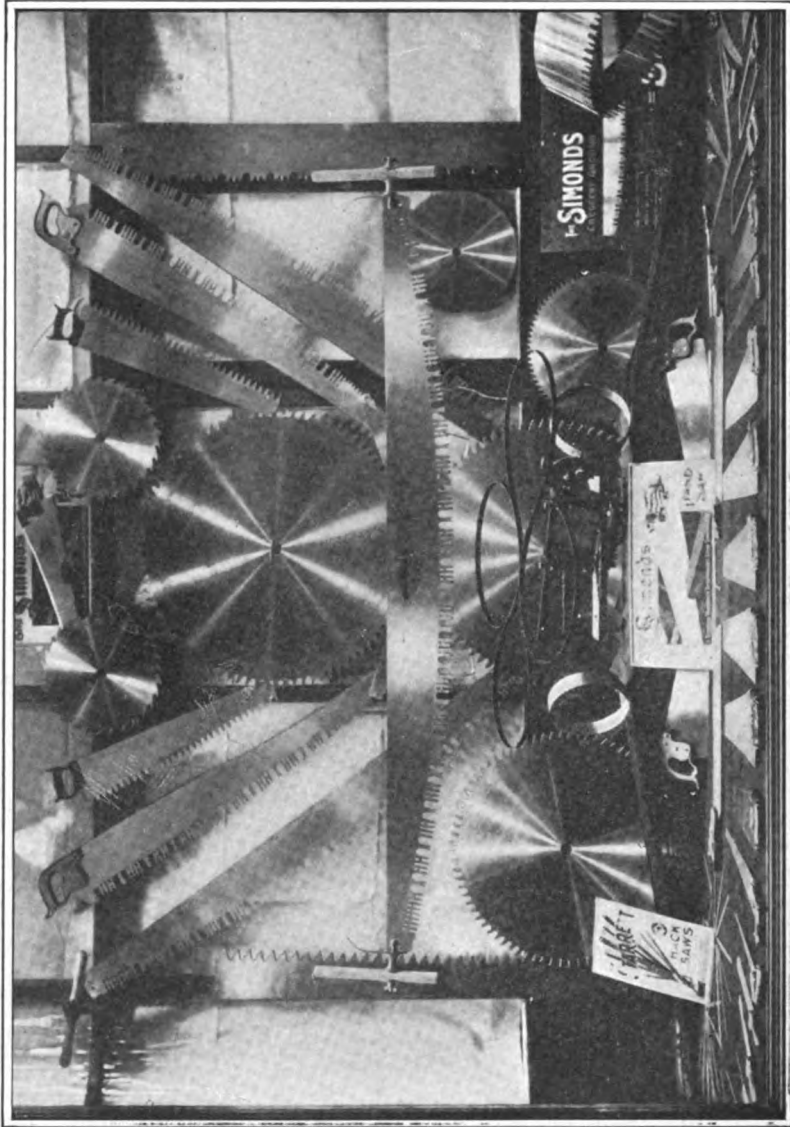
Every fall professional trappers outfit at this store, and with the added impetus from the farmer boy, who takes a few hides as a side issue, the trap business has grown to be quite a feature. In one of the interesting window displays herewith illustrated particular attention is called to the immense traps used for catching grizzly bear. The springs are of such great strength that clamps are used to set them, and while they are common, everyday pieces of hardware to the clerks in Kalispell, these powerful traps would prove a curiosity to many hardware merchants.

Feathered game of all kinds, from ordinary ducks up to the great Rocky Mountain blue grouse, is found in the valley and on the neighboring mountains. The streams and lakes are so full of fish that the supply will probably never run out, and the sale of fine fishing tackle has been so great in this store that long before a jobbing business was established, the enormous purchases of fishing tackle made by this firm had secured for them jobbers' prices.

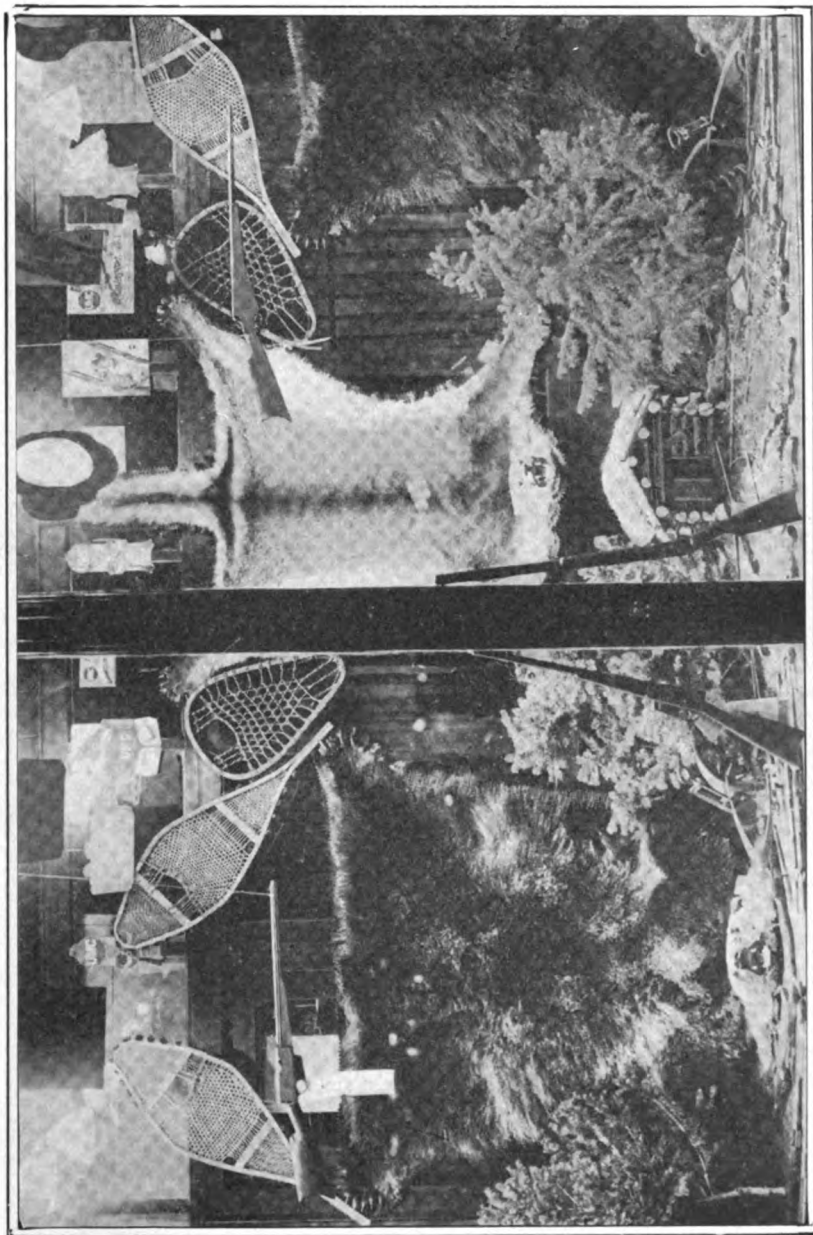
Baseball, football and other athletic supplies are also sold in great quantities.

AN INTERESTING HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT

Centered about a beautifully displayed line of stoves and ranges the housefurnishing goods department has been wonderfully developed. From the smallest sheet-iron camp cook stove up to large hotel ranges, samples are found on the floor of the main salesroom. Wood is so plentiful in Flathead Valley that most stoves are equipped to burn that material. Housefurnishing hardware of every description is carried, and from this department has slowly developed a sub-department devoted to china, bric-a-brac, cut glass and silverware. A special salesroom adjoining the main hardware room is devoted to the display and sale of this merchandise, and it has very appropriately been termed



CROSS CUT, CIRCULAR, BAND AND HAND SAWS FIND A READY SALE IN THE FLATHEAD VALLEY. THIS DISPLAY IS MOST SIMPLE, YET A TRADE WINNER AND AN EDUCATOR.

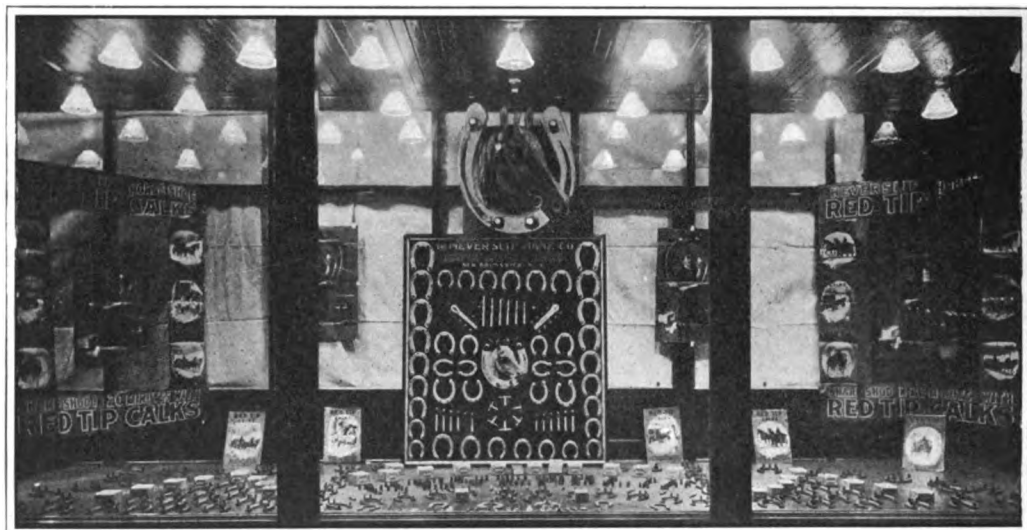


A WINDOW DISPLAY IN WHICH TROPHIES OF LOCAL BIG GAME HUNTERS ARE USED VERY EFFECTIVELY.

"China Hall." In this day when so many hardware stores are discontinuing such goods as unprofitable, it is interesting to find a concern that has developed such a department to the high standard usually maintained by the leading jewelry stores in the community.

THE PAINT DEPARTMENT

Early in the history of this concern a few odd gallons of paint were purchased, and from that very small beginning a trade, that in itself would be a good business, has been developed. A very complete line of ready-mixed house, barn and special finish paints, ochres, colors in oil, varnishes and brushes of all sorts finds ready sale in this community.



THE FARMERS OF THE FLATHEAD VALLEY ARE HEAVY PURCHASERS OF NEVER SLIP SHOES.
THIS WINDOW HAS SELLING POWER IN ITS EVERY DETAIL.

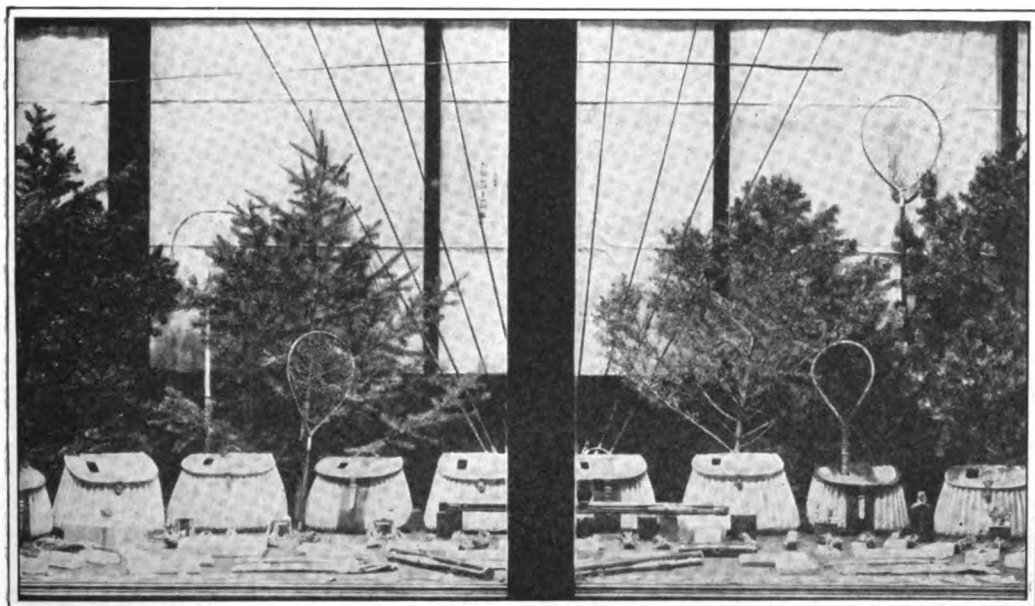
A leading paint manufacturer now recognizes in this firm his best customer. Mr. Simpson feels sure that the success of his paint department is due to quality more than any other one thing. The temptation to stock inferior substitutes has never caught this company off its guard, and year after year its paint business has been built on the sale of goods which could be honestly recommended.

PLUMBING AND TINNING SUCCESSFUL DEPARTMENTS

Plumbing, steam fitting and sheet-metal shops are conducted on a satisfactory basis by this concern. Each of these shops is under the direction of a tradesman especially equipped for the work, who is in turn responsible to the manager of the hardware department for results. The saw mills around

Kalispell are liberal purchasers of all kinds of pipe and fittings, and the blower systems of the many planing mills furnish considerable work to the metal-working department.

The implement and grocery departments of this store are conducted



FISHING TACKLE FORMS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE KALISPELL MERCANTILE COMPANY'S STOCK. IN THE HEART OF A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE THIS CONCERN LOSES NO OPPORTUNITY TO ADVERTISE ITS WELL-ASSORTED STOCK THROUGH ITS WINDOWS.

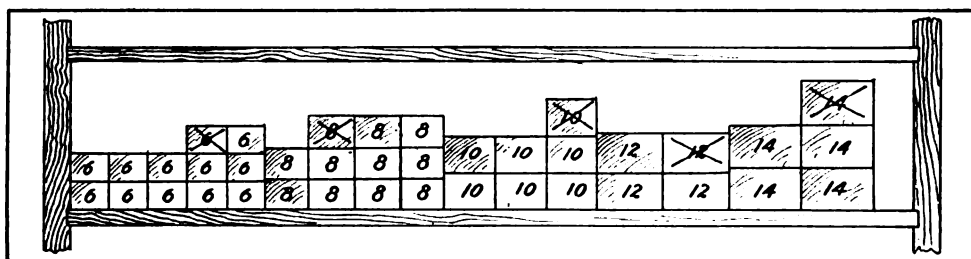
separately from the hardware department, but the same high standard of efficiency, that is so noticeable in the hardware department, runs through each section of the establishment and helps pull trade for the other, making this store the great trading center for northern Montana.

Inventory

THERE are two things coming to a merchant which are more regular than the seasons, and more persistent than traveling salesmen. They are taxes and inventory. Not even a hardware alderman will deny that we get about all that's coming to us on taxes, but opinions on inventory seem to vary. It is certainly a most vital subject, deserving serious consideration during the weeks that precede this yearly shake-up.

UNPREPARED FOR A CERTAINTY

That inventory comes year after year is an absolute certainty. That it comes on certain definite dates is also true, yet the day after the figures are turned in, some stores look like a cyclone had caught them unprepared. The selling force is found feeling as though they had come unexpectedly on a hidden foe and by strenuous efforts conquered it. This feeling is wrong, and lack of



STOCK ARRANGEMENT

preparation is the principal cause for it. Perfect knowledge of a stock should demand no such demoralized conditions.

WAYS AND MEANS TO EASY INVENTORY

At the close of an inventory, a store should be in the cleanest, neatest condition imaginable. A little preparation can and will make it so. Stock at this period, which usually comes after Christmas, is low, and store cleaning can be done with less confusion and less work than at any other time. Preparatory to an inventory, every shelf in the store should be emptied of goods and thoroughly washed out. When the freshly wiped boxes are put back into the shelving, particular attention should be given to patching up broken boxes, to filling in broken lots in these boxes and to orderly stock arrangement. A few gummed stickers will hold in place a flappy, broken, hard looking pasteboard box cover

and a little time will condense into one the two or three opened boxes of the same goods.

STOCK ARRANGEMENT RULES

Stock arrangement demands some definite, well defined rules. I have used such a simple method for a number of years. All goods are arranged as to their size, beginning with the smallest at the left and working toward the right. Stock piling seldom comes out evenly and extra boxes of any certain size article should be placed on the top of the last box of that size to the right.

Following this system through, vacant shelving, too narrow for the accommodation of more stock, always comes at the right side of the shelf. This method is here illustrated with a shelf containing mill Bastard files from 6 to 14 inches in length. Supposing in the shelf below or the one above the blank space B., came at the left or any old place, or that the top boxes of each pile of files were put in hit or miss? The disorder would be plainly evident even if the stock were clean.

This simple system of stock arrangement, followed throughout an entire store, gives it a neatness that at once attracts attention. Stock arranged in this manner can be inventoried very rapidly, as but one box must be opened and counted.

WHERE THE WORK COMES IN

The longest, slowest grind in a hardware inventory is the shelving in the main salesroom. Here is where the long count and the back-breaking ladder standing counts are no fun. It takes time and cannot be pulled off in a day. Entries direct into an inventory book are not satisfactory, as the constant sales break in with a lot of confusion.

A better system is to list these newly neatly arranged goods on slips of paper, covering all the goods in one section of shelving at a time. Then sales can be checked off as they are made from these slips, which are placed in the bottom shelf of the section they cover as here illustrated.

<u>Sec. 1.</u>		<u>Slip 1.</u>	
11 1/4	doz. 6 in mill Bast. files	@	75
10 1/4	" 8 " " " "	@	105
11 1/2	" 10 " " " "	@	175
13/4	" 12 " " " "	@	270
2 1/3	" 14 " " " "	@	420

INVENTORY SLIP.

CONFUSED ENTRIES ON SLIPS

These much marked, rather confused looking slips, can be collected and laid in the inventory book the day inventory closes, and much confusion and

Every hardware store, which has run more than a year, has in it dead stock or something that has depreciated in value since its purchase. A pair of wings is awaiting the hardware merchant to whom this does not apply and they have never been claimed. This condition is known to exist, yet not one invoice book out of 50 shows anything that even resembles discount for depreciated values. If you are a manager under salary, that isn't square to the boss, and if slow selling stock is simply left off the books entirely you are not square to yourself.

Keep that under your hat when you go in for inventory. Invoice that scrap book you have made out of the money making ideas clipped from IRON AGE-HARDWARE, at \$20 a page, and don't discount it.

What's Wrong With Business

WHEN the sun comes out so sizzling hot that asphalt pavement feels like rubber and a bedroom successfully impersonates a blast furnace, it's small wonder that our enthusiasm oozes away with perspiration and microbes and we take to the porches worn out at night, and to work somewhat the worse for wear in the morning.

Many of the hardware merchants I have visited during the past two weeks have felt like rung out dish rags, and I haven't proposed any stunts that would have a tendency to take your breath away.

Enthusiasm is essential to successful business life. You wouldn't last longer than a cracker in a parrot's cage without it and my job will look like the small end of a funnel the day my system runs shy on ginger.

SUMMER SNAGS

The clerk, who was the star of your selling port during the rush of Christmas week, is losing sales to-day that should be put over by an apprentice boy. The bookkeeper adds 52 and 27 for a total of 89. A few cucumbers or a water-melon tie your usually well regulated old stomach into slip knots and your partner's kid gets a touch of colic that don't mix well with the hives. A spider begins building a permanent residence in the corner of your gun case and daring flies leave specks on things other than the horizon.

It may be natural to lay the general feeling of restlessness that runs through the store to the ball games. But if such is your solution of the question, just take it from me you have been given the wrong steer. It's just as natural for your system to demand a relaxation from the daily grind, as it is for your stomach to insist on food. A few days at a hardware convention during the winter months isn't going to fill the bill even if it does help some. You have met men who are quite proud of the fact that they haven't taken a vacation in ten or twenty years. I have met that sort of fellow, too. If I had a basket full of jobs I wouldn't be inclined to give such a fellow a handful unless he first agreed to go off and shake some of the dust out of his gray matter.

What you need and what your men need is a vacation. Unless you get it you will go to sleep in the saddle just as sure as the deuce. You need to get away, to forget Bill Brown's builders' hardware and Tom Jones' pump repairs. You want to be able to forget the sound of an alarm clock and to learn more about things you seldom meet in the run of a day's work.

There are two kinds of vacations; both of them are good, but they are meant for different people. One is for the man working in the city and the other for the country merchant. If you have been cooped up in a large town where the rattle of trains, the clang of street cars, the whirl of a crowd and the never-ending confusion of sound seem to have become a part of your very system, just cut loose as quickly as you know how for the country. Get out where the grass is green, where there are fish and swimming holes; wake up under a canvas and listen to the singing of Nature's chorus of birds.



THE ASSISTANT MANAGER TAKING THINGS EASY THIS TIME A YEAR AGO.

Do a little shooting, even if a .22 rifle must be your gun, and a tomato can your target. Go barefoot when your feet are tired, push an old flat-bottom boat over the surface of a river or some muddy bottomed lake and fight mosquitoes a few nights. Smudging may bring out a few tears, but you will laugh about it for months to come when you get back to work. Bake a few beans in a Dutch oven and fry your own ham and eggs over the coals of a campfire.

Just tackle this sort of thing, even if you can get away for no more than a week or ten days, and you will come back to the job with more red blood in your veins than has been there for months.

I did just that sort of thing one year when I was so badly run down at the heel that the seat of my pants was dragging my tracks out, and in the little camp, a picture of which is here reproduced, I drank coffee out of a coffee pot, picked huckleberries and hunted and fished to my heart's content. My two week's vacation was gone before I realized it. A tan and a toughness has supplanted my dragged-out appearance, and the morning our camp outfit was packed and I started home it was with a feeling that I couldn't get back to the hardware store fast enough.

By jove, those shelves of goods did look good to me and for months afterwards I worked as I had never worked before. My boss paid for one week of that vacation, as he did for the time of every other man in the store, and he never made a better investment in all his life.

We are illustrating another picture of camp life taken down near the Mexican line. It shows another camp in one of those beautiful stretches of forest free from underbrush. We are showing it just to make you hungry, and I hope you will catch the fever of camp life, which I know will renew some of the salesmanship that slips from your system.

THE LOVE OF NATURE

The love of nature is so strong in many of us that hundreds of men who own stores in country towns spend their vacation camping. There is just one lamentable fact about hardware store vacations. We all want to take our turn while the shooting season is open, but we realize that at that time the lull caused by midsummer listlessness is gone and the quickened pulse of fall business has thrown new life into the store. We wish two of us, chums behind the counter, could get away at the same time, but that isn't according to Hoyle. Perhaps it is better after all, for it is true that we never really know a man until we have been camping with him.

A VACATION WITH THE CROWD

I said there were two kinds of vacations and I have described one of them. The other, I have noticed, is the tendency of country merchants to get into a big town for a few days where they can drift with the crowd in brilliantly lighted streets at night. The theaters, the great amusement parks, the bands and the parade, whether it be of the circus or the boardwalk variety, satisfy a starved condition. The country merchant likes to get away from the place where he is the big toad in the small puddle and be one of the mere specks of humanity rubbering at skyscrapers or at window displays.

Now some people are a little bit touchy about being called rubbernecks, but you are one and so am I, and your vacation in a metropolis will do you

mighty little good unless you rubber to your heart's content. Rubber just enough so that when you take the train back to the village, where you are a leading citizen, you can take with you some of the ideas you have seen in city show windows. Take with you some of the kinks you have seen in show case trims, take with you a memory of some of the modern fixtures, and above all take with you a renewed energy and a desire to shed your coat and show them how to do things up in the country.

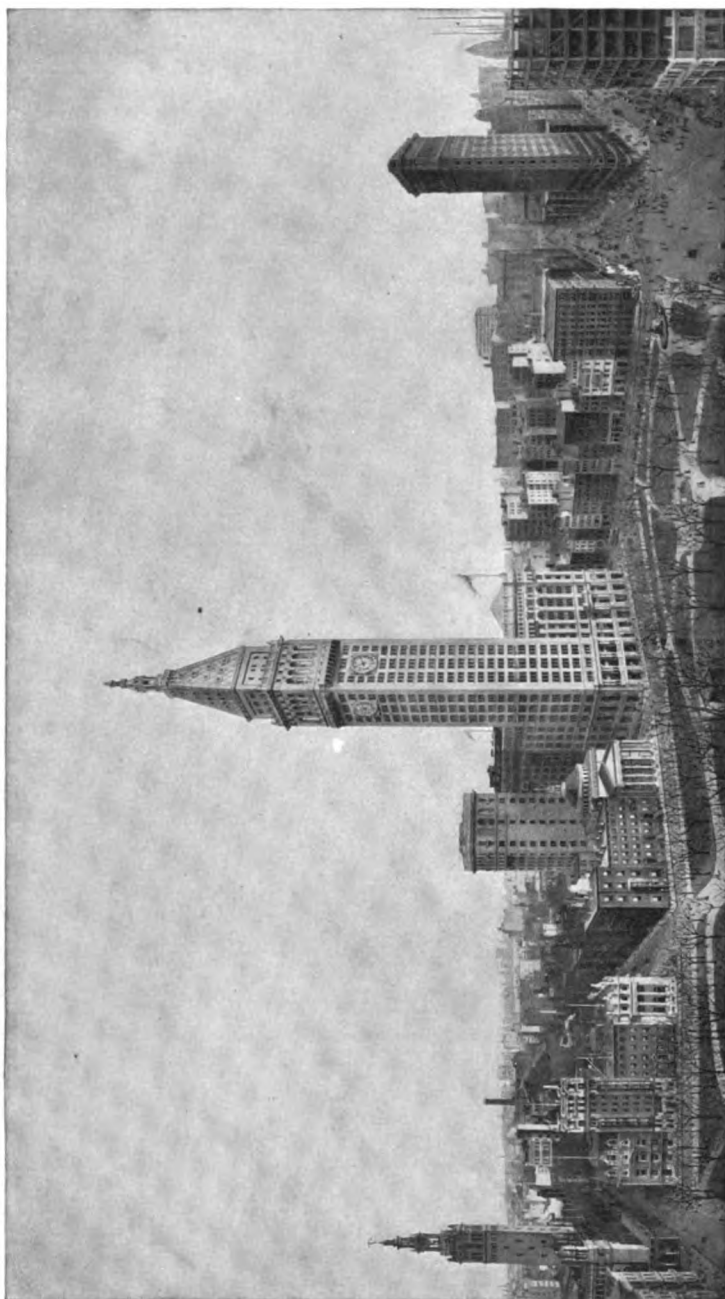
THINGS OF INTEREST TO A MERCHANT WHO TAKES HIS VACATION IN TOWN

We are illustrating, herewith, the Metropolitan Life Building, Madison Square, New York, a building with a total floor space of 25 acres. The combined

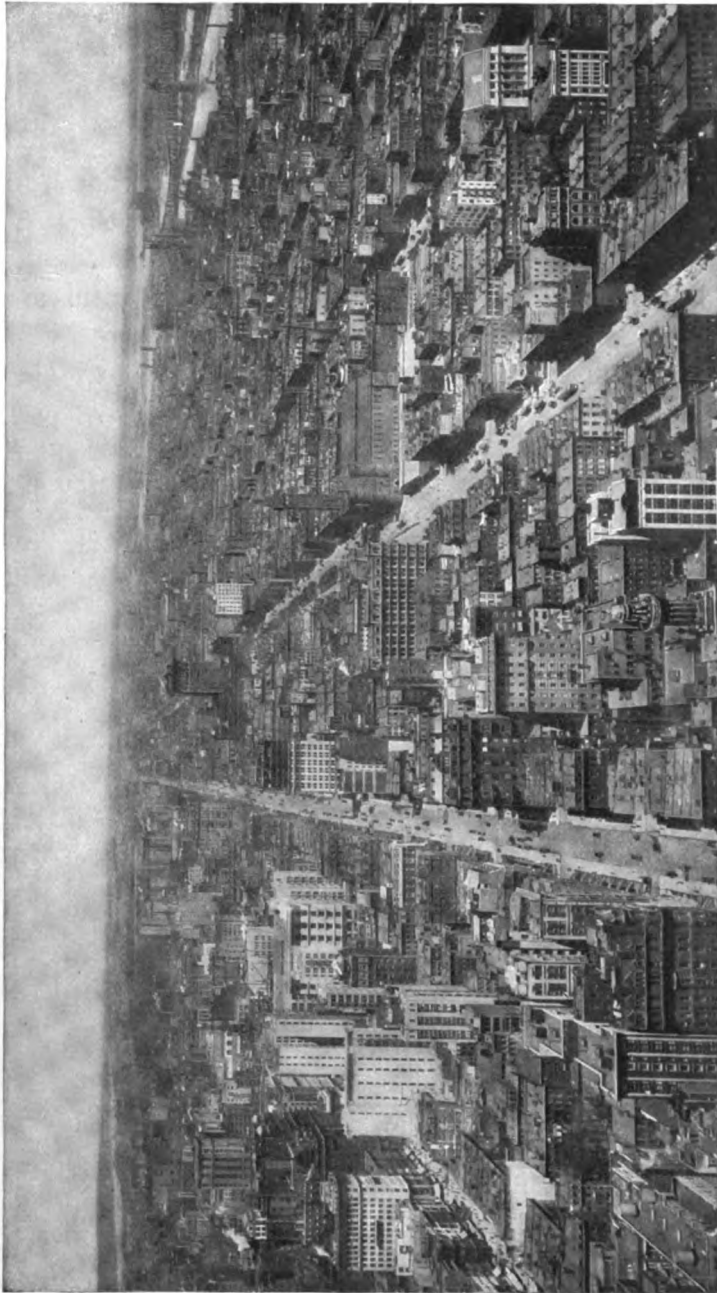


CAMP LIFE DOWN NEAR THE MEXICAN LINE.

height of corridors in this building is $3\frac{5}{8}$ miles, the combined height of elevator shafts is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Its elevators travel a distance of 124,090 miles in a single year. It is lighted with 30,000 electric lights, the electricity for which is supplied by 189 miles of wire in the building. The highest lookout is reached at the balcony of the 50th story, 660 feet above the sidewalk level, from which vantage point a most comprehensive and unique panoramic view may be obtained. Within range are visible the homes of over 1-16 of the entire population of the United States.



THE METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.



LOOKING NORTH FROM METROPOLITAN LIFE TOWER—VACATION GROUND FOR THE COUNTRY MERCHANT.

To the men who live in New York City, or other crowded centers, this seems to be a queer place to take a vacation, but that city and others of importance all over the country are being visited each year just for fun. We are illustrating another view looking north from the Metropolitan Life Tower. To the country merchant hungry for a change, this view looks good, yes, mighty good, and if he can't get what he is looking for on the Great White Way, you can bank on one thing—he is broke and his vacation is over.

JUST A REMINDER

This little story has not been written to tell you something you don't already know. It is just a reminder that you and your business are suffering because possibly you have overlooked this essential of modern business. If something is wrong with your business and you have failed to locate the trouble, just plan out a series of vacations for yourself and the boys and get on to the new curves that will be thrown into your business institution when men with built-up energy get back on the job.

If you decide to pitch your tent in New York come around to 239 West 39th street and I will get the office boy to hold down my chair while we go out for ham and eggs. Here's hoping you do it.

Business Building*

FOR the past six months it has been my privilege to visit retail hardware merchants, and to gather first hand such things as might be of interest to the readers of **IRON AGE-HARDWARE**. That work has taken me almost from coast to coast and from the Canadian line as far south as St. Louis, and I have learned that hardware stores and hardwaremen are much alike wherever the sign is hung out.

Those signs, by the way, have often reminded me that painting is an art covering a widely diversified field that ranges from old world artists, whose paintings have sold for fabulous sums, down to the whitewashed fence of Tom Sawyer fame. Artists have portrayed nature, and canvas has shown sunsets marvelous. Horses have whinnied at their own likeness, and birds have tried to eat wheat grains flowing from an artist's brush. The bloom of youth has been reproduced on cheeks that won't stand for daylight, and the old town has been painted red by so many celebrated artists that the color has reverted to section houses, and the painters to that seclusion known as "the morning after."

Word paintings of success are hung high above the desks of many young buyers, and "Do it now," "Smile, damn you, smile!" "Strike while the iron is hot," "If booze interferes with your business, cut out business" and "Get busy" are the passe-partouted signs of business that have replaced those wonderfully made "God bless our home" frames of the past.

ELEMENTS OF BUSINESS BUILDING

More than one element enters into the mixtures which go to make a great painting, and it is equally true that there is more than one elementary essential in the art of business building. No one thing enters its composition in such force that it dominates the others. Time, honesty, nerve and cleanliness are stirred in the same mixer with displays, special sales, education and advertising. Salesmanship is the heat which bakes it, and opportunity, one of the home-made spices, with which it is flavored. Salesmanship I have learned to describe as anything that creates additional business without additional expense. This is called the age of opportunity, and there are three standard brands—the machine made, the hand made and the kind nature almost forces upon us. The machine made is a variety especially prepared in quantities for men who never do anything out of the ordinary, and seem perfectly satisfied with a \$5 a month raise

*An address delivered by the assistant manager at several Hardware Conventions.

every ten years. The hand made is not so common, and its manufacturers are termed self-made men. They are the uncommon common men of life, who have taken Nature with her homegrown opportunities into partnership and, live-wirelike, have cracked from her such sparks as the modern hardware store.

A study of the lives of some of these gray-haired boys of business brings to light the fact that few of them have made their bank rolls out of the bare necessities of their community; they have watched for new lines, with the persistency of home-building woodpeckers; felt the pulse of trade, created new desires, and satisfied them.

CHANGES IN HARDWARE STOCK

Changes in store arrangement, in salaries, in bookkeeping and in general management have crowded one upon another, but in no place do we find such marked changes in business building as in the stock itself. The clumsy old iron lock, the cast butt and hand-made nails have been quietly sidetracked to make way for mahogany furnished rooms in which we display art hardware, that has back-numbered everything, but the latch string which hospitality keeps modern. The old muzzle-loader has been hung on the peg for keeps, and to us, automatic or self-loaders are as common as was Old Betsy to the trail-maker. Kettles of the fireplace day have emerged into chafing dishes. Rusty iron pots which decorated primitive hardware stores, are faintly remembered as the ancestors of that dazzling array of nickel-plated copper-ware that greets us to-day. Window glass has edged over to us, and cut glass followed suit. Paints, oils and varnishes have jumped from the rut of 50 years ago, and we are posted on the price of linseed oil and lead; in fact, some of us wish we had been a blamed sight better posted on the price of oil this last year.

Our forefathers would certainly sit up and take notice if they could drop into the hardware store of to-day. Cameras, automobile accessories, electrical supplies, vacuum cleaners, phonographs and silverware would have a tendency to confuse the oldtimer, yet they are all found in hardware catalogues to-day, and are building business in such stores as greet them with open arms.

SOME MODERN INSTANCES

I know a little hardware store in South Dakota which sold 18 automobiles last year. The "velvet" was better than \$100 on each machine. They were sold for cash, and Brown Brothers of Clark, S. Dak., whose stock is less than \$10,000, will reap continued profit on automobile accessories for time to come.

I visited Murphy Brothers of Erie, Pa., a few weeks ago, and asked about business conditions. Mr. Murphy replied that they were good enough so that one single department of their \$14,000 stock had done \$70,000 worth of business in the past year. He had it on me, and I threw up both hands until he explained

that the department referred to was the automobile end of their business, which had started a few years ago as a little side issue.

T. H. Caley of Princeton, Minn., owns the controlling interest in a chain of hardware stores, lumber yards and banks extending over northern Minnesota, and in every place, this veteran of the hardware business, has installed a harness or saddlery department. George S. Gay of Jacksonville, Ill., is known as "The Wire Fence King," because he has boosted wire fencing until he is selling an average of 14 cars of this product each year, from a hardware store that invoices less than \$15,000.

Geo. H. Churchill, a Galesburg, Ill., merchant, is known to many of you as the "father of the Owl hardware store," because he has established an Owl as his trade-mark, and has adopted the motto "We never sleep." Such an institution, backed by hardware that is up-to-date, cannot help but build business.

PROFITABLE LINES

It isn't necessary to publish the photographs of men who have made money on photographers' supplies, for there are so many hardware merchants doing it that they have long ceased to be considered freaks.

Electrical supplies and gas fixtures have made money for numerous wide awake merchants in the hardware field.

Gentlemen, I believe firmly in paying rigid attention to hardware essentials. It is true that the spirit of mortal should never become too proud to shine a stove; but it is equally true that the profits on silverware or cut glass should not be shunned as money too high-toned to accept.

The president of your National Association has made some most remarkable profits out of vacuum cleaners, and he isn't alone in the field at that. Mr. McNamara bought three machines at less than \$15 each. He sold two of them at \$25 each and the third one stayed to make history. A woman wanted to buy, but was short of cash, and suggested renting the machine. The rental was made at \$1 a day, and that woman and her neighbors kept it out a week before it came back home. Realizing the possibilities of this new field, our merchant president bought five additional vacuum cleaners and put them into the renting account. When the year rounded out the rentals had amounted to \$200, and with the two machines sold, at \$25 each, showed a total of \$250 out of less than a \$125 investment and six good renting machines on hand. Skin it if you can; yet some of us are fighting shy of new goods.

TUNE SOLD THE PHONOGRAPH

I happened into a hardware store not long ago, just in time to hear one of the phonographs the firm stocked play "Every Little Bit Added to What You've Got Makes Just a Little Bit More." A customer liked the tune and bought the machine which had played so truthfully for my hardware friend.

In the selection of new hardware, we must tackle some things that do not appeal to us personally. The merchant, interested in civic improvement, has to meet people he doesn't like, but is soothed by the knowledge that those same people have no greater desire to meet him. We must level our likes and our dislikes, and remember when we go into the markets looking for new goods that we are not running stores for personal amusement.

Nature is shooting her home grown opportunities at us from every angle. Foreigners are drifting into this country at the rate of over a million a year, and they are not all starting fruit stands. The thrifty people, who have come into this state during the past ten years, make a large per cent. of your customers. There are men in this room who can remember when the Mississippi Valley was an experiment instead of the greatest gold producing mine the world has ever known.

RAPID ADVANCEMENT EVERYWHERE

We sometimes think, out here in the great Golden West, that we are alone in the rapid advancement that is building this nation, but it is not so. Every time you report "Business better than last year," you crowd the eastern factory, and every time you build a new town you start an addition on some manufacturing plant. I have just been on a visit to many of the eastern factory towns, and their plants are as crowded as are hotels out here. If any of you are sleeping two in a bed, with a fellow who wants his half in the middle, you know what that means.

Nature has placed many advantages in the reach of modern hardware merchants. Opportunities to turn these advantages into spot cash don't "just happen"; they are made.

The Jew has no use for Easter or Christmas, yet he juggles them into business building with a quickness that deceives the eye. Keep that in mind, if a new line isn't just exactly your hobby. Every money maker you turn down means that you are taking your own measure with a shrinkage rule. Rather let us paint a new sign. Nail it above our buyer's desk. Let it read, "Welcome," and dedicate it to the lines of merchandise which were strangers in the hardware store of yesterday.

A Few Things About Trouble

TELL your troubles to a policeman, is a badly abused, misleading statement that should be seriously considered by the opposition. It has always sounded good to me and, like parcel post, might prove successful in a limited sort of a trial order way, but it won't work on a large scale.

A NEW YORK TAXI RIOT

I tried it out on the town marshal of a village or two and on the chief of police, in a city with three officers on the force and got away whole, but when I endeavored to gain the aid of a New York policeman, not long ago in a little taxicab riot of my own, he not only advised that I pay the dollar asked for a three-block ride but pointedly implied that his time was valuable. I shelled out the dollar and am now wise to the fact that distance clocks on New York taxicabs are for the use of residents only. They were not meant, and will not be worked, for the benefit of visiting hardwaremen, as drivers have special rates, unknown to clocks, for such occasions. I dropped an additional quarter for my flat little suit case that rode in front with the driver. I would rather have had it inside where I couldn't worry about my nightclothes and tooth brush, but that wasn't according to taxicab rules, so it gathered trouble outside.

SEMI-COP JOB BLAMED

Trouble never comes singly, but it hasn't any the best of twins at that, and a policeman isn't the proper sort of a person in whom to confide. By the way, I recently learned that any good citizen of the United States could, in the name of Uncle Sam, arrest lawbreakers. The more I think about it the more I blame this semi-cop job for the numerous tales of woe we are forced to hear. If telling troubles is a capital crime, good listeners should at least come in for something more than severe reprimand. Did you ever take 30 minutes to extract 20 cents in cash and a mint in trouble from a customer?

TIMIDITY FAILS TO SEND GOODS OUT IN RUSH

I know an old buyer who is digging his own grave as fast as the Lord will let him, because he is afraid to loosen up and take a chance on new goods. He is forever anticipating trouble and builds frail air castles of purchases he thinks will not sell. Goods bought doubtfully, received and marked in a timorous manner, seldom go out with a rush.

Another proprietor I have known was successful for a time in a queer sort of a way. Every time his clerks ribbed up any kind of a selling plan he cussed around the edges, predicted failure and insisted that it wouldn't work. Fortunately his clerks were a bunch of scrappers, who were perfectly willing to mix with the old man, and just to show him or to escape scornful reprimand, they saw to it that most of the plans went through successfully.

This perpetual war pot boiled profits for a couple of years, when the old trouble seeker's clerks quit in a body and the place soon failed to make good. (*Trouble is something easy to borrow and hard to return.*) Any man who looks for it doesn't need to take a college course to get a diploma, nor is he restricted to a correspondence course, though hastily written letters often reap a harvest of trouble. The merchant who can get all the meanness out of his system and onto paper, becomes a general the moment he decides to keep that letter 24 hours before he mails it.

HARMONY ESSENTIAL

The dissatisfied customer, the one who always looks and never buys, the one who purchases to-day and returns the goods to-morrow, the one who demands courtesy exceptional and a cab call after each 10-cent purchase and always picks a new clerk to impress, the friends of small stock owners and a lot of other people can dig up enough trouble for any store crew on the face of the earth yet in some stores this is not appreciated and an internal warfare rages, to the detriment of all concerned. No money producing mill in the world can grind out the right sort of returns with the sands of discord in its boxes. From the boss to the driver there must be harmony, and little difficulties must be settled face to face in private rather than back to back before a public that itches for news of discord.

A STORE WHERE ONCE WAS ENOUGH

I went into a dry goods store not long ago, in a small town where I was forced to make a few purchases, and just happened in on four clerks whose loud voices indicated strife. Two of them started to wait on me and a quarrel followed. They fought it out at 10 paces with sharp edged tongues, while I waited. The conqueror took my money, neatly apologizing meanwhile by telling me "None of the girls could get along with Susie. She's so quarrelsome, mister." She might have been, but "mister" won't go back to see. With years of store life behind me, I came away completely disgusted with the management and wondered how such conditions affected customers unaccustomed to store methods.

THE EFFECTS OF A GOOD WORD

In contrast there comes up before me one of the ideal little hardware stores I have recently visited. I came in the front door and asked the first man I met if he was the manager. "No, I'm not. He's that happy looking chap with red

hair back at the desk and he's just as good as he looks." It was said with a smile, and I felt good as I drifted back to that desk to meet the manager whose clerks went out of their way to say a good word for him. A store relationship pretty close to brotherly existed; it was felt on every hand and showed itself in the stock. Customers seldom tell disagreeable things about one clerk to another in that kind of a store, as they find poor listeners. It is one of those places where they seldom change help, and a new employee must be agreeable to his fellow workers regardless of other qualifications.

SOFT SOAP AND THE JOB HUNTER

Nothing gives a traveling salesman a poorer opinion of a store than to be struck for a job by half a dozen employees every time he calls. He is the representative of a mercantile institution rather than a "free employment bureau," yet every disappointed clerk on his territory has misinterpreted his mission in life. The traveler, realizing the want-book efficiency of the clerk, strings him with a wealth of hot air, which is partially excusable though it is hard on the store.

TOO MANY COOKS

Public distrust is the sure and rapid follower of internal warfare in any store. This is commonly illustrated by stores where more than one man is trying to fill the manager's boots. The proprietor, his son, the manager and the old employee cannot all dictate the policies that shall govern a store, yet they try it, pull off daily war dances with variations and furnish the public with gossip rather than hardware.

I know another little store where six clerks and the owner gather around a table once every two weeks to discuss ways of bettering store conditions. New ideas are threshed out thoroughly, and so enthusiastic have these men become over the results that well posted specialty men consider it time well spent to attend one of their little meetings. No one man can completely run a store, and no one store can run a man who realizes and utilizes the brains of men who are on the same job.

Co-operation puts up a front that trouble cannot undermine.

Business Nerve

RIGHT off the reel, gentlemen, this is not going to be a sermon or a sermonette. I am not going to picture anything so real as Archibald refusing to take his first drink, or Hooligan turning down the last one. We shall not speak of Irishmen with the moral courage to refuse police appointments or of politicians being induced to run for office.

THE POLITICIAN'S NERVE

There is plenty of that tommyrot floating about already and it makes a commonsense hardwareman think of nervous prostration pudding to see keen, kindly political interest start trembling around his country customer. The beautiful double-doored three or four room school building may enjoy being hailed as the Little Red School House building a nation, but the praise generally comes welling up from the throat of a political orator who can be heard farther than the school bell, bought with the proceeds of the last day at school programme and no one seems to have the courage to choke him off.

AFRAID TO SAY "NO"

No man likes to be called a coward and the only ones who will stand for it are pugilists or diplomats. Tough as it may sound, however, I know that the ranks of hardware merchants are chuck full of cowards, but remember I am a diplomat, so don't strike until we try arbitration. It is a fact that fully half the hardware stores that go up the flue have failed because the manager lacked the courage to say NO.

SALESMAN SELLS ALL HE CAN

It is strange that a man who will tackle anything from a tame grizzly up to a wild lady customer, should get cold feet and lack the nerve to say "no" when he faces a pleasant faced salesman, but such is often the case. The story of those friendly drummers being above loading you with goods, is fully as mythical as some of the dreams of my introduction. So don't forget it, and learn to say "no." Beautiful promises are no good unless they are on paper. Immense shipments, with long dating seldom fill the dead stock bins of the man who can say "no."

STRADDLING THE FENCE

Of course it is a bad habit to let this "no" business completely control you, so study the "yes" end of the deal with equal care and learn, while you are

jumping back and forth, that a single horse sometimes pulls a smoother load by keeping in the middle of the road. It pays sometimes to think things over before jumping either way. Many a good buyer is so proud of the fact that he can't keep it dark and spend the profits, so he passes all his good things along to the public.

QUALITY IN BOTH MERCHANDISE AND NERVE

Another business coward is the man who sells a \$10 bill when he should have sold a \$90 one. He may make a big marginal profit on that \$10 order, but he is a coward just the same. Nerve would have placed mortise locks in Jones' house at \$3 instead of rim locks at 30 cents each.

A man generally gets what he goes after. You can sell \$10 worth of varnish to finish a \$10,000 residence, or you can sell a \$50 order for the same job. It is merely a question of the quality of goods you stock and the quality of nerve with which you go after business.

Did it ever occur to you to sell \$45 Remington auto rifles instead of \$25 ones? It never did to me until one day a Remington representative sold six such guns for us in one day and showed me up like a white chip.

Did you ever sell cream separators from a picture book? I never did until a representative from the factory sold two for me one afternoon that way, and laughingly told me I "had cold feet."

LOCAL TRAVELING MEN DON'T KNOW HOW

Did you ever try to land the big builders' hardware orders on the court house or new hotel in your town? I never did until I knew that specialists (other than the jobbers' representative, who was at sea in such business) were at my disposal, if I just had the courage to ask for them.

THE NERVE TO HIRE AND FIRE

It takes courage to hire an extra boy to do nothing but keep the stock clean, and you are little short of a hero if you fire the old clerk who can't or won't keep busy. It takes nerve to tell Mrs. Jones that she can't buy your cheap, comparative range, and that you prefer to lose her money rather than win her enmity as a result of poor goods.

You know it pays and that nine times out of ten, her opinion of you will jump about six notches. It is no weakling's job to refuse credit to the friends of your schooldays, but they are not buying shoes for the children of your manhood, and you want to hang on to your nerve.

BRAVE CUSTOMER RESPECTED

One of the greatest feelings of respect and admiration I ever felt for a young woman came when a young society bride once pushed aside the imported enamel

ware I was showing her, and said she could afford nothing better than tin that day. It takes real nerve to say you can't afford a thing, and it is a brand of courage possessed by very few customers.

SPECIAL FEATURES

The man who lets his old stock grow older while he buries it deeper with new goods, that answer the same old purpose, is a piker. But he keeps it up and would laugh if we told him he was afraid. Courage springs a hardware sale and makes it stick for profit.

If you are just running a store with no special features to keep the cobwebs out of the show cases or windows, you are a coward and I am one for I have long hesitated to write this article. Even now I find courage in the fact that the dead ones don't read hardware journals.

HARDWARE CHILDREN

The fact that I want to hammer home is that your business is your sweetheart, so don't offer to die for her. It takes twice the nerve to live and care for the kids.

Put a bunch of live energy into vacuum cleaners, automobile supplies, bath room fixtures, dog kennels or any of a dozen other new hardware babies and they will soon walk without your support and be the comfort of your old age.

REGULAR BEATS

Every time a customer swears that he has spent the last dollar he ever will in your store, because you refuse to dance to the music he furnishes, just let nerve keep your heart going more regularly than the village water works, and remember he said the same thing of your competitor a short time ago.

Business Building Impressions

SOME ONE is entering the front door of the hardware store every hour of the day. Many of the people coming into our places of business are old friends and customers. Others are just beginning to feel at home in the store, and still other people are coming for the first time, and everything, from the cutlery case to the paint department, is absolutely new to them.

Merchandise which has been stocked in a certain place in the store for years, and is to us just a common, everyday vision, to them may look bright, clean, new and exceptionally attractive. The first impressions made by our salesroom fix their desires to come again or their determination to keep away.

VALUE OF CLEAR CUT IMPRESSIONS

The new customer often makes his first purchase and goes away with a confused impression that he has seen a big salesroom filled with a lot of merchandise, but however pleasant are the memories of that clean stock, I am firmly convinced that we have failed to make the best use of our silent salesmen if we have not sent the new customer home thinking of some one or more items of stock upon which we are particularly strong.

It may be pocket knives, it may be stoves, or it may be the thoughts of builders' hardware that are on the customer's mind as he goes home, but it should be some special lines similar to these, instead of just hardware.

GAINS SELLING STRENGTH

There are many ways in which this impression can be clinched home, and some of the simplest methods are the most effective. A public speaker addressing an audience scattered about a great room is weakened, but once that audience is seated in a compact body in some one section of the room, the speaker gains from it a power, and the audience in turn show appreciation by great bursts of applause instead of by scattered hand clapping. One of the few differences between merchandise and men is that a man often talks too much and merchandise is too often refused the chance to talk at all.

POLITICAL HARDWARE AND CHEAPENED IMPRESSIONS

You would, of course, consider it the height of discourtesy to attempt taking the floor in a political meeting from a member of your own party, who was speaking for the very cause that was on your tongue's end, but some dealers

are forcing just such discourtesy from their merchandise. A showcase is filled with a miscellaneous assortment of merchandise, and the conversation that comes up to the prospective customer sounds like the jumble of a sales day in a department store.

A safety razor says 52 shaves for a dollar. I am self sharp—and is interrupted by a one piece cast aluminum tea kettle, on the lower shelf, telling of hands that are never burned when protected by its patent lid. From another corner of the case comes a babble of cries from screw drivers, fish lines and paint brushes; all trying in blind confusion to impress the same customer and to put money in a common till.

The poor customer sometimes goes away feeling that he has been grabbed in front of a three ball shop, and has narrowly escaped pawning his watch and chain to buy an \$8.73 suit of clothes, which was marked down from \$16.42. At any rate he is glad to get away from the confusion.

MOST EFFECTIVE IMPRESSIONS

The merchant who is showing strongly one line of goods in a certain place, at a certain time, from the front window to the back door of his store, is the man who is getting the business to-day. A razor in a showcase can speak most effectively to a customer if it is backed up by razor strops, brushes, soap, hones, shaving mirrors, and other barber supplies.

COW TRAIL OR PAVEMENT?

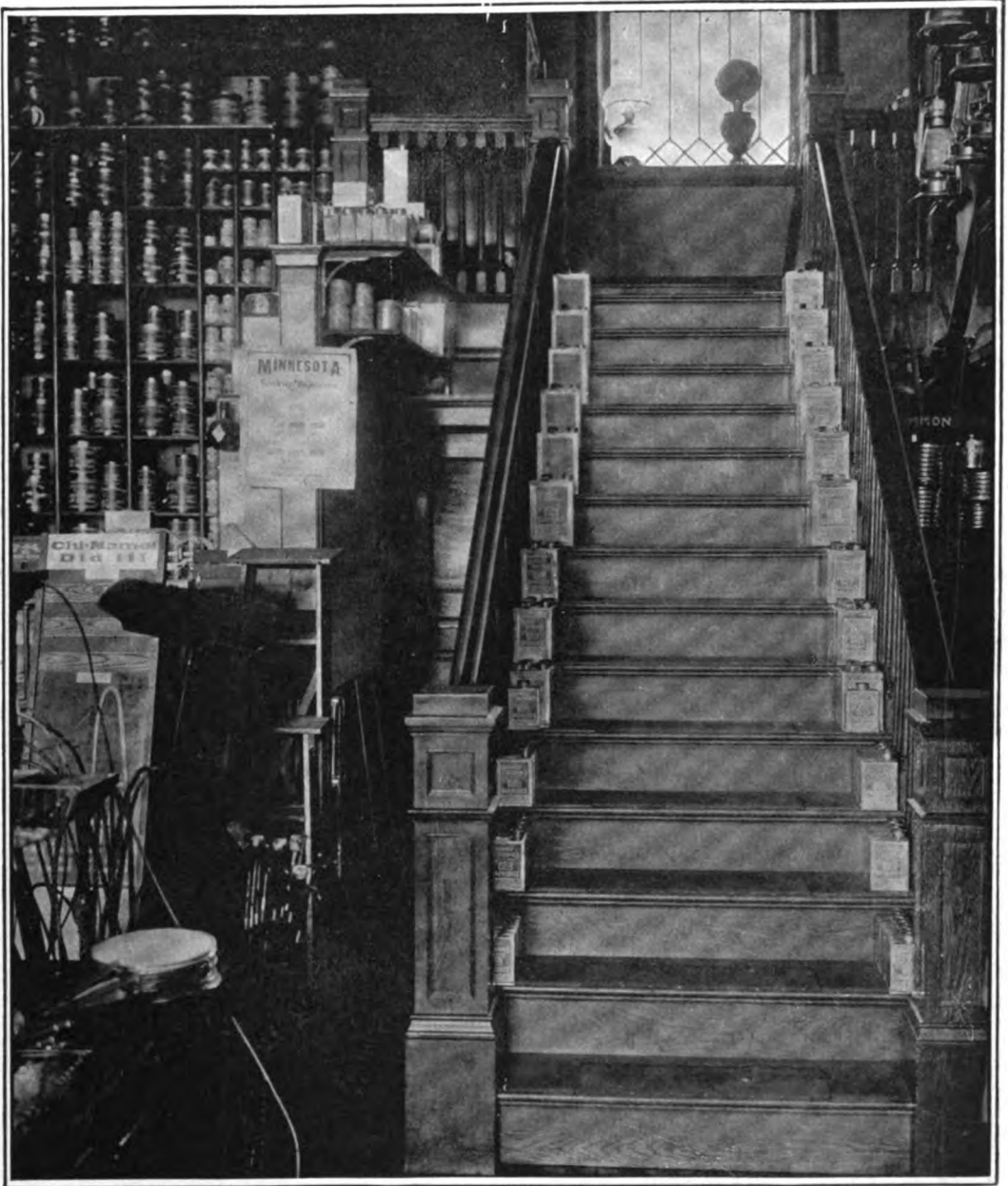
Many times we fail to make the most of opportunities for display. Are we catching the customer's eye as he passes from one department to another? Does he travel on pavements built especially for him, or does he wander aimlessly about store cow trails? The big department stores of to-day are in many places conducting very fine restaurants. This restaurant department furnishes refreshments or food, served in the best possible manner at rates that would spell starvation to most hotels.

This business is conducted just as near the top of the building occupied as the roof will permit, and the only way to get there is through immense rooms filled with tables of departmentized self-selling goods. You never saw the elevator leading to the department store restaurant located near the entrance, customers must pass up or take up bargain after bargain to reach these restaurants. The plan is a good one, and has done much toward building business for the city department store.

VERY PRACTICAL

Now, we can't all conduct restaurants on the upper floors of our hardware stores, but we can trim the store highways with tempting apple trees, which can

be reached over the stone wall of a pocketbook. This is forcibly shown in the store of William Simms, 411-413 Fourteenth avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.



STAIRCASE IN STORE OF WM. SIMMS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., TRIMMED WITH VARNISH CANS.

This store stocks a line of shelf hardware, stoves and ranges, paints, oils, glass, sporting goods and housefurnishings. In the basement is a well con-

ducted tin shop, and the second floor is devoted to furniture. Any customer for merchandise stocked on this second floor must pass up the stairway, which is effectively trimmed in a most simple manner with cans of varnish. The paint stock is prominently displayed on the immediate left of the stairway, and any one but a blind man passing up these stairs is impressed with the fact that this is certainly the place to go for anything that pertains to painting. This is but one of the many examples of paving the way for future sales.

Price Cutting

BUFFALOES and bad men have passed and the stories of the West, as it really is to-day, are often overdrawn and exaggerated. He who fanned the hammer of an old Bisley Model six shooter, 20 years ago, has disappeared and with him the knife man. The bowie knife trade has seen its best days and Western merchants are enjoying a tranquillity which permits the profitable sale of table cutlery to the exclusion of the old slashers.

TIME CURED IT

It may make some of us feel like grandfathers to think of the days when we associated cuts with stone bruises, or let them refer to the artistic manner in which we could quarter section a pie. A little later, with our first job, we began to think that we cut no small figure in the world, but trudging along through life we have accumulated knowledge which has partially healed that ragged wound and has taught us to *cut it out* and get down to work.

REASONABLE

In business, we have a definition for the word "cut," which has largely to do with prices. From the buyer's desk often comes the word of reduction or advance in prices. These terms are commonly used in connection with the markets, where prices vary up or down, as the case may be, from real causes. I do not wish to confuse the meaning of reduced price with that of a cut price, or of a downward tendency in the price of any commodity with a slashed price. There are reasons for reductions or advances. For instance. It is the decreased acreage, coupled with poor crops of flax, that has advanced the price of linseed oil. Good crops, another season, may lower it. Increased acreage will probably never reduce the price, as a good flax crop is generally the product of new soil.

UNREASONABLE

Because the Brown Hardware Company bought wood screws on a low market was not the cause of their slashing the price to the cost of their competitor, the Smith Hardware Company. It was just a case of "believe everything bad that you hear about your competitor" and a desire to have all the business. Sort of a "take it all and you can have what's left" idea. Some merchants simply can't bear to see any good in their competitors, and have adopted a "get

even" system that not only hurts the competitor, but boomerangs back home to do greater harm.

YOU CAN'T HOLLER DOWN MY RAIN BARREL

When approached on this deplorable state of affairs one man will say, "let him come and see me." The competitor will remark that "he can stand it as long as the other fellow," and they go through life whipsawing back and forth like a couple of kids. For any merchant so unfortunate, there are fortunately three avenues of escape.

The first is by the sell-out route; the second is the buy-out route, and the third way is to join your State hardware association and there meet your competitor away from the home bone and learn to like him. Try the latter route first, as the limited passenger trains to success all travel that way.

REACTION

Another "price cutter" comes from the farmer, where, by the best efforts of his life, he has laid aside a few thousand dollars on which he starts a hardware store in town that he may "take it easier" the rest of his life. Who was the first man to have this dream I do not know, but I do know some of those who are making a stagger at it to-day, and if they ever got up at 4 o'clock to milk the cows, out on the farm, a reaction has certainly set in, for they couldn't get down to their hardware stores an hour before opening time, to give the stock a much needed cleaning, if their very lives depended upon it.

INVENTORY SIMPLY RED TAPE

Retired men, going into business to take it *easy*, have a retarding influence on advancement. These men have generally spent a lifetime thinking that the merchant made enormous profits, and with a firm belief that the thousands of men engaged in the hardware business in this country are dead wrong. They mark goods at a 15 per cent. margin of profit, based on the cost price, and start in. Inventories to them are red tape, and they slash away for a year or two before they awaken to the realization that it has cost them 17 per cent. to do business and that perhaps the men who have been in the hardware business a lifetime *may be right* in asking a *little more* in the way of profits.

A CHANCE TO MAKE 100 PER CENT. ON THE DOLLAR

I heard one of these "experimental farm" hardware merchants talk to a prospective customer a few days ago in about this manner, "No, we hain't got none of them bicycle grindstones, but we buy from folks that have got 'em." And he reached for the Blank Hardware Company's catalogue, where he found a good illustration and the weight of the grindstone which he had mentioned. He then dug up the confidential cost book applying to the goods in the open

catalogue, and together he and the customer found that it cost \$5.10, f. o. b. their town. "Well, I guess I can let you have it for about \$5.60, and the other fellers here are gettin' \$6.50 for that same piece of goods."

That wasn't competition, gentlemen, it was a crime, for on his competitor's sales floor were two grindstones of the same make. This farmer merchant bought a year's subscription to IRON AGE-HARDWARE that afternoon, and if he reads this one article, and takes it in the spirit in which it is written, he will have made a most profitable investment.

COUNTRY WHIRLWINDS

The country hardware merchant gets rid of this thorn in the flesh just about in time to clear the decks for another, or for the grocery store, with a few hundred dollars invested in hardware, which is worse than given away to attract or hold the grocery trade. Were it not that our country brother has a better knowledge of buying as well as selling hardware, such competition would more than crowd him to the wall.

CITY TORNADOES

While all this has been going on in the towns and villages the city hardwareman hasn't been exactly starving for excitement. The country merchant doesn't know the meaning of a 10 cent or of a department store, but quality and service are still appreciated and our city merchant has learned pretty well how to compete with those who *put cut prices* ahead of everything.

A SURE REWARD

To get back to that pie we quarter-sectioned a long time ago. You will surely come in for a piece of it, if, rain or shine, you stick to a legitimate business profit and look upon your competitor as a fellow sufferer, with whom you are sharing the sorrows, the profits and the pleasures of the same line.

Be willing to cut the business with him, for no one man can get it all. Grease your business pie pan with politeness, courtesy and condescension and your crust won't stick to the bottom.

The Want Book

I SAW a kid to-day who wanted something mighty badly. It was more than just an ordinary desire, for the little chap stood with both chubby hands spread and his nose flattened against a candy showcase.

On the corner outside the confectionery store a ragged, deformed old man turned a crank which ground a series of terrific noises from a rickety hand organ. A battered card told of his misfortunes, and an almost empty beggar's cup seemed to say that business was very slow. A couple of dimes seemed to satisfy the last desire of the principal characters of these two pictures of want.

As I went on down the street trying to think of something I really needed, a business impulse immediately referred me to the "Want Book."

A WEATHER VANE

How natural it is when a traveling man drifts into the front door to reach for the want book. Sometimes I think travelers use that want book motion as a barometer to tell how things stand.

The crafty old buyer has been known to deceive an ordinary runner by this motion, and quite often slips the ball over to first without a balk and nails his man at the base. But the want book delivery, of the boy who waits on the trade, tells to a T how the jobber's representative stands with the bunch.

JUST A KID

The apprentice boy can even be seen occasionally transferring want entries from his soiled little notebook to the big store want book, because that traveling man who always seems so pleased to remember even a boy's name has come back to town. It's wonderful what a filling effect some of these genial, whole-souled fellows can have on our want books.

A CHILLY RECEPTION

On the other hand, if your want book hasn't received an entry for the past few days you can bank on one of three causes. It may be that you are a wonderful buyer and that your store contains absolutely everything for which customers are asking. It may be that the clerks are careless about entering wants, but the chances are all to the good that you have received the advance card of an unpopular drummer.

Some merchants may depend on their memories as far as wants are concerned, but such merchants usually have stocks on their shelves that the public isn't just exactly clamoring after.

APPLAUSE

Most of us depend entirely on the entries made in the want books sent out gratis by our jobbers. The pages of these want books tell a wonderfully interesting story of live clerks who are on the job morning, night and noon watching every item of stock as carefully as though it were their own.

LACK OF ENTRIES

Lack of entries in the want book usually tells the story of one of these two-elbows-on-the-showcase, dreamy-eyed fixtures who poses as a clerk and works when the spirit moves him.

I said spirit not "spirits." For a booze-fighter when he is on the job is generally moving.

Now, don't misunderstand this and think for a second that I am boosting the stock of a clerk with yellow fingers reaching up to his wrists or a blossoming beak which brands him to the trade as a pill fiend or a booze fighter.

I just want to make it plain that we have no place in the modern hardware store for the picturesque, rock-me-to-sleep time-killer, and to-day I am holding up the want book as one of the ideal places for him to get busy.

DON'T GET HIGH AND DRY

There is a decided difference in the way things are entered in the want book. Some fellows seem to think that entries should not be made until the goods mentioned are entirely gone, which means that for a few days, or sometimes for a few weeks, you are out of this particular article.

"Well, but that's the buyer's fault," some clerk will say.

Is it, when the men who are actually passing goods out over the counter and are the creators, to a great extent of these wants, fail to wake up when things are getting low? The mere entry of the word "Nails" in a want book beats no entry at all—all to smash, but how much better is an entry like this:

NAILS WANTED.

We have in stock the following:

4 Kegs, 3d Fine.	11 Kegs, 10d Com.
3 " 3d Com.	16 " 20d "
6 " 4d "	2 " 30d "
2 " 6d "	5 " 40d "
12 " 8d "	6 " 60d "

We are well stocked on all Finishing and Casing Nails.

HOW TO SELL HARDWARE

The want book from which the above entry was taken is in a store in the farming district where many 30 and 40d nails are used for fencing purposes. The buyer, without the necessity of a single question, saw what was needed, noticed the stock of 50d nails was completely gone, spoke a word of praise about the clerk who had made the entry, and at the same time remarked that with this particular clerk, stock keeping was a hobby, and that his word on the finishing and casing nails settled the matter.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

SHIPPING
INSTRUCTIONS

Horse Shoe Nails
Lantern Globes
Lto Rehouse for
J M Keeney

WANT BOOK SKELETON.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SHIPPING
INSTRUCTIONS _____

Capewell Horse Nails

	{	50 lbs.	#5
Stock	{	40	#6
on	{	20	#7
Hand.	{	10	#8
	{	25	#9

Standard Horse Nails

	{	10 lbs.	#5
Stock	{	20 lbs.	#6
on	{	5	#7
Hand.	{	10	#8
	{	40	#9

Globes for Cold Blast Lanthorns
6 only in stock.

Wire Pot for #18 inch. Cold Hot Blast
Heater for J. M. Kearney 7 Main St.

WANT BOOK FILLED OUT.

I would not advise that method, and would have carried away a still better opinion than the high one I had already formed of this clerk had he completed the list and shown absolutely everything in the nail stock.

That clerk whose hobby is stock keeping is going to make a buyer just as surely as the boy with the eternal rest pose is going to stay a dead one.

A COLLEGE COURSE

There is no better way to study merchandise than through the avenue of making entries in the want book. Become a hunter for shortages in the stock and almost before you realize it you will be anticipating the fall, winter or spring

business, which is one of the first signs noticeable in the clerk, who will some day pull the throttle that controls the destinies of a mercantile establishment.

AT THE QUALITY HARDWARE

We have a system for our want book and the two pages here reproduced show the results. The first is the skeleton before taking and the last is the fat man showing the good effects.

A BLACKBOARD REMINDER

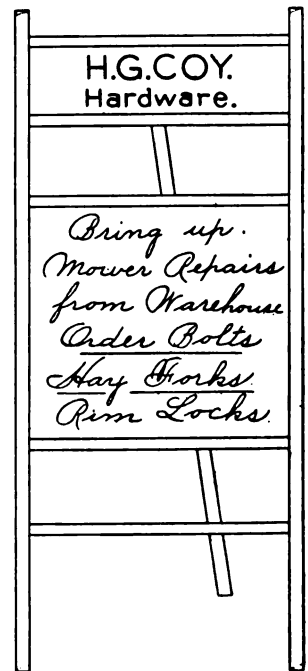
Herewith is shown a blackboard which stands beside the buyer's desk in a competitor's store, and for live subjects is one of the most forcible reminders I have ever seen. This merchant is a hustler and this is but one of his many progressive ideas. This is one which fitted in a nick of the want book question, and we are passing it on. It is these simple practical things that fill long felt wants.

LONG PANTS

Now, in the early stages of this article, we mentioned the apprentice boy transferring want items from his book to the store want book. I would say just a word to the grown up clerks. You are no longer kids and wouldn't get any fun out of blowing bubbles.

CRUSTY, BUT IT COVERS THE PIE

The surliest traveler that comes to the store may have the best price on the item you are holding up your sleeve for your friend. Put your items in the want book to-day and *let the buyer be the buyer in every sense of the word*. You may step into his shoes to-morrow. Some traveling men like to be called Commercial Ambassadors, but they have real prices.



BLACKBOARD REMINDER.

A Square Shake

STORIES of your business acquaintances, who have not received a square deal, would make a big book. As you read it you would look like a small boy with a big Webster's Unabridged in front of him. The stories would look like the biggest ever, unless you chanced to look behind yourself and saw there the great stack of tales of the men who just *think* they haven't had a square shake. The blaze of that great collection of Diamond Dick literature would eclipse the light of the little book of facts in front of you, and it would take something besides moonshine to make you see your fellow man in anything like a right light.

CLOSELY RELATED

I believe in the use of business blinders to keep some of the fellows, who have been in the harness for years, from shying at the first bit of paper that blows down the street. A newspaper could blow itself against the wheels of a wagon indefinitely without damage, but should it blow in front of the old horse, the effect is pretty apt to put the shiny new delivery wagon in the blacksmith shop for repairs. Now men and merchandise are more than second cousins to one another. Neglect of any one branch of your business may not ruin that business, but it is pretty apt to break a spoke or dish the wheels so that they won't track.

POWERFUL LENSES

Let us put on our business blinders to-day and look straight ahead at the gun business. Let us look at it in the new light of an even toss-up, and weigh carefully the results on the scales of comparison.

SHOW UP YOUR FRIENDS

We have all grown so accustomed to picking up a teakettle and smiling good naturedly at the difference between the cost and the selling price that I shall use, in this comparison, none other than your old reliable profit-paying enameled ware, which occupies about half the shelving on one side of most hardware stores.

THE EXPENSE OF AN AVERTED CALAMITY

You sell a kettle, use yards and yards of paper and pounds and pounds of twine in covering part of its ungainly proportions. Your old deliveryman handles it as carefully as a corpse in the early stages of a wake, and it is up to

your irate customer to break the nervous strain, a few hours later, by warming up the telephone with the information that her teakettle is chipped. Like a fire engine your delivery wagon is driven to the point of danger by a man who has thrown discretion to the winds, and the abused article is hurriedly replaced before Mrs. Goodcustomer's fiery temper gets beyond control.

NO DREAM

Far removed from these scenes of violent activities the boss has been thinking it over. He sees as never before the store rent and insurance rate he should have charged to these goods that occupy so much space in the store; he sees interest on a lot of money tied there the year round; he sees one reason for his ever-increasing wrapping paper bills, and all wound round in the tangle, is a wealth of twine that for months has seemed to have an ever lengthening price elasticity not far outpaced, even by the new rubber market.

GETTING SMALLER

The difference between the cost and selling price of a teakettle has shrunk decidedly as the old man sticks his hands down deep in his jeans and strolls for the back room.

TOOK THE BIT IN HIS TEETH

Confronted there by the chipped article, which has just come in on the hurry-up wagon, he sees those profits dwindle to proportions that can readily be spent in daylight. They flutter before him like the glaring lines of a war extra. He whirls about and snorts to the front of the store, where he readjusts his business blinders, and sizes up the valuable collection of facts in a small gun case and a shelf of ammunition.

QUICK TURN EARNING POWER

In the steady light of his new conviction, he sees a large sum of money tied up, *but about three months* out of twelve, and knows that the rest of the year the long end of the gun capital works in another part of the store. Then he thinks of the dating on these goods and his face takes on more the expression of the young clerk, who is anticipating a hammock date with his sweetheart. The old man begins to think that money turned once in three months, at a 15 per cent. margin, is just about as good as that turned twice a year at double the margin.

A SIDE ISSUE FORGET-ME-NOT SMILE

The difference between the cost and the restricted selling price still looks mighty small, but his square jaw relaxes into a grin as he looks at the ammunition shelf and remembers that he intentionally forgot to change his retail price on .22 caliber cartridges, when the price took a tumble a few months ago.

Store rental, kicks and comebacks sink into oblivion as he looks at these Quality goods occupying so small a space in the store, and he actually pats a clerk on the back and laughs as he realizes that sales of these goods stick, and that the big unexpected something won't go wrong.

QUALITY HARDWARE STORE. Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods															
TRAJECTORY Velocity, Energy, Penetration and Trajectory of Winchester Bullets and Recoil of Rifles Penetration is not the measure of striking energy. As an illustration, take the figures in our table for the 30-30 Winchester Center Fire Cartridge. With the soft point bullet the penetration is but 11 boards, whereas that cartridge with the full metal patched bullet will penetrate 41 boards. The energy of both is the same. All other things being equal, the bullet which makes the greatest penetration will give the maximum penetration. The soft pointed bullet, which generally stops inside the skin of the animal, delivers its whole energy; while the full metal patched bullet, which passes through the animal, may make a less severe wound, but it does not deliver its whole energy. The killing power of the bullet is not the same as the penetration. The results obtained will not be the same; not will the comparative results show corresponding differences.															
NAME OF RIFLE	Length of Barrel Inches	NAME OF CARTRIDGE	Weight of Bullet Grains	Velocity of Bullet (M.P.S.)		Energy of Bullet (Foot Pounds)		Penetration of Bullet in Various Media		Trajectory of Bullet		Free Recoil in Foot Pounds		Cost	Selling Price
				First	Second	First	Second	Feet	Yards	Feet	Yards	Feet	Yards		
Model 1894	26	30 W.C. F.	170	1460	1449	X	11	42	1.28	5.19	15.23	1.20	X	\$9.00	15.55
DATE SOLD..... To..... SERIAL GUN No. 127563															

How Would You Like to Have This Tag Made by the Manufacturer and Attached to Every Gun?

A SAFETY RAZOR

Just at this time, if the clerk will but remind the boss that these are the goods which introduce the trade to hunting suits, shell cases, fancy sights, hunting knives and a dozen other specialties, he can with perfect safety, strike for that raise in salary over which he has been worrying.

THE MAKING OF GUN EXPERTS

The selling of guns can be made a very simple matter. You know and I know that only about one clerk out of 50 knows much about guns, and that the other 49 spread interesting talk around a customer about as aimlessly as a cow wanders through a cornfield when they try to sell a gun. Most of the boys know how to take a gun apart and put it together, but any one of the dozen questions that can be asked about an ordinary sporting rifle will put them up a tree. We stemmed the tide of this difficulty for a good many years, and have only recently put into execution a tag system which has simplified our rifle sales, and is making of our hardware clerks gun specialists.

This tag, as you will notice, is taken from the Winchester Trajectory Sheet, and, with a very few additions of our own, makes a very good gun salesman out of an ordinary clerk. These tags are fastened on every gun in our racks. When

one is sold, the date, name of the purchaser and serial number of the gun are placed on the tag and it is taken from the gun and placed on the Manager's desk.

RESULTS

A record of these sales with the serial numbers, has already helped catch a criminal. It posts the buyer, systematizes the gun business and is one way of giving these goods a square shake.

DO IT NOW

From one end of the United States to the other, the best months for the retail sale of guns, ammunition and hunting accessories are August and September. Right now is the time to begin boosting this business. Go after it hard and never let up until you have convinced yourself that you have given it an even toss up and have made it pay.

LENT OR RENT

In closing I want to say that I know many stores where gun renting pays more than ordinary profits. You know a fellow who lends guns and he knows it don't pay. Let's take a hitch in our suspenders and get on a paying basis.

Education

IN speaking to the hardware clerk I know, I am addressing every hardware manager in the country. The man who has never been a clerk and is now a manager knows the meaning of the word "Pull," and will some day in the near future know the meaning of the word "Fall," for he has one coming, and when he takes that shoot-the-shoots down the ladder it will jar the earth. The earth will, however, keep on revolving.

Most of us came up through the various stages of the business and learned things along the route not usually taught in school. Very few of our numbers have been blessed with a college education. Had we been so unfortunate and could have still dug into a greasy bolt bin with a grin, instead of a turned up nose, we would have made more rapid progress.

A young man just home from a four years' course at college, doesn't usually aspire to a job stacking nails in your wareroom, but when you do find such a chap you know he goes shooting through our ranks like a comet to the better jobs beyond. We don't find the broad-suited, small-capped college boy who broke records going through college—and his dad's money at the same time—doing any very alarming stunts in the hardware store. We do occasionally find the college plugger in this business, but don't look for him hung up on the delivery wagon.

THE APPRENTICE BOY

There are two ways to recognition in the business world. One is by the college path, the other by the deep worn trail of hard knocks, over which so many of us are trudging. We hear a lot about love of our business, its attraction and its betterment, but let us not forget to sandwich in a little love for our apprentice boy.

As I look back into the first days I worked around a hardware store, I know my first warm feelings would have developed more rapidly from puppy love to a true affection if the boss had put his hand on my shoulder a little more often. It's all right to be sparing of praise to your employees, but don't be stingy with it. Don't keep all your flowers for your clerk's funeral.

If I live 4,000,000 years I won't forget my first week as a hardware clerk. My employer carried hardware and implements, ran a tinshop, a lumber yard and a potato starch factory. I was fond of exercise and got it from seven in the morning until nine at night. I piled lumber, shoveled potatoes and sacked black-

smith's coal from morning until supper time, and was then actually permitted to work behind the counter at night.

Common laborers in the lumber yard were getting \$2 a day. That summer I did as much work as any man on the job. When Saturday night came I lined up at the cashier's desk and pulled down the magnificent sum of \$3 for my week's work. I know I earned \$10, but I guess it was probably worth the difference to have me around the store nights.

I could hardly keep my chin from quivering until I reached home. Then, like the great overgrown boy I was, I broke down and cried; but before the tears were fairly started I was cussing mad, and Monday morning found me back on the job determined to make good and learn the hardware business right in that store if it took a leg.

I stayed there three years, and during the entire time was paid a very large salary in experience and a shriveled one in cash. In these later years I have seen dozens of boys up against the same deal.

Sometimes everything looks dark. You hate yourself, hate the boss, hate the business, and wish you were out on the section swinging a No. 2 shovel with big Bill Jones, who earns a man's wages. Take it from me and just freeze onto that first hardware job of yours for at least two years, and you will have the foundation for something Bill Jones will never appreciate.

A clerk should have at least a grammar school education. We see more boys advance from the tinner's helper or the delivery wagon to the salesroom and then fail, because they never went beyond the sixth grade, than from any other reason. If you have chosen the hardware business as a life's work, don't think of it as child's play.

It may start like a blacksmith, but it ends differently. There are years of work and study ahead of you, but there is also a great demand for good hardware-men, which exceeds the supply.

AMBITION

Almost every clerk aspires to a better position, and without such aspiration he isn't worth a tinker's rip to himself or his employer. If one of your clerks is absolutely without ambition, just dispense with his services. A month later will not find you with crepe on the store door. Ambition is the seed that grows good men, and faithful, continuous plugging is the rain that waters it.

Phenomenal bursts of speed just after inventory may hold your job through the long dull winter months, but if you don't water that job with new energy sometime every day, the drought will put nubbins in your corn crop.

I know a clerk who does his own work thoroughly and finds time every day to study the work of the man just above him. He advances faster than the rest of the force, because he fully realizes that his own and his employer's interests are identical.

He came from the warehouse to the salesroom, and from an ordinary salesman to the head clerkship by this method. He not only aims to use, but to improve upon his predecessor's methods. He is now studying the buyer's job and will make good.

TO THE CLERK WHO WOULD BECOME A BUYER

Standing around on one foot and watching the boss purchase hardware, will never make a clerk a buyer. You may love to watch the buyer, but don't hang around the desk at this stage of the game without an invitation.

If you really want such an invitation get busy on your stock. Have it arranged in such order that you can put any section of it on paper in a few minutes. When a jobber's or manufacturer's representative comes in the front door, and asks the buyer's name, just answer him politely and find out what he sells. You may rest assured that the buyer will appreciate a neat slip of paper which shows your stock of the various articles manufactured by his company.

Should the salesman happen to represent one of your jobbers, you probably will know him, and he will appreciate any active move you may make on the want book. If one of your fellow clerks has written there 7-16 inch bits, you may save your superior time and the worry of detail, if you will make a complete list of all the bits in stock.

You may not be completely out of the $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch size, but the buyer may not consider a quarter of a dozen $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bits a stock.

Should you notice the stock of strap hinges getting low, don't say a thing to the boss about it until you can hand him a list, showing just exactly what you have in the bins.

A good buyer will never resent these helps, and will soon show his appreciation by asking your opinion on certain lines. No man knows it all, and a buyer is simply a skilled guesser. He knows prices to a fare-ye-well, but on quantities he is a guesser pure and simple, and you are his adviser.

In your opinion the stock may be in bad condition, but you don't need to tell your troubles to a policeman as long as you have a pencil and there are blank pages in the want book.

It is probably true that rainy weather will never catch you without dry kindling in the coal shed. It is just as true that a buyer's job will never catch you until, looking into the future, is a part of your make-up. Real live salaries are paid men who successfully think for other people.

Time

TIME may mean the cause of your headache the cold gray dawn of the morning after. It may refer to a 2.20 horse out at the track. It may be associated with the referee in charge of the little 20-round affairs pulled off at the Mercury Club, or with the perfect rhythm in which you and your best girl glide through the mazes of a waltz at the Saturday night dance. The word has a bunch of meanings, but to-day we will discuss it as a commodity which we are buying and selling.

A DECLINE IN THE NAIL MARKET

You don't have to sit at a big roll top desk and look wise, under a gilded sign which reads "Buyer," to handle the company's money in purchases of this staple. Your desk may be down at the railroad warehouse on the business end of a nail truck, but you are a "Buyer" just the same, and your power to lower the price of nails must be admitted. The warehouse man who keeps cases on the switch engine crew and makes it his business to see that cars are "spotted" directly in front of the warehouse door, becomes a buying power and will cut some little ice in the local price of merchandise passing through his hands. At the same time, he shelves the warehouse car-mover, which becomes known as a relic, put into disuse by a man who knew the value of time.

A PENNY-ANTE MINING ENGINEER

You may be a mighty valuable man, but you won't need any one to put the rollers under you to start you in the direction gravity will naturally take a heavy weight, unless you fully realize that the time of other people is worth something. I have in mind a penny-ante mining engineer who was sent out into this country last year to superintend a mine for some Wisconsin people. He wasn't a mining engineer, but posed as one. One day he spent 30 minutes in our store, trying to convince one of our clerks that hardware stores in Milwaukee sold 18-inch Stillson pipe wrenches for \$1.25 and that our \$2 price was a hold-up.

He discoursed on the subject at length, while his teamster and four other employees stood by and listened, on the company's time. The wrench was at last bought at our price, after he had haggled away 30 minutes' time for six men. The average salary of these men was 40 cents an hour. He had wasted \$1.20 worth of time trying to save 75 cents worth of wrench, and Milwaukee capital paid the bill. It is small wonder this mining company is in financial straits to-

day. They have a good mine, but will never pay dividends on the spend-a-dollar-to-save-a-cent-system.

TIME-SAVERS ARE APPRECIATED

The clerk who can stop wrapping a 'phone order for Judge Lee and wait on Mrs. McGill at once, instead of letting the good woman wait on him until his sales book is up to date, is the kind of a chap hardware managers are looking for all the time. The man who cannot supply the wants of more than one person at a time, wouldn't last on a job in a farming community where Saturday afternoons call for full steam ahead.

The manager who delays his buying and wastes the time of commercial travelers, must never expect to be put wise on coming advances from that quarter. A salesman called on me to-day and, knowing the time-tables, I gave him attention at once, remarking that I supposed he would like to catch the 3 o'clock train. His reply was: "Gee! that sounds good. I'm a day behind and it seems like I haven't called on anything but department stores for a month."

NOT BUSY. JUST EXCITED

I once knew a certain bald headed manager, whom the boys used to describe as the boss whose hair had become skin colored from wearing his hat during business hours. He could work up more excitement, in less time, over fewer things, than any man I ever knew. One day the representative of a manufacturing firm came in the front door and immediately our manager was in a flurry. No one could wait on the easily satisfied old Mr. Brown but the boss. The re-checking of an order, which had laid in the back room all day, called for his attention, the delivery man had to be called down before the crowd, and finally the excited buyer turned on the drummer with the remark that he was entirely too busy to buy goods.

The traveling man stepped quickly forward, and in a quiet voice that carried a lot of conviction, said: "I decided long ago I didn't want to sell you anything, but I have missed a train for this opportunity to tell you that you are not busy. You're just excited. Good-day."

That conversation was indelibly stamped on my memory. It didn't do our manager any lasting amount of good, but it taught me that courtesy and time are assets with which we can't afford to trifle. That kind of a manager is getting scarcer every year. But for certain game laws, the great army of business builders would have brought his hide into camp long ago. Some of you may never have seen him, but he is getting so scarce that he really needs protection.

EVOLUTION

Every one, in all lines of business, is looking for the Time Saver. The drug store and the jewelry store both handle pocket knives, and we are carrying stock-

foods and alarm clocks. Of course we do it to save the public time. (Don't we?) The bow pistol gave way to the match lock, the match lock lay down for the wheel lock. The old wheel lock succumbed to the percussion lock. A score of revolvers, old and new, have backed the whole bunch off the boards, and to-day the revolver's prestige is being rivaled by the automatic.

Our grandfathers carried nails out of the basement by hand, our fathers figured discounts and spent about half of their time on invoices, but is it our good fortune to live in the age of time savers. If you haven't a Ladd's Discount Book on your desk you are still threshing grain with a flail. Four dollars will buy you a modern separator with a blower attachment. Quit stacking straw, it only puts chaff in your eyes.

The Shadow of Coming Events

WHOLE HOG or none is a common expression. In every phase of human activity is found the individual who is endeavoring to be the whole show all the time. Instead of doing one little stunt and then stepping aside for the next performer, these vaudeville artists of daily life, endeavor to amuse the audience of their community day after day and week after week with the same old act. Their performance may be as good as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" itself, but its repetition has dug a grave deep enough to bury a circus, and when, with the season of public opinion, frost comes, the whole hogger is apt to find slippery hoofing around the hole.

NOT FATTENING

The mere monotony of a thing kills its good effects. The school boy, who used to eat enormous quantities of oatmeal every morning, explained his actions to a newcomer at the boarding house by stating that he had an eye to the future. Breakfast food, which was not eaten in the morning, was made over into pudding for dinner and again hashed up in a fried form for supper, by the ingenious landlady, if the boarders failed to appreciate her first efforts.

A LITTLE AT A TIME

I am not exactly the product of cod liver oil, but I used to think, when mother gave me that sort of stimulant, that I would rather take it on the installment plan than in the big doses. I always meant to stall it off as long as possible. As we grow older in business experience, we are learning to stall things off rather than give our customers an overdose.

TERRIBLE RESULTS

Honey and hot biscuits are mighty good, but it was once my sad experience to learn that an overdose was something awful. For two years after that experience I was a poor patron of the bee industry, and never again will I be the free spending customer of the past. So much for an overdose, and if you think you can stand it I will serve the gruel.

ANTICIPATION

Not many weeks ago I wrote a story on the stove question. The writer was full of the subject, and just let off enough pressure to avoid a blowout. To-day I want to talk of a few methods we have found profitable in the stove

business, and to get you, my employers, into a line of thought that will prepare us for the fall business.

IT'S COMING, SURE

As summer begins to taper off from months to weeks and the newspapers, by little football allusions, that will rapidly grow to columns, tell us of the coming fall, our thoughts naturally turn to Bill Smith's old heater stored in our warerooms, and we recognize the first symptoms of the shine fever that is soon to grip us in the yearly struggle.

HOT STORAGE

Now, you may not have stored Bill's old heater, and if not, I extend to you my hearty sympathy at having missed something better than cold storage, and will be around in person next spring to congratulate you when you have begun so profitable and satisfactory a side issue as is the storage of old stoves.

YOU'RE TO BLAME FOR THIS

You all know what a nuisance it is in the late fall or early winter months, to be pestered by excited customers who simply cannot understand why you do not stock every conceivable kind of a stove repair, or why in the world it should take two or three weeks to get them a repair. You are simply between the devil and the deep sea. The weather on one side hangs dangerously near zero and the customer on the other side is about two notches from the boiling point, and it's up to you to neutralize the elements.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

The simplest way over this road is by the stove storage route. In the spring, or early summer months, advertise the fact that for a very nominal sum you are going to store your customers' heating stoves. In fact, make it appear that you will make practically no charges for this storage, but that in the dull season your stove men must be kept busy. With this in view, you will charge for the labor of taking down the stove in the spring and putting it up again in the fall, but will charge nothing for the storage.

O	
QUALITY HARDWARE STORE	
No. 1 STORAGE	
Date Rec'd	May 1st 19__
Date Ret'd	
Mr.	Wm. Smith
Address	410 Birch
No. of Stoves	One
Name of Stove	Cole's Hot Blast
Size	18D
No. J's Pipe	5
No. Elbows	2
Collars	1
Stove Board	1 - 24x36 W-L.
Repairs Needed	
1 Fire Pot	
1 Grate	
Signed	Receiving Clerk.

STORAGE TAG.

You will be surprised to learn how many women there are in your town who will welcome this opportunity of missing the old man's cussing bee when he wrestles with that stove pipe. It's a cinch that the man of the house won't throw a straw in the way of your getting the job. As the stoves come in label them with tag as reproduced herewith.

A GAME OF TAG

These tags should be filled out in duplicate and one tied to the stove, while the other should be immediately given to the buyer to file away. In the mid-summer months he will be surprised to learn how many odd repairs are needed from the same manufacturer, and can bunch these repairs into freight shipments instead of depending on the old expensive hurry-up express order of late in the fall.

FUTURE SALES AND SURE PAY

The owners of these heaters will gladly order in the spring, when you bring in the stove, knowing they won't have to pay for the repairs until fall and then, the stove in your possession gives you a cinch on your pay.

PROFITS

Your customer will think of your store more often if you are storing his property. Any old cheap warehouse that doesn't leak, and a little insurance will cover the investment. A satisfied, pleased customer feels that you have his interest at heart and will pay you a very liberal profit without a murmur.

SATISFACTION

His repairs are in and his stove is set up ready for business just at the time his neighbor who doesn't know you, is looking for stove repairs with the eternal Why? Why? Your satisfied customer may tell him it's because he hasn't tried the Quality Hardware Store storage plan, and the next year he has joined the boosters.

WHERE COOK STOVES AND RANGES COME IN

The summer months are ideal times in which to take advantage of the offers made by many manufacturers to help your stove business by the practical demonstration plan. Many of these manufacturers have in the field skilled cooks who are demonstrating what can be done with the modern range.

These men are at your service usually for their hotel expenses, and if properly boosted and backed up by the big influence of the market, will accomplish wonders in a short time.

TRIED

We recently had one of these exhibits or cooking schools and introduced it with the theatre ad reproduced herewith. This, together with a newspaper ad, brought out about 25 ladies the first day.

They did the rest and for the next five days an average crowd of 400 ladies took notes on the professional receipts and absorbed Quality Range pointers the results of which will do us good for years to come. We sold more ranges that week than we had during any month of last year, and the results have been felt every week since.

EMPIRE THEATER

Vaudeville

QUALITY HARDWARE STORE

OVER 500 IN HUSTLETOWN ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR



STRAIGHT FOR THE QUALITY HARDWARE

PROFESSOR BECKER and a train load of the BEST RANGES the world has ever known. The professor is the best in his line. His cooking exhibits are household history from coast to coast. He proves by practical demonstration that the **MODERN RANGE** represents Quality, Workmanship and Perfection.

There are forty weddings booked for HUSTLETOWN this month. The divorce courts say that means twenty-five for them. We say that it means forty happy homes into which the **GREAT MODERN RANGE** will bring complete contentment.

**COOKING SCHOOL BEGINS MONDAY AFTERNOON
AND LASTS ALL THE WEEK**

QUALITY HARDWARE STORE

THEATRE ADVERTISEMENT CALLING ATTENTION TO COOKING SCHOOL.

BUCKING THE BEEF TRUST

We fed the town on cookies that week, but the total expense for material used was less than \$25. It looked like \$500, for the cook knew how and 20 pans of cookies can be made for the price of a good beef-steak.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

He baked us a window display, and in it we hung a framed picture of two young ladies, one with her sleeves rolled up kneading bread and the other just

receiving her diploma. In the background a young man looked on the two with a puzzled expression. The picture was entitled "Pigskin or Pie." Men stopped in front of that window, saw the beautiful pastry exhibited, laughed at the picture, voted pie and went home to tell about it.

This system of advertising is very satisfactory and stoves pay profits beyond those usually credited to them.

WEATHER PROFITS

The stove season is coming on. The ground hog, goose and the weather man will soon be in the field commanding your attention. Anticipation is the grandmother of profits. How are you hooked up on stoves, stove boards, polish, pipe, coal hods and a dozen other enemies of old Jack Frost?

Accounts—No Account and Otherwise

MOST of the hardware stories I have written are like hand-me-down clothes. I have turned them out as I found the need and, misjudging that need at times, have probably tried to put square pegs in round holes, or grabbed handfuls of the back of 40 coats to make them fit 36 frames in front. Occasionally, however, some of my acquaintances have suggested subjects, and on such occasions I feel as if I am putting out a tailor-made article and that it must fit. A friend in Portland, Ore., has brought my attention to the bookkeeping end of the hardware business and I am going to risk his friendship by complying with the request.

PUTTING YOUR THOUGHTS ON PAPER

The subject of accounts is surely a live one, although some of us know to our sorrow that there are dead ones. Most hardware clerks are inclined to lay the entire responsibility of accounts on the shoulders of that man who knows so little about hardware and so much about the fellows who are good or poor pay.

I'll agree with you that the bookkeeper is drawing a salary for working on that subject, but he isn't the whole nine, and many clerks are giving him mighty bum support. You may not have it in for the bookkeeper, but you are handing him some pretty bad jolts just the same.

How? Well, I guess about the best way to explain is to illustrate.

Here is a sheet taken from the salesbook of a good, intelligent looking clerk, who claims friendship for the bookkeeper:

JOHN SMITH	
<hr/>	
<hr/>	
<hr/>	
1 <i>Knife</i>	75
<i>Nails</i>	115
1 <i>File</i>	
1 <i>No. 20 Food Chopper</i>	125
2 <i>Bolls, 8</i>	16
1 <i>Hammer</i>	150
	<hr/>
	481

Look it over. It might have been yours. Suppose it is. Now to be fair, let's start at the top and from the bookkeeper's standpoint, pick this bill to pieces.

You know *after he has followed you* out to the iron house to get put right, that there is a John A. Smith, a John R. Smith, a John R. Smith, Jr., and one or two other miscellaneous John Smiths on the books, but you just made a charge to John Smith. You can't remember this customer's initials and his man bought the goods, but you know he lives at 217 Third Avenue. If you had put the address on your charge slip . . .

But to go on. A month later Smith kicks. Did he buy a knife? What nails have they used at his house? Bolts? A hammer? Surely this is an error! They have a new food chopper all right, but the rest of the order is certainly questioned, and won't be paid until it is better explained.

KILLING TIME

These things have happened to you, and you have kept a coatless bookkeeper waiting until you were through with a customer before he could get a line on things. Say fellows, let's just go back and make that charge over. It's the shortest way out, and we can price that file that slipped past us the day we were going to look up the price.

JOHN A. SMITH	
217 Third Avenue	
By F. C. Brown	
1 N-8 in. Butcher Knife	75
10 lbs. 8d. Nails, 5	50
10 " 12d. " 5	50
3 " 20d. " 5	15
1 8 in. Mill Bast. File	20
1 No. 20 Food Chopper	1 25
2 1/2x7 Mch. Bolts, 8	16
1 No. 80 B. P. Hammer	1 50
	5 01

It's a different story. The bookkeeper doesn't hunt you up. John A Smith doesn't hunt up the bookkeeper. You don't hunt up F. C. Brown and, by your share in the bookkeeping you have so satisfied a customer that he mails his check in settlement at the end of each month.

MUZZLING KICKERS

Blacksmiths are not usually the best pay on the face of the earth. Some few jobbers who sell direct to this class of trade are welcome to some such customers they have taken off your books. The slow-paying, kicking old blacksmith, who has about 8 or 10 people buying for him every month, has really got a kick coming when he is dished out bills similar to the one we sent Smith.

Getting warm? I know it is because my old boss used to corner a boy I knew mighty well, on this same subject and the old man was always right. The best way in the world to put a muzzle on a complaining customer is to do it on the original charge slip, and the man who makes every charge a model is known to be scarce.

LOST CHARGES, CHINESE PUZZLES AND DIRT

Say, did you ever carry a charge slip home with you at night? Most fellows have, but during the rush of business a chap is apt to put charges into his pockets when his hands are full, and forget to take them out, change clothes next morning, and perhaps a month later when you put on that suit again you find the charge slip that has threatened to put your bookkeeper in the crazy house.

Lost charges are like Chinese puzzles. We never know if one represents 10 cents or \$10 unless we work a subcheck stub and this too, is sometimes lost. The only way to eliminate this common trouble is to fill every order from the carbon copy. Always file the original charge as soon as it is made out; then too, pink finger nails and delicate hands are seldom the kind that predominate in a hardware store and the charge slips are less apt to be soiled if orders are filled from duplicates.

Don't blame the bookkeeper because he thinks your slips look like the day-book of the blacksmith who uses his anvil for a desk. You know he's right, but you just want your memory jarred.

WONDERFUL MEMORIES CONDEMNED

The memories of some men are said to be wonderful. Graft investigations have probably brought to light more men who depended on the tablets of memory than any other one thing. There is probably some reason for a finger-itching grafter to destroy his books, but a modern business man won't do it.

When we were kids we hot-footed it many a time to the grocery store yelling sugar, butter, lard—sugar, butter, lard. Our memories are not much better to-day, so let's condemn the fellow who waits on three or four customers and then tries to make his charges at one time. That kind of a clerk's heart may be in the right place, but he shouldn't show it by gratuitously handing out the unintentional souvenirs that always mark the bunch charger.

Follow the store cook book and your cake won't turn to dough.

Make it the rule of your life to charge every order you tackle. If you help out your fellow clerk on an order, and there is a ghost of a doubt about its having been charged, get busy with your pencil. Two charges can be cut in two, but twice nothing draws a blank for the boss. Every clerk is a bookkeeper, filling his own pay envelope for the future. When to-morrow arrives will your raise in salary come in checks on the Bank I Forgot? Here's hoping mine won't.

Now I know there are a vast majority of hardware clerks to whom some of these remarks have not applied. To the man who charges carefully, sells faithfully and works earnestly every day, week after week, it's tough luck to see the old firm go to the wall, yet this happens to many hardware stores. In such places the boss is usually the bookkeeper and he has been so busy keeping books and selling goods that the hammer is sounding on the auction block of his business before he awakens to the fact that collections are absolutely essential.

Spontaneous collections are like squalls and business boats are going to the bottom every day because the rudder of collections is tied fast. When a man opens an account in your store, do you invariably ask him how big an account he wants to run? If you don't, start such a system to-morrow.

AN EXAMPLE OF AN ELASTIC ACCOUNT

I once knew of an account that started innocently by a customer asking a merchant if he could run an account for a few days "Sure you can," were the words that started Mr. Irresponsibility dealing with Mr. Carelessness, and in six months active creditors found that Irresponsible had slowly worked the harpoon into Carelessness for \$200.

Carelessness said himself that he wouldn't have let that man have more than \$40 worth of stuff, but that he just got behind with his books. Don't get behind on your books; it's tough on the foundation.

STARTING AN ACCOUNT

Here is a plain, common sense business suggestion: Have these cards printed and keep them handy. Never open an account with any man without filling in the blanks. It will save you gray hairs and put the right kind of a lining in your purse:

Date	<i>May 1st, 1911</i>
Name	<i>James S. Brown</i>
Address	<i>Dalbo, Quincy Co.</i>
Post Office	<i>Jamestown, Ohio</i>
Reference	<i>R. L. Jones</i>
Am't of Credit	<i>\$25.00</i>
Will pay when	<i>July 1st, 1911</i>
Authorized by	<i>T. B. Shure</i>

If a prospective customer's feelings are hurt by any of these questions, close the account before it is started, and you will be able to continue cash discounting your bills.

Suppose James S. Brown starts an account after having answered the questions filled in on this card? If his account creeps up to \$30 with the prospect of more stretch you can call him on his own statements. If July 10 rolls around and you have not seen the color of his money, you can write him—as per your promise—or, better still, show him the card, and tell him that you have favored him as he asked, and now that you are in a receptive mood.

Every angle of every excuse under the sun can be fought out with these little account starting cards. Start them to-morrow, and guard every one religiously. If Brown promises July settlement and pays in September you can brand him slow, &c., and in time your cards will tell community history that is hard and expensive to gather.

A PROFIT ON 12 PER CENT. MONEY

Cash discount your bills. Do it every day without a slip. You can borrow money at your local bank at 12 per cent. interest, and make big money cash discounting. If your banker won't make you a loan, you can't afford to be extending credit.

This is logic—every word of it. Show it to the man who wants to start an account with you and, with my compliments, tell him just as soon as you can collect enough you are going to pay cash for yours.

BUTTONHOLE VS. PIGEONHOLE

Don't depend too much on the mail to collect your bills. "Please remit" in red paper, doesn't mean half as much as "Come Across," when you have a fellow by the coat. Pleasant, persuasive, convincing requests usually get the money. Neglect or plain monthly statements fail on the same customers.

You may be new in business. Don't start a programme of philanthropy. Close those bad accounts without any unnecessary delay and deprive yourself the joy of giving. Most men who have spent a lifetime in the collar have tried it out.

I know one old chap whose unparalleled generosity in his first year in business kept him going some the remainder of 10 years to win back what he had seen fit to give away on poor accounts for the pure joy of giving in the first.

As the head bookkeeper of your own business, can you show the clerks a clean sheet and conscientiously ask their support?

BUSINESS BLOOD POISON

You are the recorder of your own business destiny. A good beginning will take you a long ways, but an account is an open cut until healed by cash in the till. The hydrogen peroxide of personal request may hurt or cause a little foam, but it cleans out a cut and prevents a small neglected account from becoming the center of business blood poison.

A Warning

SAY fellows, let's get together for a little heart-to-heart talk. It's good for the business and we need it. In the first place, as the manager of the Quality Hardware Store and the assistant manager of your business, I want to impress upon your minds one fact. I am a human being just like yourselves—with flesh, blood, bones, likes, dislikes, good-will and stubbornness all in my make-up. I am so confounded stubborn at times, that I really object to being hit on the head with a brick; and ever since childhood days, when I chose a young skunk for a playmate I have firmly believed that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

HEADS TOGETHER FOR DEFENSE

For the past few years a storm cloud has been gathering strength and unless we take prompt measures for protection, that cloud is going to send some of us scurrying into our cyclone cellars. In hundreds of our large and thousands of our small cities, the furniture and department stores have slowly but steadily encroached upon rights which we should consider almost God-given. I refer to the stove business. This encroachment is an evil we are forced to face, and if we get our heads together I am sure some of us can dig up a remedy.

DIAGNOSIS

In some of our communities, this dread disease has already fastened itself. In other communities, symptoms of the contagious evil are just beginning to show and in a few particularly fortunate districts the stove business is still the recognized right of the hardware merchant.

In the first case, a few specialists should be called into consultation. In the second case, the local hardware doctor should take strong measures and treat the disease from its symptoms. In the third case, the particularly fortunate chap should, by good, clean, wholesome business methods, refuse to expose himself and profit by the examples of his less fortunate neighbors.

You belong to one of these three classes.

PAY YOUR BILLS

We all have the interest of our life's vocation close at heart. One of the prime objects of this article is to get your opinions. The manager who tries to run a one-man store is going to fall down, and this subject, covering as it does a

great encroaching evil, cannot be covered in all its phases by any one man. Some of you have surely run up against the same snags as has your assistant manager.

Did it ever occur to you, in accepting the hundreds of improvements in business methods that have come in these recent years, that you have incurred obligations to this and the next generation of hardware merchants, and that some of these "notes" of experience are past due?

You are the manager, I am the assistant. Can't we swap ideas more in the future than we have in the past and begin with this stove question?

NOT CATALOGUE HOUSE QUALITY

Is this business slipping away from us because we have not properly cared for it?

Is the stove peddler (he still exists in some States) doing business under our very noses because we have failed to be good citizens in every sense of the word?

Is the department or furniture store taking over this business because of our imperfections?

These questions are facing us to-day and demand our immediate attention.

Stoves and ranges are usually sold, by furniture or department stores, on the small weekly or monthly payment plan and at a long profit. But a very few years ago the statement could have been made, that their stoves were of the catalogue house variety and would not stand the test of time. In some sections that statement can be truthfully made to-day, but in many other sections we know these people are selling stoves of quality.

FLAT POCKETBOOK PROPORTIONS

Their reasons for handling stoves are very apparent. Hosts of the "newly-weds" and a great many of the "old weds," are more or less troubled with flatness of the pocketbook. They cannot always pay cash down for their house furnishings and our competitors mentioned evidently prefer a \$75 payment on a \$500 bill to a \$40 payment on a \$400 bill.

EVERYTHING BUT THE BABY

It is a great thing to be able to say to one's customer, your store can supply absolutely everything to furnish a home. If the department store sells the range it also sells the cooking utensils and a hundred other little household necessities. Sometimes we think they sell these goods without a profit, but that is not usually the case. Small payments, long time and a stock from which to completely furnish a home, is what takes the stove business.

THE QUALITY HARDWARE STORE

AGREEMENT

Hustle Town, On the Map, To-day, 1910.

RECEIVED of the QUALITY HARDWARE STORE the goods as per memoranda attached, of the value of \$65.00 in lawful money of the United States, subject to the following conditions, to wit: On lease with privilege to purchase the same on payment to them or order the sum of \$65.00 for said goods in the following installments, to wit:

Ten dollars, on delivery of said goods, balance in installments of \$10.00 per month, payable on the first of each and every month, with interest at 1 per cent. per month. It is expressly understood and agreed that until all of said sum of \$65.00, with interest thereon as aforesaid is paid, the said goods are to remain the property of the said QUALITY HARDWARE STORE, and I have no power or right to dispose of the same. But when all of said sum of \$65.00, with interest thereon as aforesaid is paid, then the title of said goods is to rest with me, and the said QUALITY HARDWARE STORE is to give me a bill of sale of the same.

It is also agreed that in the event that I shall fail to pay or cause to be paid either said \$10.00 installments, at maturity, the said QUALITY HARDWARE STORE may, at their option, take possession of said goods, and cancel this contract on refunding the money already paid by me, after deducting therefrom \$3.00 per month rent, and expenses of removal, and the sum of \$10.00, as liquidated and assessed damages, which I hereby promise and agree to pay said QUALITY HARDWARE STORE in the event that I shall fail to perform the terms of this agreement. It is also agreed that I shall keep said goods fully insured for the benefit of said QUALITY HARDWARE STORE, as their interests may appear, and that the said goods are not to be removed, except by written consent of the QUALITY HARDWARE STORE.

JOHN DOE,
QUALITY HARDWARE STORE,
M. Y. Future Manager.

Residence, 711 Contentment Street.
Witness, Fred Hustleclerk.

CARCASSES OR TRACE TIGHTENERS

The question which confronts us is, are we going quietly to lie down and let this New Era Furniture Department Store machine leave imprints of its mud chain on our carcasses, or are we going to lay into the collar and tighten up the traces?

It is small wonder that so many hardware stores have added furniture departments to their business. In the smaller towns and cities this is one of the simplest solutions of the problem.

AT THE QUALITY HARDWARE STORE

We are trying, with a marked degree of success, to retain the stove business at the Quality Hardware Store by another method. Our ranges are sampled down the center of the main salesroom on a permanent platform which is about 4 or 5 inches above the level of the floor.

Other merchandise is never piled on these sample ranges, the tops of which are painted with a black enamel (this, of course, doesn't apply to polished tops). The crimped end of the first joint of pipe, which usually projects just above the warming closet, is painted a bright red color and helps show up the stove. Our heating stoves are sampled in about the same way.

A PRACTICAL PAYMENT PLAN

We have adopted the monthly payment plan and find that it works pretty well. The contract we use is herewith given. Our profitable stove business has stopped slipping away and our sales of kitchen utensils are still on the increase.

I once worked five years for a certain hardware concern in a small city and our fine stove trade was a source of pride to every one in the store. In the course of time I moved to other fields and it was two years before I again visited my old home. Imagine my feelings at finding the hardware store's stove business a thing of the past. Two furniture stores of that city are now doing the stove business on the easy payment plan.

SMOKE UP

Board and room rent are not the only two acids that will dissolve gold and a failure to heed these stove storm-cloud warnings will surely turn some of our cake to dough. There is plenty of tobacco in the bowl of our old hardware pipe. Smoke up, lay your shoulder to the wheel of this stove question and you will be blowing rings of success as never ending as the twists in a corkscrew, long after your new competitor's pipe has gone out.

Standing

WE have all been in places where standing room was at a premium. The memories of such occasions are not at all pleasant. Whenever the crowd moved, we moved, and whenever our legs became so weary that we could stand it no longer we just awoke to the fact that we couldn't get out and stood it out. There are all kinds of things in connection with business detail that we can't stand for, but we think it over, see no way out and remain in the bandstand to entertain the crowd.

The size of our show and the fact that the tickets haven't all been collected keep us going at times when everything seems depressing. There are things a man does stand that are entirely unnecessary and the same could be said of some of the stands he forces on other people.

BAD PRACTICE TOUCHED UP

Without further prelude, I refer to the commercial traveler, who is forced to stand around awaiting the supreme will of the hardware buyer. There are a few points about this contemptible system that need touching up. They are harmful to the buyer and seller alike and if you will be seated, gentlemen, I will come to the point. The traveling man, commercial ambassador, representative, agent, salesman, or whatever he may choose to be called, comes into your front door, and is met by the buyer, manager, partner, proprietor, boss, or whatever he insists on being called. They size up one another, and steel cuts steel, or steel stands pat, as the case may be.

The seller, as we shall call the parties first mentioned, has for the past week slept on trains or in poor hotels; he has waited around railroad stations that became nightmares to him, in hotel beds that must be slept in regardless of their condition. He has been in other stores like this one, but he appears fresh and smiling with a pleasant word all the way down the line. The conditions just mentioned give you a line on the depression he is surmounting and I want to say right here that nonsense is often foam floating listlessly on the surface of still waters that rage in their undercurrents. The knight of the grip smiles his way down through the store to the desk of the many named last character mentioned and—stands around.

STANDING ORDERS WRENCHED

Finally, the seller is favored with the questioning scrutiny which is the slow follower of a glance that noted his front door entrance, and after a few minutes'

sparring he is stripped for action and they either stand side by side, or stand over the desk at which the big smoke is seated (you will note that the seller always stands); and wrenches out the order that must be given.

DENTIST SLIPS ONE OVER

The longer it takes to pull the tooth the more leg weary he becomes, and this dentist of the hardware world often slips mixtures into his painless extraction fluid that wouldn't pass pure food inspection, neither would they be compounded by a practitioner who was seated, but the legweary drummer can't stand forever without some kind of oil to rub into his aching joints, so he takes it out on his tormenter by slipping one over occasionally. In doing this his uncomfortable standing position gives him the advantage not always realized by the buyer.

LESSON FROM A COLLECTOR

I know a collector in a small town who realizes the advantage of position most fully. After his varied stunts to extract blood from a human beet, he springs his masterpiece. In a well arranged office (it doesn't look so, but it is), he has a small, well primed air tight stove which can become an overactive heat producer on short notice. Directly behind this stove, in a corner, is a very low, uncomfortable chair. The beet when he comes to the office is invited to this particular seat, without any suggestion as to removing his coat. The draft in the air tight stove is opened and the only avenue of escape blocked by the lightly dressed collector, who seats himself in a high armed chair and turns his powers of suction on the perspiring, uncomfortable victim before him. He reports that more results have come from this spider web than from anything he has ever tried.

SQUARE SHAKE BEGINNING AT HOME

Perhaps the seller does not fully realize the advantage of position given him, but standing is a real advantage when the other fellow sits. We all like to be known as men who meet on the level and are disposed by nature not only to care for ourselves, but to give the other fellow an even break. The trouble with some of us in fighting is in not only giving the other fellow the worst of it but become self-destructive.

TWO CHAIRS AND NO AIRS

You are employers for whom I desire success in every sense of the word and one of the surest ways to get there in a comfortable manner is to install at least two additional chairs at your buying desk for the legweary man from whom you are making purchases. Of course, if you haven't the room, I won't advocate pushing your walls out for this purpose, but if any one is forced to remain standing in your business parlor let it be the boss, the office boy, or the Assistant Manager.

Shooting Holes in Prejudice and Precedent

THE way to a gold mine is usually circuitous. The prospector aims to keep the lid on his find just as long as possible, and starts for his hole in the ground via the opposite side of town.

That's a strain in human nature that buckles itself onto a lot of people who make and sell hardware. The big manufacturer with a factory that might call for a revised edition of the Seven Wonders of the World won't let us write up his factory and show the process of manufacturing his goods because he doesn't want his competitor to get next. Another is afraid some special machine



DRILLING HOLES FOR DYNAMITE DITCH

attachment will get away from him and still another wants to put a husher on the amount of export business he does. Even the retailer sometimes dodges publicity because his competitor takes the same trade paper and will get wise. This is unusual and is a bit of imagination that can usually be dispelled in short order. It's merely an aggravated example of the closed-door habit.

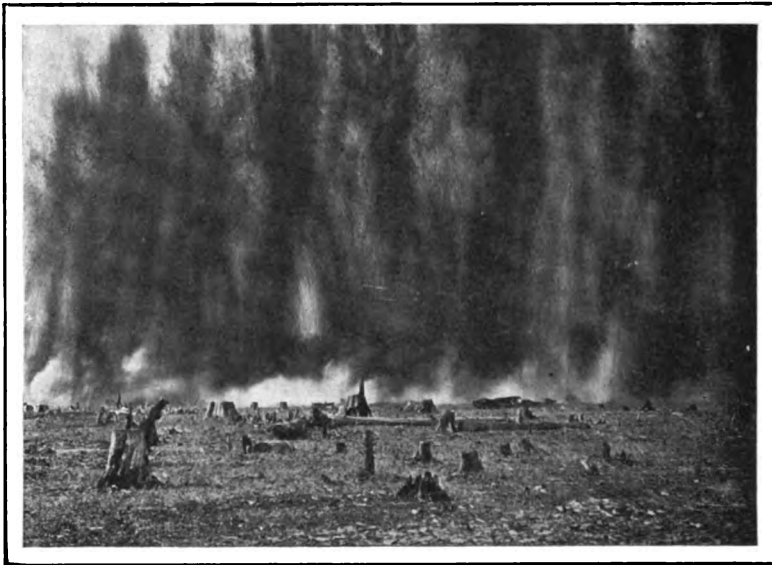
There are all kinds of ways and means of putting the screws on publicity, but this isn't going to be the story of a newspaper, so let's hop over to hardware and hike along.

A SOUP SPOON SILENCER

One of the noisiest pieces of modern hardware is a soup spoon. It is never fully appreciated until you hear it in the hands of a human vacuum-cleaner.

It's an old story that Murphy knew that Ike was at the banquet even if he didn't see him, because he heard him eating soup. One of the ear marks of a soup spoon specialist is that he always demands elbow room. He is also a good gutter prospect for your tin shop. There has never been a Maxim Silencer made for soup spoons, but there ought to be.

Say fellows, we're out of town now; let's begin to circle toward our claim. We will turn at that Maxim Silencer because its mission has to do with cutting down the noise of firearm explosions. Ever try one? The crack of a 30-30 rifle sounds like the pop of a 22, and you try to locate the place the noise comes from in about as puzzled a manner as you listen to the telephone arrangement in the modern theater which takes up the music of the orchestra and shoots it at you from under your seat or over your head.



THE BLAST IN DIGGING A DITCH ON MAX OSTNER'S FARM, DIEHLSTADT, MO.

A simple proposition when you "get next," but in the days of Salem witchcraft such a stunt would have spelled disaster for whoever might have been under suspicion—after all we're not so different from our forefathers. We have shortened our socks, lengthened our pants, changed broad-brimmed hats for low-crowned derbies that baffle description and revised the cut of our hair, but at that we have nothing on China or Timbuctoo.

SEEING BEYOND YOUR NOSE

Most of our noses still get between our eyes and the opportunities that are right under our feet.

We can understand the prospector who keeps his claim a secret, and we

can understand that to him dynamite is an essential. Most people can understand the use of dynamite under ground and the reason for this is very simple. It's because most of us work above ground. I'm breaking out on this dynamite question again because I know there is a pot of money in it for the hardware man who is wide awake. I wrote a story entitled "The Peace Products of Dynamite" in a department of *Iron Age-Hardware* some months ago and an Oklahoma merchant wrote me that he was getting business as a result. One of his clerks read about some of its many uses and inside of a week made the first sale of dynamite in that store. Selling dynamite has become a habit in that store now, and if you will pocket prejudice and precedent for the next few minutes there's a chance for you to make some real money out of this same explosive.

Dynamite itself is not dangerous to handle.

Fuse is not dangerous.

Augers are generally considered safe.

No one was ever blown up by a shovel.

Axes seldom explode.

Crow bars won't bite.

A small battery and a roll of light copper wire will never electrocute you.

Every piece of gas pipe is not a bomb.

The plow, the harrow, the drill, the binder, the wagon, the harness and a world of other things that follow as the peace products of dynamite are not at all alarming. With this array of ready sellers stacked up against the one little box of blasting caps which is dangerous, hardware men are rapidly mixing their brains into their business and stocking the goods.

SIMPLIFIED SELLING SYSTEMS

Did I say stock the goods? Well, I guess that was a slip. You don't even have to stock dynamite. There are all kinds of law handicaps relative to shipping explosives. Any freight agent can sing you a song about local or car shipments and city authorities are sometimes posted on isolated magazines. The manufacturer has, however, followed these things as closely as you would if you owned a powder mill and their selling systems are such that small shipments can be made direct to your customers if you want to break the ice that way.

A BLACKLIST FULL OF POSSIBILITIES

Many of you will probably yawn about here and say, "Well, this don't concern me." Stick with me a little further and look over this revised edition of the map of the United States. The black spots don't indicate colored population—they represent the reclaimable swamp land. Did you ever think of digging ditches with dynamite? It's being done every day in the year and at a

cost that makes the old shovel and the ditching machine look like pieces of Chinese money.

We are reproducing four pictures that show how Max Ostner of Diehlstadt, Missouri, dug a ditch. This was a big job and about as difficult a ditching proposition as blasters are called upon to solve, yet it went across in jig time without a hitch. How simple a little ditch through a bog seems when we look at the canal this Missouri farmer dug.



BLOCKING THE RETREAT

But hold on—I have to snub myself on this subject—there are so many opportunities in it and each one the subject for a book. You may not live in a black-marked state. If you don't just look about you for some of these prospects. The stump-covered farm where rich soil is pasture land by default. The hard pan or other dense soil land where possibilities are only about half realized upon. The orchard land where new trees are being planted or the ground loosened up so that the roots of old trees can go down and get a new lease on life. The new road where County Commissioners or road supervisors are up against nature in the form of hills, boulders or stumps.

The well digger, the miner, the builder with a big excavation job on his hands and a dozen other prospects block our retreat to precedent.

DITCH DUG BY DYNAMITE ON MAX OSTNER'S MISSOURI FARM.

THE MAN WHO LOWERED HIS SIGHTS

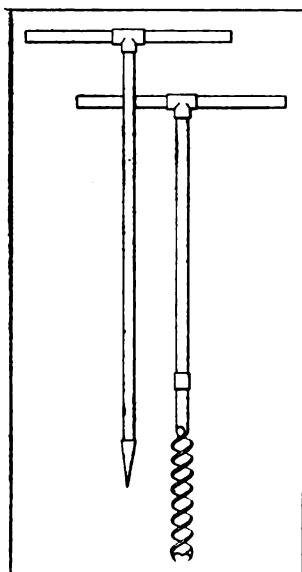
A man named Mathewson recently went into the Du Pont offices in Wilmington, Del., and asked for a job as professional blaster. His eyes were focused on a job out in the Middle West. Some one at Du Pont's brought him to earth with a talk on the possibilities right around Wilmington and he was finally induced to test the home field. He hired a horse and buggy in a local livery stable and drove 18 miles into the country. Going out he made notes; coming back he tackled everything that looked like a blasting contract at the farm houses he passed and in one day contracted for six week's work.

It's up to some of us to take a hunch from this man Mathewson. Why won't our community or our store keep a blasting contractor busy? Men familiar with the use of dynamite are easy to find. Get your man, drive with him to get the contracts, sell him supplies and your enterprise will build your community and your business just as sure as water runs down hill.

Work is doing something you don't want to. Just get a taste of this business and you won't define it as work.

KINKS WORTH COPYING

Here's an illustration of a steel point gas pipe prod for making holes in the ground. Two niggers poked 800 holes in the ground with two of these prods in six hours. The holes were 30 inches deep and a wise hardware man sold a half stick of dynamite, a piece of fuse and a cap for every hole. A couple of shovels from the same store threw out the loose dirt before fruit trees were planted, and when the tender roots of those trees have drawn from the broken, unresisting earth the nourishment that will transform those little trees into fruit products our hardware man will sell the pruning shears, the spray pump and other material that cares for them.



A PROD AND AN AUGER OF GAS PIPE AND IRON CONSTRUCTION—SIMPLE, CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE.

We are also showing a rough drawing of an iron earth auger fitted onto a gas pipe handle. These are made by some firm in Ottumwa, Ia., at a price of 50 cents each. They are for earth work only. Some field for margin that.

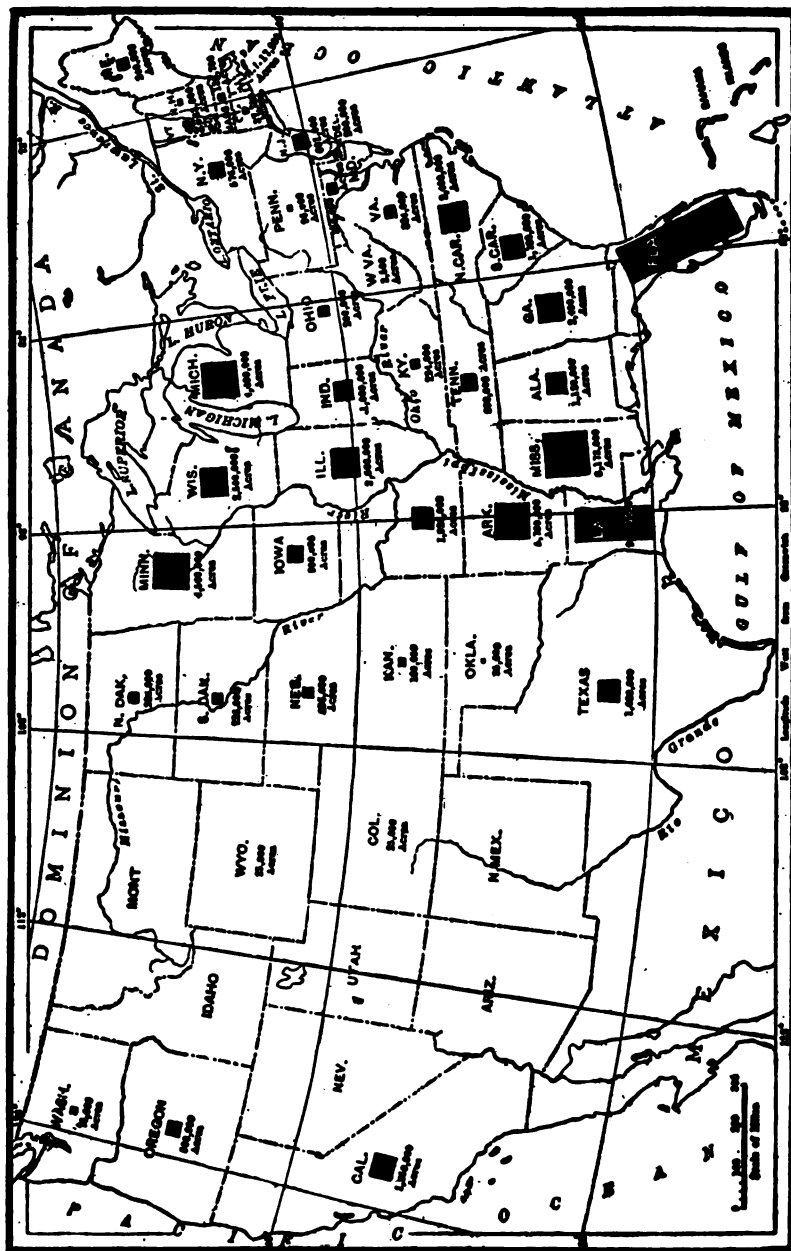
SETTING THE PACE

I am reminded of a poem our friend "Efficiency" often quotes:

Every sail you see at sea
Is just as white as white can be;
But never a sail in the harbor you see
As white as the sail you see at sea.

Distant fields always have and always will look green. Lower your sights and look over the field for dynamite business right in your own community. That business is yours by every right—but only as long as you take care of it. As your Assistant I am trying the best I know how to make your store a better store and to expand your business as I would my own. A sale that is not apt to call for repeat orders isn't worth much. A ditch is dug by dynamite by placing the sticks of explosives at just such a distance apart that one cap fires the whole works. From that initial explosion the others are discharged. The explosions are contagious.

One job in your community done the new way will be as "catching" as the measles. The demand will hang a dynamite sign in front of your store.



U. S. MAP SHOWING RECLAIMABLE SWAMP AREAS—THERE ARE 74,000,000 ACRES OF SUCH LAND IN THE UNITED STATES—THIS IS THE RICHEST SOIL IN NORTH AMERICA AND ITS DRAINAGE IS ONE OF THE PROBLEMS THAT IS BEING SOLVED BY DYNAMITE.

This business is yours if you can pocket superstition and prejudice and put a little pepper into your selling force on this subject. I have never yet seen a community where there were no prospects for the sale of dynamite.



A MISSOURI DITCH DUG BY DYNAMITE.

The prospector may slip out of camp on the wrong side and circle to the prospect where he uses dynamite underground in a shaft.

You can't go out of town the wrong way to find a dynamite prospect right on the surface. Try it.

Jack-knives

THE boy who doesn't own a jack-knife is a mighty poor specimen if he doesn't do some tall kicking. This desire for pocket cutlery manifests itself very early in the career of a good boy, and a few months earlier in the life of a kid born with more mischief than meekness in his system.

My first knife was the instrument with which I carved my initials in a desk in the old wooden schoolhouse. Gee! I'll never forget it. Our teacher was some busy that night maintaining her deserved reputation as a disciplinarian. She wasn't much of a writer, but for several weeks I was in a position to swear that she could leave her mark. Time is a great healer, and before many days had passed the welts on and under my school pants had leveled to a memory, while my immortal young name went through life with that old desk. No other boy wanted that seat and unconscious genius aided by a jack-knife, kept me near the back of that school room long after my actions clamored for preferred position more directly under the teacher's eye.

DISAPPOINTMENTS AND SURPRISES

One Saturday I went fishing, and on an old log four miles up the river I left that first pocket knife. The Sunday school class to which I was annexed missed a member next morning, and I'll never forget the hour that knife and I came home to find my Sunday school teacher at our house for dinner. The memory of that day calls up no sympathy with Elizabeth Acres Allen's poem, "Backward, turn Backward, Oh Time in Thy Flight, and Make Me a Child Again Just for To-night." Some way or other I'd just as soon forget it.

YOU CAN'T OUTGROW THESE THINGS

Most of the desires of those boyhood days of ours have passed away; most of them are forgotten. We have outgrown them and proud of our manhood, we strut down the peacock path or eat dust out on the turnpike of life.

There are one or two spots, however, where a man will always freeze onto his youth. Some men never get too old to miss a pretty play at a baseball game or too corpulent to get into a corner lot game occasionally. Some men "go fishin'" at 60 and apparently get just as much fun out of split bamboos and silk lines as they ever did out of the willow and the bent pin of bull-head, shiner or sucker days. Some men do one thing and some another by which the world can trace a streak of kid still lingering.

There is one thing every man does and that's carry pocket cutlery. A man without a knife feels like a fish out of water. If he doesn't he isn't natural and most folks are just natural, whether they want to be or not.

Some men want to own a toad-stabber with a blade like a Bowie and others seem satisfied with a pearl-handled penknife about the size of an eighth of a minute. Pocket knife quality ranges from can opener iron to razor steel. It is tested by methods that range from whittling hardwood down to breathing on the bright new blade. This lung test may not amount to much, but if a knife blade can stand some of the breaths we occasionally have to face, it can bump up against any old thing with long odds to win.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

Most of the pocket knives that are sold in this country bring about 75 cents apiece. Occasionally a customer hits her up for two or three dollars a crack, but this is unusual. We must carry a great variety of cutlery to get the most out of these goods. We can't afford to miss a single sale, for these goods are profit-winners. They present exceptional possibilities for special sales. I have never known of an attempted special sale on pocket cutlery that fell through if it was properly handled. Newspaper or circular advertising, coupled up with some live signs, a good window display and an injection of selling ginger, always wins out.

A LIVE EXAMPLE

The Warner Hardware Company, Minneapolis, Minn., held a sale of pocket cutlery recently, which netted \$200 in one day as a result of unusual advertising methods.

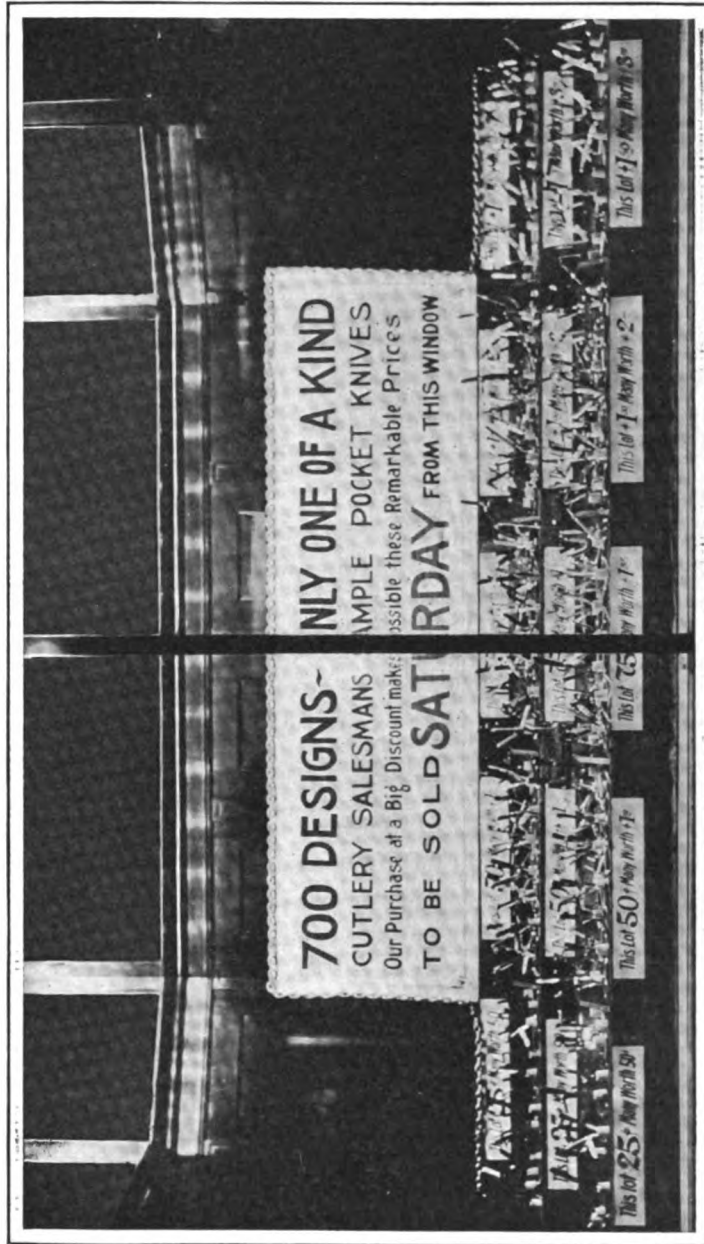
Pocket cutlery was displayed in a large show window, as the accompanying illustration shows. Seven hundred different designs purchased from a manufacturer especially for this sale were in the window and a large sign read:

700 DESIGNS—ONLY ONE OF A KIND

Cutlery Salesman's Sample Pocket Knives.
Our Purchase at a Big Discount Makes Possible These Remarkable Prices.
To be sold SATURDAY from this window.

Early in the morning of the day which was thus advertised in the window and in the daily newspapers as "pocket cutlery day" a cash register was placed in the window. A door leading into the window was opened and customers were invited to step right in and examine the knives and make their selection.

Knives were graded according to quality, the special prices for the sale being 25, 50, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.50. The prices were plainly marked on cards, and



SPECIAL WINDOW DISPLAY OF THE WARNER HARDWARE COMPANY FOR A ONE-DAY SALE OF SAMPLE POCKET CUTLERY, KNIVES BEING SOLD TO CUSTOMERS RIGHT FROM THE WINDOW.

customers were assured that many of the samples were being sold at half regular price.

The window was simply arranged, the knives being shown with blades open. Boxes covered with black cloth and made into the form of three steps were used for the display.

An interesting detail about this display is the aluminum painted log chain border about the large sign in the back of the window. This is just a little hardware touch that carries with it the impression of heavier goods.

There isn't any great amount of work represented in this display. Its simplicity makes copying an easy matter. You or one of your clerks can do it as easily as falling off a log.

GETTING STARTED

The only hard thing about any special sale is getting started. Once you're off, a stone wall can't stop you. Don't think this proposition over. The man who stops to think things over usually gravitates to the sunny side of the grocery store with his jack-knife and his cronies. It's better to be out on the firing line with your customers.

Follow one special thing after another. When that knife sale you are going to pull off has fattened your batting average just throw your energies into something special in housefurnishings. By the time the smoke of that proposition settles, get out on the cinder path with roller skates or poultry netting. It doesn't make much difference what you push as long as you refuse to be dragged. The world has a way of liking a bell cow.

A LINE ON LUCK

Luck can't dominate you or your business. The minute you think it does you will begin to tell the traveling men that business is rotten, and that line of talk won't sell jack-knives. The only thing pessimism ever bought is slow music and a ride in the hearse. Optimism cuts corners in a taxi, but even optimism keeps a weather eye on the clock.

Sales started to-day don't bring profits until to-morrow. Chance may bring you a fair business. Energy thrown into any one department of a hardware store is a clincher for returns. There's no maybe about it. It's all up to you. Not to-morrow; not the next day—but now.

Saddlery Symptoms

HORSE sense and nonsense have been in a tug-of-war for several years. Horse sense has maintained that the four-cylinder old nag that furnished motive power for the "one-horse shay" would be with us always. Nonsense has just as stoutly insisted that the automobile has Dobbin on the run with his tongue hanging out a rod.

Statistics are something we hate worse than a politician does direct primaries, but they are pills we must swallow, so let's pucker up our faces and call for a tablet of horse medicine. The particular pill I want you to swallow has been prepared from estimates in the Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture, which is near enough to the realm of Dr. Wiley to pass pure-food inspection.

READY?—SWALLOW

The number of horses in the United States in 1900 was nearly 14,000,000.

The number of horses in the United States in 1910 was nearly 30,000,000.

The increase in the number of horses in the United States in the past ten years was over 100 per cent.

The increase during 1909 was about 400,000.

The average value of the horse in the United States in 1900 was \$44.61 each.

The average value of the horse in the United States in 1909 was \$95.64 each.

The average value of the horse in the United States in 1910 was \$108.19 each.

The increase in value per head in the past ten years was 150 per cent.

The increase in value per head in 1909 was \$12.55.

The total worth of horses in the United States in 1900 was nearly \$1,000,000,000.

The total worth of horses in the United States in 1910 was over \$3,000,000,000.

The increase in value of horse population in the past ten years was 200 per cent.

Why doubt the future of the horse?

THERE—HERE'S YOUR SUGAR

Even a poor doctor wouldn't ask a man to take bitter medicine without a spoonful of something to take the taste out of his mouth. The sweets that follow those horse statistics are in the harness possibilities in our stores.

When I saw those horse figures my face slipped out of joint, and I concluded that they were meant for some poor sucker who ran a harness shop. The slip lay on my desk until some one came along, and it reminded him to ask me if the hardware merchant sold harness. As I thought over the harness departments I have visited in hardware stores this past year, my answer was necessarily "Yes." The morning mail brought me two fine photographs of hardware harness departments and the noon mail a letter on the subject.

It seemed to be a subject I couldn't get away from, so I tackled our catalogue racks for further information. The results were a revelation even to a man who has spent his life in the hardware business. Twenty of our leading jobbers devote 2806 pages of their regular catalogues to the saddlery department. This is an average of 140 pages, and we know those jobbers just well enough to realize that they are not fishing in an empty pond. Some hardware men are going after that bait, and from some of the things that are happening I know that they are not being hooked and cooked as a result.

SPARKS FROM A LIVE WIRE

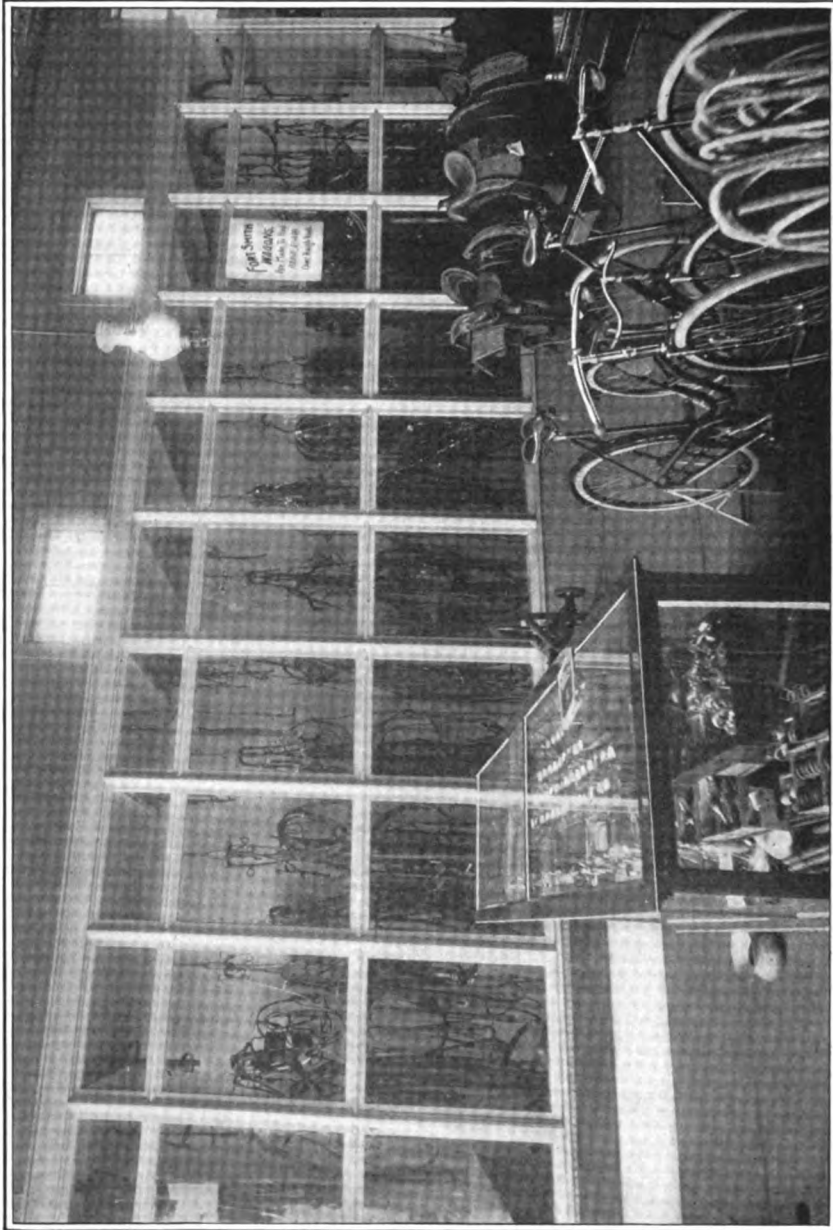
F. S. Reed, manager of the Harry Mead hardware store at Vinita, Okla., is one of our number who realizes the possibilities of saddlery as a side issue in the hardware store. We recently wrote Mr. Reed about this interesting department in the store he manages, and his letter is so straight from the shoulder on this subject that I want to share it with you. At the same time we are here illustrating two pictures of the harness department in the Mead store. They are models, and this saddlery corner is one of the most interesting sections in a hardware store that is loaded to the muzzle with merchandise and methods well worth our attention. Mr. Reed writes us as follows:

The size of our glass-walled harness room is 8x6x32 ft. As to the methods employed in selling our harness, we must confess that *we have spent less in advertising our harness than in any other line we handle*. Since we have been in Vinita we have only sent out one letter or circular on our harness and, unfortunately, we have no copy of it. We have *depended almost entirely upon our display to call the attention of the public*, and to date we must say that it has been *most satisfactory*.

We are a new concern in this city, but we believe that we have sold as much or more harness since we have been here as any other dealer, and there are two shops handling harness exclusively. *Any dealer handling implements, vehicles, etc., is making a mistake when he does not add a small line of harness to his stock*, and we believe that in a great many cases *the dealer who only handles hardware will find it very profitable to handle a small line of harness*.

We do not believe that we have a line in the house, considering capital invested and the expense of selling, that makes more money for us than the harness line. We try to sell only lines which we know are good and that we can guarantee. When a piece shows flanky we do not hesitate in replacing it.

We have always made it a rule in our business, when we guarantee an article, to stand by it, regardless of what it may cost, and while in some instances a set of harness may have been put to use it was not intended for, at the same time we believe it means money to us in the long run.



SECTION OF THE SADDLERY DEPARTMENT OF THE HARRY MEAD HARDWARE COMPANY, VINITA, OKLA. THIS STORE IS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CLASS OF INSTITUTIONS THAT MAKE THE HARDWARE STORE AN ALL-IMPORTANT PLACE IN TOWNS OF THE MIDDLE WEST.

As I said before, we have depended more on our display and an attractive line than upon anything else—we believe harness well shown is half sold.

There have been a number of months this season when we have averaged more than a set of harness per day, and during one month we averaged selling practically two sets per day.

ELECTRICITY FROM MINNESOTA

C. M. Johnson, Rush City, Minn., is one of those hardwaremen up in the Northwest who hits the grit for all there is in it. Systematizing his stock and his selling methods to such a nicety that every effort shows a result, this energetic merchant is constantly reaching the limit of sales on certain lines in his community and reaching out for new lines that fit in, without jumping his overhead expense.

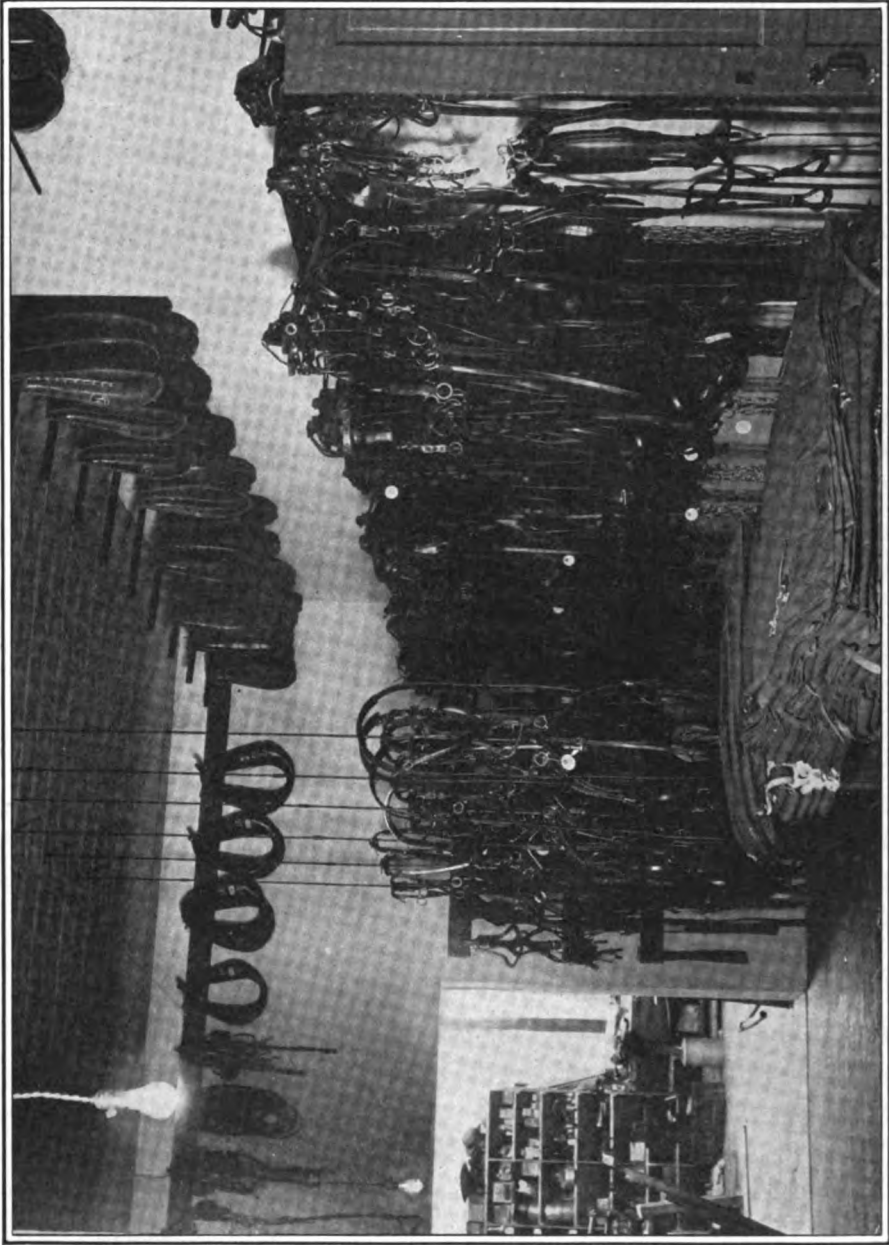
This merchant coupled up to a harness department a few years ago, and by selling the kind of goods that wear well has built up an exceptionally fine trade. His system is to buy goods which have distinctive features. His stock is stamped with an individuality. This is brought out by some special style of trim or of cut of straps. His harness has become known in the country about Rush City, and as quality is an absolute essential in the harnesses that go into Johnson's stock, they have created additional business of the right sort for other departments of his store.

"Buy often from a factory who will give quality and prompt shipment" is Mr. Johnson's advice to the store starting into this line. A good assortment for even a farming community need tie up but a small capital, and ten or a dozen sets of harness, surrounded by smaller bits of saddlery, will soon hitch you up to a proposition that will pull its share of your business burden.

A harness stock will soon teach you the accessories necessary to carry in your particular community—collar pads, straps, whips, robes, jacks, rings, bits, spurs, fancy bridles, halters, horse clippers and a world of other things fit in around this harness stock and will prove a money-maker for any man who tackles it.

TOBY'S BIRTHDAY

Last fall I dropped into the village of Princeton, Minn., which long since recovered from the shock of my birth. Up in Princeton I used to own part interest in a small bay pony and if ever a pony was overworked it was that one. Three brothers and a whole flock of neighbors' kids claimed a part of that diminutive horse, and from sunrise in the morning until moonrise at night he cantered to the changing moods of kiddom. If we rode him all day and then hitched him to a long string of handsleds for an evening's fun, that pony just seemed to enjoy it and as a reward he was trimmed with tassels, his tail was decorated with a bright nickel-plated band and the lines that ran from his fancy bit went through rings of many colors.



A MODEL HARNESS ROOM IN THE GREAT POTATO BELT. THE EVANS HARDWARE COMPANY, PRINCETON, MINN., HAS LONG RECOGNIZED SADDLERY AS AN ESSENTIAL SIDE ISSUE TO ITS HARDWARE AND IMPLEMENT BUSINESS.

Christmas and the birthday of that half-sized horse were marked by offerings of sweets and presents of all kinds. A new halter, a blanket, a pad or a surcingle always came to Toby as a present, and one of our sources of supply was the harness room down in Ed. Evan's hardware store.

CHANGES IN THE OLD TOWN

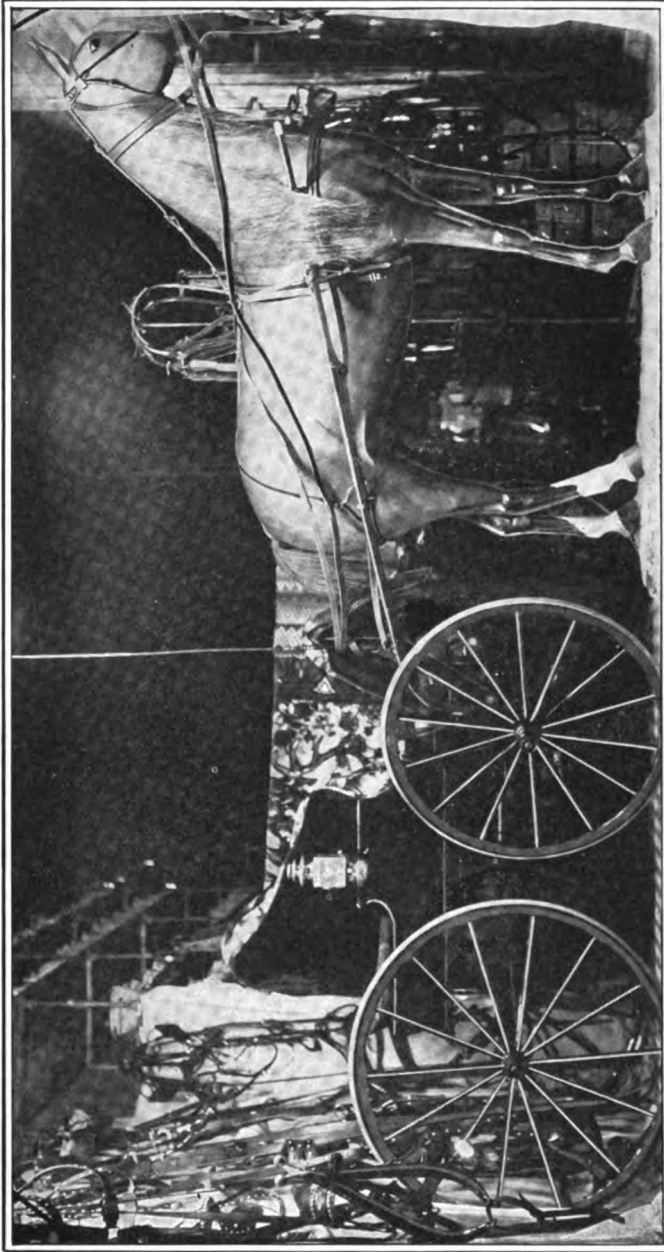
Well, when I was at Princeton last fall one of my first pleasures was to visit the Evans Hardware Company's store. During the years I had been away, the country about Princeton had yielded to the stubbornness of the axe-armed, plow-supported Swede who infests that section and, as in most things, the Scandinavian did the job up brown. Familiar old pine slashings had been converted into neat and well-kept farms. Tangles of swamp tamarack had been cut, corded and sold, and the well-drained meadows of waving grass didn't look at all like the place where I had hunted cotton-tail and snowshoe rabbits.

A lot of things around that old town had been changed without anyone consulting me, and I felt like the homesick prodigal coming home to a rented house from which the old folks have moved. I used to know every man, woman and child; dog, horse and fish pond within ten miles of that town, but folks up there had been so busy landscape gardening among the Irish lemons that they had forgotten the long-armed, short-sleeved kid who used to sell them hardware and harness.

EARMARKS OF ED. EVANS' OLD STORE

I lonesomed around town looking for familiar sights a short time, and to shake the despondency headed for Ed. Evans' store. In the bright new enlarged stock I saw earmarks of the man who used to conduct a dandy small store. The few sample stoves shining and glittering out of the past had grown to a row that denoted car shipments. The paints, oils and varnishes that used to occupy a small neat table in the old store had jumped to a department worthy of the man that made it. Builders' hardware, cutlery, kitchen utensils, and tools, all showed the result of Ed. Evans' determination, and though decidedly grown-up, they bore a strong family resemblance to the neat little store I had known as a kid.

Back in one corner was the harness department—neat rows of single, double, light and heavy harness, piles of blankets and robes, a rack of whips and a case of tempting trimmings. Say, it looked like an old friend, for though that department has grown in business the stock has been kept pretty much down to the original limits. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer with a gift of gab longer than Jack Johnson's reach to convince the hardware stores in Minnesota that harness is not hardware, and that conviction goes right on out through the Northwest to the coast.



"LET ME HELP YOU IN." A WINDOW DISPLAY OF THE ABERDEEN HARDWARE COMPANY, ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA, THAT IS SURELY A TEMPTATION TO HORSE LOVERS.

TEMPTING DISPLAY IN SOUTH DAKOTA STORE

A rubber-tired temptation is what we ought to call the window display of the Aberdeen Hardware Company, Aberdeen, S. D., which is here illustrated. It certainly looks like an invitation for one of those good old rides that take place in daylight. The gumbo soil of certain parts of South Dakota has done much to keep the horse popular in this great prairie state. The manager of the Aberdeen hardware store says that harness and hardware have been driving double so long in South Dakota that they don't dare to separate the team.

As an illustration of horse popularity in the West, it is well to note that the country once famous for tendering necktie parties to horse thieves has failed up to date to extend like courtesies to an automobile thief. What these natives would do to a country hardware merchant who forgot to stock horse blankets, however, I wouldn't care to say.

RED INK ENTRY OF A FULL-SIZED POSSIBILITY

Now, you may live a long ways from South Dakota, and the fun hardware-men have out there may be to you a mighty serious matter. If life happens to hit you that way and you really want to couple up to a side issue with full-sized possibilities, give this line some good consideration. If your stock is in such condition that you can't take it on right now, make a red-ink entry in your notebook and let spring find you on the job with whips, flynets, harness and lap robes.

If your harness department is a brand new issue and you want advice from men who have been through the mill, write your Assistant Manager and find out if he's earning that \$2 a year you are paying him. No one ever cashed in on a good idea that was never put to work. You possess just as much ability as hundreds of other hardwaremen who are making their harness departments winners from the word go. It's one of the ways to get action on your surplus energy. You don't want anything better than to grow with the horse. He's going some right now.

Sailors, Scissors and Sales

SIX pins and a fish hook were the treasures I paid one eventful Saturday afternoon to hear, for the first time, the name of the great state to be mentioned frequently in this story. I was just old enough to appreciate fully that the "Young Boa" was a harmless garter snake, that the "Raging Wild Cat" was a stray Tom, that the pink mice had been kalsomined and that the rest of the hair-raising menagerie was made to order.

I didn't mind in the least the parting with those pins, for mother's old red pin cushion was always a sure source of supply, but that fish hook was entirely a different matter. It was a brand new Limerick, and with the spring run of pickerel and an occasional muskalonge around the old mill dam, this change of ownership was no small matter.

THE CIRCUS THAT WAS WORTH A FISH HOOK

The boxing match, in the first act, between Corbett and Sullivan drew some applause. The victory of the red-headed kid who occupied the much coveted wagon seat over the winner of this event, was an unexpected surprise even to the management. Little Eva in the Uncle Tom's Cabin act was great, and the demonstration of the hangman's knot by a boy who choked with his feet secure on a soap box, won more applause and a feeling that we had our pins' worth.

The real act of that afternoon was heralded when the stage manager swept clear about ten feet of barn floor and sprinkled it with sand as he announced the imported act, brought to us only by untiring effort on his part and fish hooks on ours. The orchestra of jew's-harps, mouth organs and paper-covered combs played the overture, and the new kid dressed in real tights and dancing shoes stepped over the assorted lanterns which made up the footlights of our stage. One foot keeping perfect time with the other and both about a minute ahead of the music, this freckled-faced, gorgeous newcomer danced the first clog many of us had ever seen, and graciously responded to our thunderous applause by singing in a high piping voice a song entitled "Roosters, They Lay Eggs in Kansas." Carried away by the glory of it, I forgot the fish hook I had so recklessly squandered and added to my slowly increasing vocabulary the word Kansas.

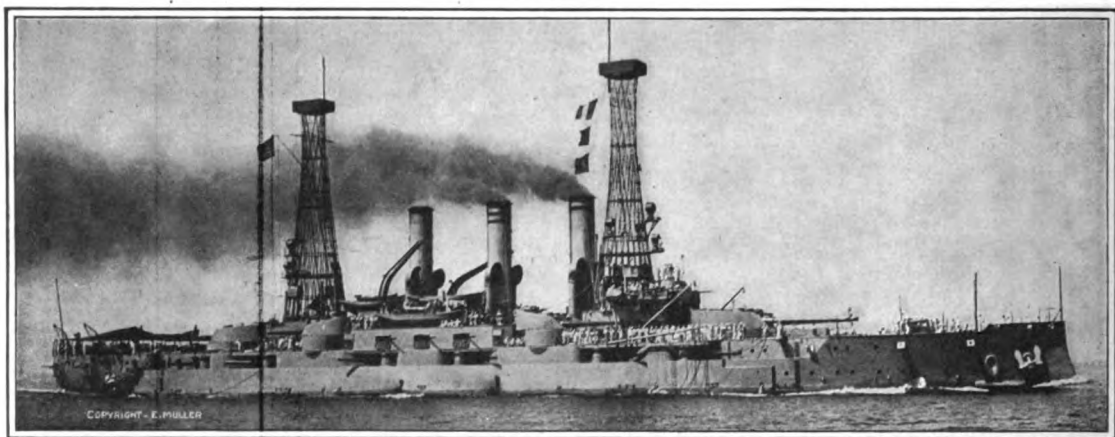
KANSAS AND ROOSTER EGGS

Later I learned that Kansas was a great state. A patient schoolma'am spent weeks teaching me its boundaries and its resources. These I promptly

forgot, but in the lapse of years which now separate me from those days, I have never once forgotten that crazy song.

When the newspapers were full of Carrie Nation's hatchet events down in Kansas, I coupled them with rooster eggs. One day I read that Farmer Bryan was to make a political speech in one of the cities of that commonwealth, and almost instinctively I felt that the great commoner would speak on the subject of eggs—rooster eggs.

In 1906 the United States Government put the stamp of its approval on a new battleship. The fighting machine was 450 feet in length, 76 feet 10 inches beam, 24 feet 6 inches draft. Its engines were capable of exerting 19,545 hp. Its speed was better than 18 knots. Its coal capacity was enormous, and



THE BATTLESHIP KANSAS, A POWERFUL TYPE OF WARSHIP, NOW BEING REPLACED BY DREADNOUGHTS. EVERY SAILOR ON THIS SHIP RECEIVED A PAIR OF THE SCISSORS MENTIONED IN THIS STORY.

armed with four torpedo tubes and a main battery of four 12-inch, eight 8-inch and twelve 7-inch guns she naturally looked good to Uncle Sam.

Some little armor plate went into that boat—9-inch steel armor sides, 12-inch turrets and 10-inch barbette. It would take something stronger than a high-power sporting rifle to puncture those walls. The decks were made of armor plate 3 inches thick. I read these things with no small interest. I learned that the new monster of the United States navy was manned by 41 officers and 815 men and that she had been christened the Kansas. True to my old train of thought I concluded that the Kansas would be a hard egg to crack.

THE WILL OF THE WOMEN IN KANSAS

In 1907 the Kansas was one of the sixteen fighting ships to steam round the world under the Stars and Stripes. Cold chills of patriotism scurried up and down us as we spoke of her as one of the most formidable fighting machines ever floated but that was back in 1907. Since then the "Dreadnoughts" have

loomed up in the navies of the world, and ships like the Delaware, which recently represented the United States at King George's coronation events, have caused the Kansas to be more or less forgotten.

This may be the general light in which to look at this, but it isn't like folks down Kansas way. The battleship is still theirs, and every man aboard is by at least adoption a native of Kansas. It seems that these tars of the navy are not only called upon to scrap for you and me in time of war but in times of peace they must darn their own socks and mend their own clothes. That may seem just like the right sort of a thing to people living in a seaport town but not so to the motherly lot of women down in Kansas.

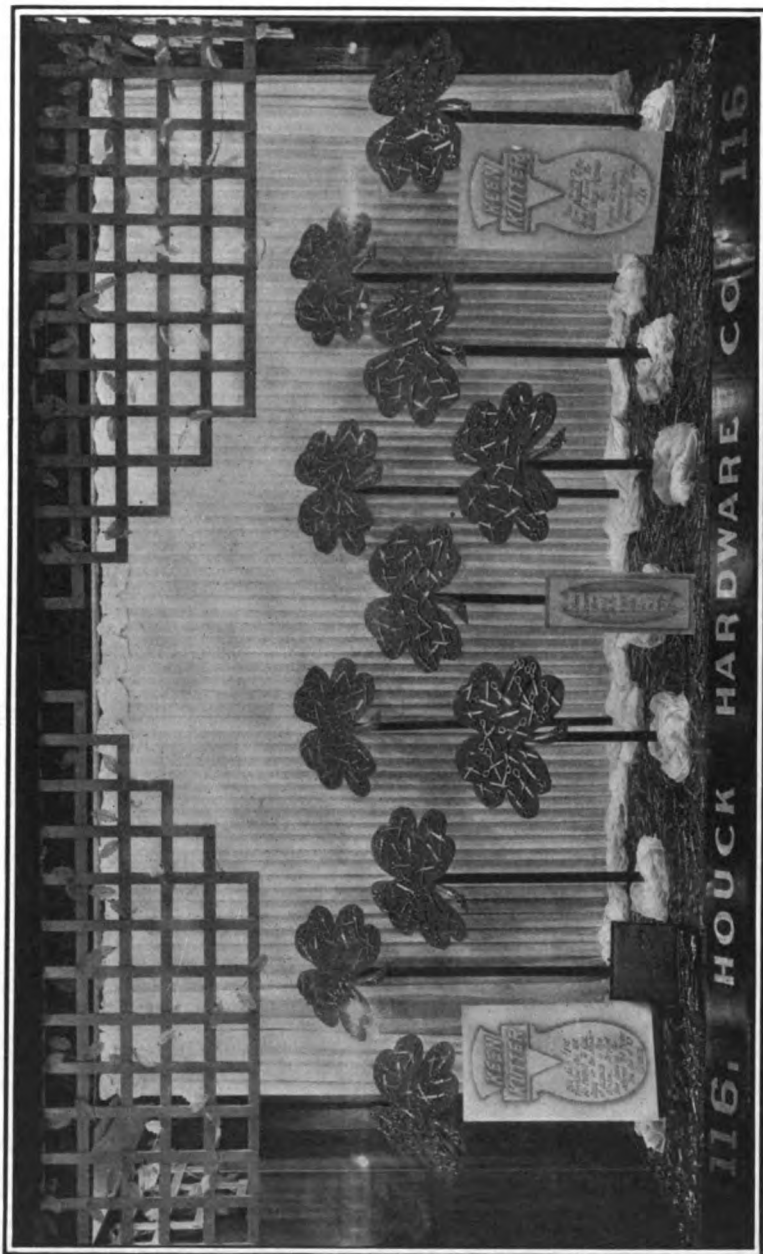


DREADNOUGHT DELAWARE, WHICH WAS COMMISSIONED TO REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN CONNECTION WITH THE CORONATION.

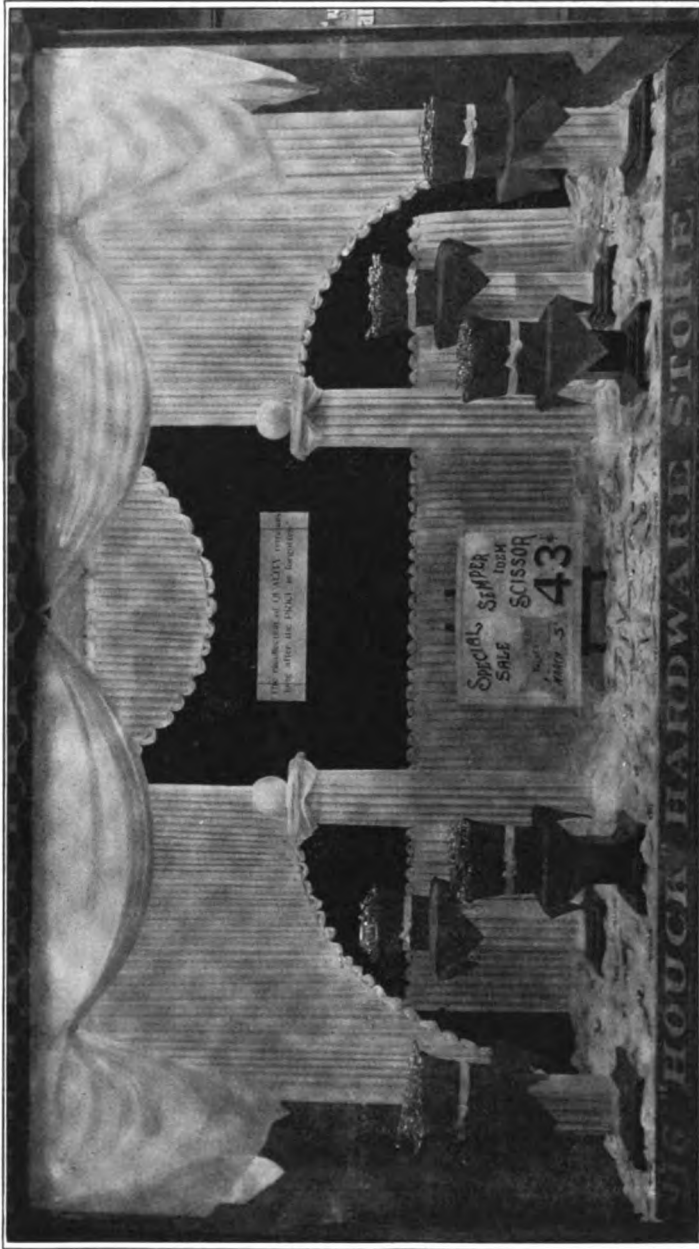
No, indeed! You could start out any afternoon down in Kansas and find old ladies who would lay aside their own knitting to darn sox for the sailors of the Kansas, but being separated by more or less water and a goodly strip of land from the object of their affection this is impracticable.

SOME SCISSORS SALE

Some good women would have quit with the wishing, but not in Kansas. A short time ago the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Women's Relief Corps coupled up with the G. A. R. boys in that state and decided that if they couldn't darn sox for the sailors on the Kansas they could at least put modern machinery in the hands of the fighting men. Straightaway a committee waited on the Houck Hardware Company, of Wichita, Kan., and, after getting the shear man's advice and seeing the samples, bought scissors for the sewing kits of every mother's son of a sailor on their boat. They went to Houck's because that store shows scissors at certain regular intervals and has that community trained to think about that store as scissors headquarters.



WITH THE TALL BUNCHES OF CLOVER AT THE BACK OF THIS FIELD HOUCK HARDWARE COMPANY, WICHITA, KANSAS, MADE THE MOST OF THEIR IMMENSE SALE OF SCISSORS THAT WENT TO THE SEWING KITS OF THE BATTLESHIP KANSAS.



THE HOUCK SCISSORS DISPLAY THAT SOLD AS MANY SCISSORS IN A WEEK AS ARE USUALLY SOLD IN SIX MONTHS. THE BASKETS WERE COVERED WITH BLACK CLOTH AND TIED WITH WHITE RIBBONS. FALSE BOTTOMS NEAR THE TOP OF THESE BASKETS REDUCED THE NUMBER OF SCISSORS NECESSARY FOR A BIG DISPLAY.

Now, the sale of a few hundred pairs of round point scissors of the better grades doesn't happen every day in a retail hardware store, and the boys in Houck's store were surely wise to this fact and determined to use its selling power for everything there was in sight.

A FOUR LEAF CLOVER WINDOW DISPLAY

The scissors were artistically displayed on stands representing four-leaf clovers. These stands were cut out of heavy board and covered with rich green cloth. The bottom of the window was filled with the scissors and with the longest stemmed clovers at the back of the window and with some well-written show cards on either side and in the center, these goods were an attraction for some time before going to the man-o'-war's men.

All around it made a busy, interesting, profitable week and the value of the Kansas scissor window will be an ad for Houck for time to come.

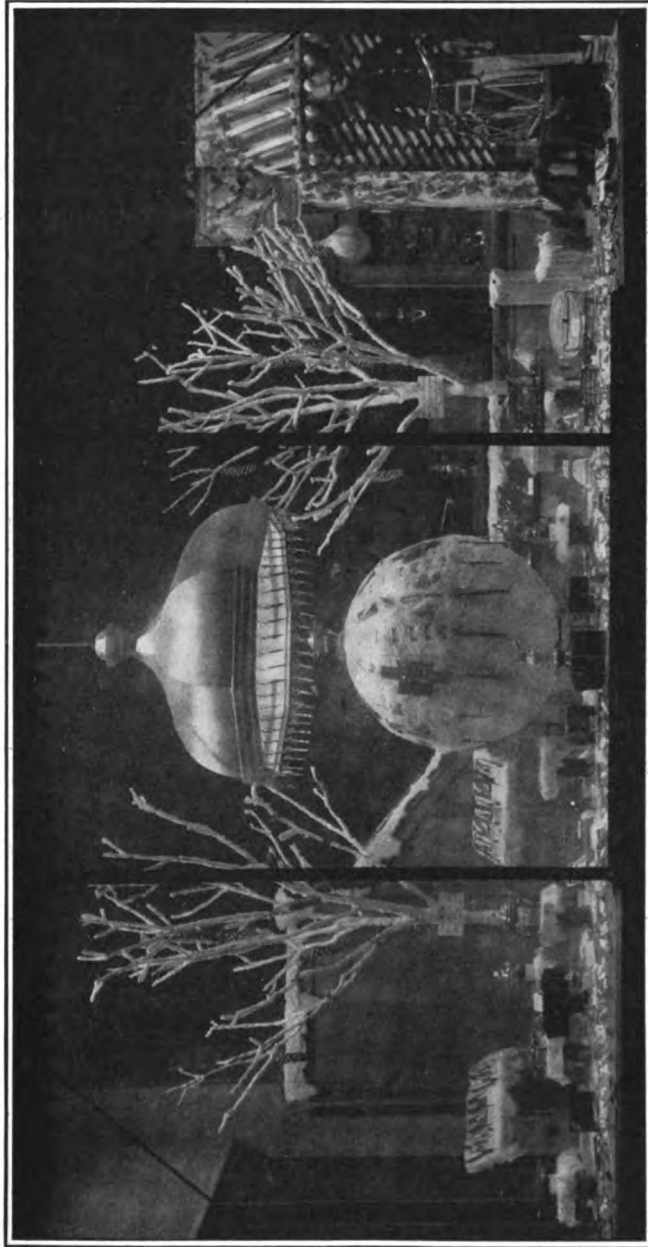
POINTERS TO POCKET FOR FUTURE USE

There are a few pointers about this state that we ought to pocket for future use. One of them is to nail our local opportunities. It would have been easy for the Houck Hardware Company to have made direct shipment of that lot of scissors. When I was in Montana I once sold a range at a delivered price in Norway but I made a direct shipment. If I had known of Houck's system you bet I would have used that stove for a window display for a week before it started. Every good hardware store makes special sales of a special nature on special occasions, but it's seldom they are turned into special channels of profit. Nine out of ten pairs of scissors are sold to ladies visiting our stores. We can touch up the limit of our ability in tasty case or window displays of these goods with no danger of customer criticism and you and I know that the profit warrants the spending of a little money to create scissors sales.

BARRETT HARDWARE COMPANY'S CORN CURE

Scissors are so very seasonable every day in the year that we are apt to forget their right to something special, just as we are apt to forget staid friends who are always at our shoulder for the flash of new friendships worth infinitely less. Scissors and shears are in this class. They are always in the showcase and to us often become such a common sight that their beauty, their worth and their special sale value are taken too much as a matter of course. Some cold day we wake up to the fact that the lowly competitor in a drug or cigar store has slid something over on us by a special boosting of these everyday old friends.

It's quite possible this shoe fits, and if it pinches just pay special attention to Barrett's Corn Cure. The Barrett Hardware Company, Joliet, Ill., is probably one of the best known retail hardware stores in the United States. Their



A BARRETT BACKGROUND THAT MADE SCISSORS SEASONABLE. ONE OF THOSE IMMENSE SIMPLE DISPLAYS THAT SWEEP THE BUYING PUBLIC OFF ITS FEET.

unusual way of doing common things has brought them unusual business from a common community—and that right under the guns of the biggest catalogue house competition in the world. When the Barretts show scissors, they don't simply lay them in the window in nice neat rows and expect business to come rushing in like a torrent.

MIXING BRAIN WORK AND MERCHANDISE

Their system is to mix brain work in with scissors. In their last year's Christmas campaign on scissors, this brain work consisted of a large ball, which was manufactured in the firm's sheet metal shop. This ball was covered with cotton batting and looked like a large snowball just as the "kids" roll when the snow is soft and sticky. More brain work consisted of two trees, barren of leaves, but covered with white cotton batting to imitate snow and placed in the window. Over the top of the big ball was a sheet of metal canopy from which many pairs of scissors were suspended. Nickel-plated ware, silverware, cutlery and other articles that are offered by an up-to-date hardware store as suitable Christmas gifts were displayed in the window. Their background made those shears especially seasonable. It would have worked on skates, sleds, silverware, tools, tinware or treadmills. Customers looked, admired, agreed that scissors were seasonable and bought. The window is gorgeous in its simplicity. It's just one of those big simple things that sweep you off your feet.

THOUGHTS THAT ARE COUPLED WITH ACTION YIELD RETURNS

The point to hitch onto is that every town can't sell scissors for the men on the Kansas. They can be sold, however, to the people in your town and these old customers of yours will begin to think of them as seasonable the minute you instill such an idea.

Newspapers do the thinking for two-thirds of the people in the world. We read the reporter's dope and unconsciously pass it out as our own. Windows and newspapers are a lot alike and your window should think shears for your community before Christmas. Don't think it over too long. With the joy oil of fall business in your joints, ACT.

Chafing Dish Pains and Pleasures

MAY be some of the fiercest stomach contractors that have ever been concocted have been thrown together on a chafing dish. One or two such mixtures have been greeted in dismal dismay by my digestive organs, and you who have decorated your insides with similar messes are probably willing to take my word for it that pepsin tablets are a great thing and quite essential to him who worships at the shrine of the Welsh Rarebit. If you wish to avoid repetitions of the painful knots paregoric used to untie for you years ago, just change your mind about giving your best girl a chafing dish until she cuts those Welsh Rarebits off the list of her endeavors. If I am ever called upon to eat another I hope it will be baked in the open and I draw the crust, for some way or another we never got on well together.

Another of the experimental torments that will probably wade through you is fudge. There are without a doubt more crimes committed against the inner man under the guise of fudge than there are coons in Indianapolis. There are two varieties of fudge, known to survivors as crumbly and sticky. The first drops to pieces like a touch-me-not and the other is a painless dentist. They are just outside the portals of possibility for ordinary digestive apparatus. One thing suggests another and we could probably go on endlessly discussing the digestive demerits of short-order lunches of this variety, but that isn't the object of this little story, which has started in such a mad scramble among the ingredients of boarding school spreads.

HURLING DEFIANCE AT LAWS OF DIGESTION

The fact of the matter is, that this old world is full of folks who hurl defiance at all natural laws supposed to govern digestion, and in a law unto themselves have taken temporary delight in chafing dishes, percolators, serving dishes, alcohol lamps, casseroles and cramps.

No man has been known to acquire gout as a result of chafing-dish diet. Perhaps that is why the demand increases and the hardware department devoted to nickel-plated copperware keeps picking up.

A CONTACT TEACHER OF HARDWARE

We owe a certain debt to these goods, and it may be just as well to take our hats off in acknowledgement here at the start. We'd rather meet a sunny disposition in a wilted collar than an ice-packed human thermos bottle in broad-

cloth, but when these two can combine into one of those delightfully agreeable fellows who talks well, acts naturally and dresses correctly, well, he's deservedly popular, and we just fall in love with him.

From mere association we learn to act better, talk better and look better and eventually feel better. Self-made men often speak of their lack of schooling. It's a common subject. They seldom speak of the lesson learned by contact. That's too sacred. I look on nickel-plated copperware as a contact teacher on hardware. We can't agree on this unless we have been educated in the same school, but it's the way I feel about men and merchandise, and it's a mighty good way to feel about either.

COPPER AND NICKLE PLATED WARE AS THE GOOD FELLOW

We are using two illustrations in this story. They are an inspiration to any man striving to make his store look less historical. In both illustrations nickel-plated copperware, and the nicer little furnishings one expects to find in such an environment, are acting as the polished fellow with very ordinary friends. Wire soap dishes, tin bread raisers, builders' hardware and tools seem to prick up their ears and pay attention to their personal appearance in the Star Hardware & Supply Company's store at Toledo, Ohio, where these pictures were taken.

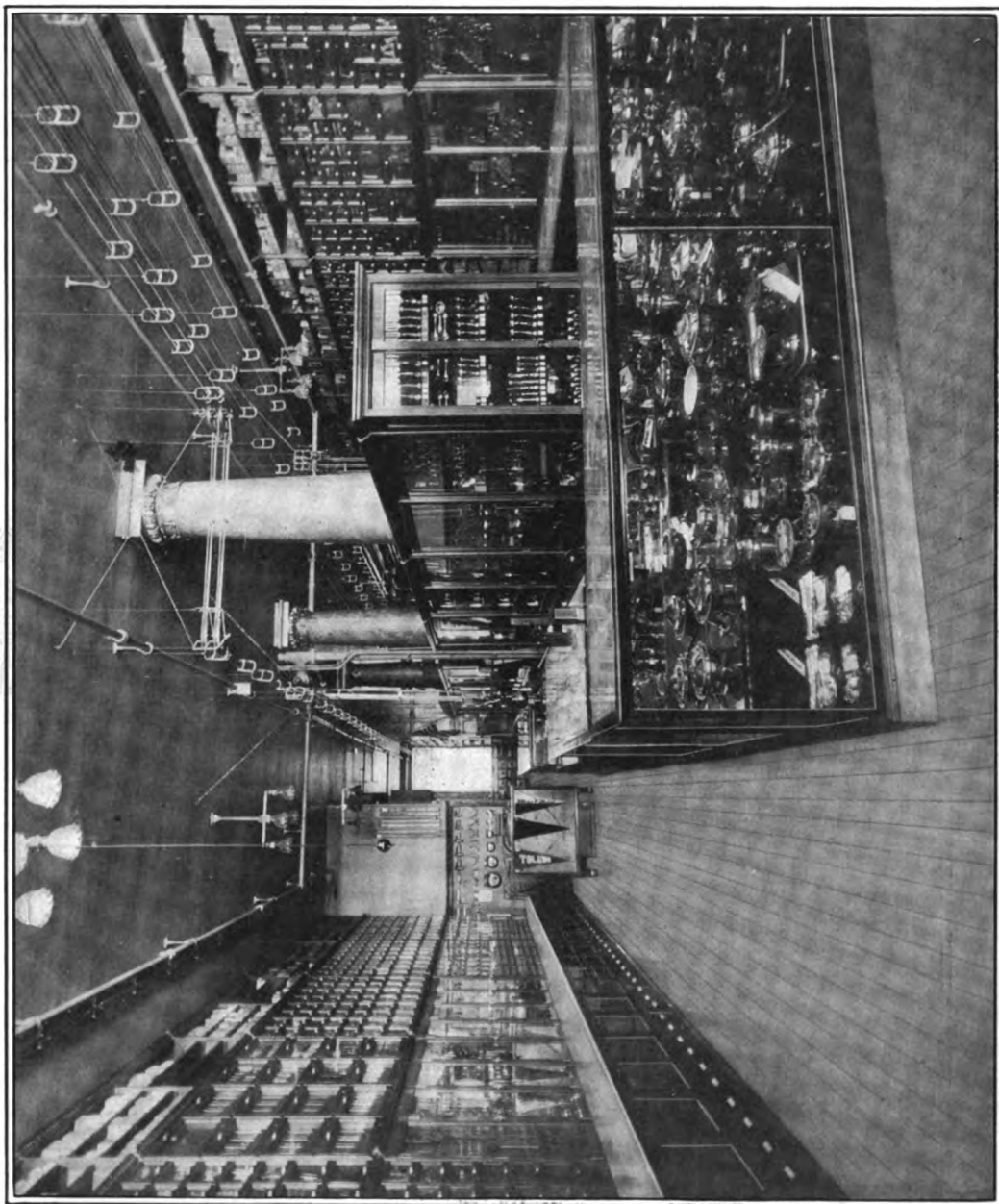
The reason is as plain as plain can be, if we but analyze the goods before us. It begins and ends in nickel-plate and copper. In the best-looking hardware stores in this country we invariably find these goods. Is it their influence that makes these stores, or is it because men who manage such institutions are of the fiber that blends with such surroundings? I am willing to split the honors.

A man in overalls seldom applies for the cashier's job, and I believe you will agree that dull goods, for which the name hardware was originated, do not hold that power of attraction found in the splendid additions most of us have witnessed.

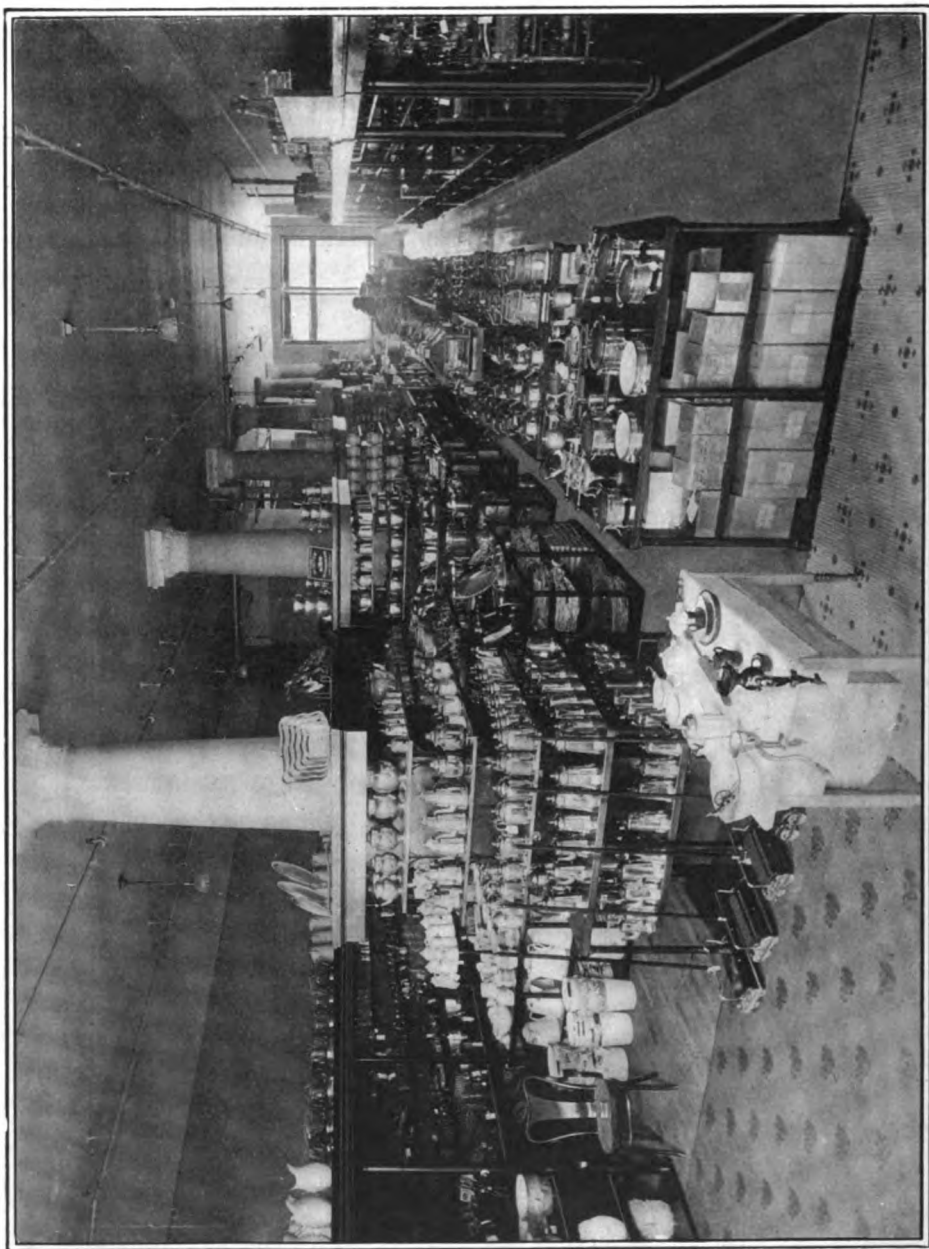
A SHOW CASE THAT CRACKED A CAST IRON SHELL

They say a well-dressed man is apt to live up to his clothes, and this is more true with stores than it is with men. There is a place for pride in every store. Some owners take it out in window displays, some in newspaper advertisements, some in prompt deliveries and others in hot air. Personally, I'm an advocate of displays, for I firmly believe that beautiful surroundings lend an enthusiasm to the working force that can be obtained in no other way.

Not long ago I trimmed a window and a showcase in one of the dirtiest little hardware stores on the map. In the showcase we used some of the nickel-plated ware found collecting dust on a slivery old shelf. Cleaned, polished and on display, those goods reminded me of the release of a nightingale that had been refused the God-given privilege of song. Bits of beauty on the green



SHOW CASE OF CHAFING DISHES OCCUPIES A PROMINENT PLACE IN MAIN STOREROOM OF STAR HARDWARE & SUPPLY COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO.



THE ATTRACTIVE HOUSE FURNISHINGS DEPARTMENT OF THE STAR HARDWARE & SUPPLY COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

background of a well-washed case, these goods, that began with a teapot and ended with a covered casserole from a carried-over Christmas stock, burst into a song which cracked the cast-iron shell of the owner of that hardware store and put him to work making over the place.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF DOING THINGS

I tell you what, boys, clean bits of pretty hardware well displayed will have their direct and immediate effect on you and your customers.

Of course, some men are making money in shabby-looking shops, but they are no great credit to themselves or their community if dirt and work must be coupled to make money. We admire the motive that makes a boy pick his nose, but we would rather see him use his handkerchief. But say, we're getting away from chafing dishes, and every girl from 15 to 50 wants one. That's reason enough to come back to the subject.

BEST SALES ARE NOT MADE FROM CATALOGUES

There's bound to be a lot of things made on chafing dishes which will never be mentioned in the cook book, and one of those things is money. That suits us to a T. We would rather enter such items on the cash book, and these goods are making such entries in the books of the better stores. The best selling season begins the week before Thanksgiving and gains power every day until Christmas. Good displays require goods in stock and the best sales are not made from catalogues.

I've just moved to New York and rented a house over on the Jersey side, where its quiet is only broken by mosquitoes reported to be the size of humming birds. There's confusion in that description, but a worse one in our temporary quarters, where we tackle an occasional meal prepared on a chafing dish. At that, we're glad we own one, and if it were lost to-morrow I would drop into a hardware store and buy another. A window display, I remember having seen about a month ago, tells me just exactly what hardware store would get the business.

Woodenware Winnings

MODERN hardware has put a kink in a lot of the goods our daddies used to sell, and many items that were the pride of their day have now taken their way to the junk heap. The builders' cast iron hardware of fifty years ago looks to us like a pretty punk product. In the pattern and finish of these old goods, we see but little to establish relationship with the splendid product coming from our factories. The style, the finish, the material and the method of packing have changed completely.

The old heating stove looks like a conundrum in castings; nails have long ceased to be hand hammered, and the making and the changes in vehicles, tools, arms and action, have completely remodeled most hardware stores. The changes have been so numerous that it would be superfluous splashing of ink to enumerate them. In most cases new goods have put their predecessors completely out of business. Such items as were not sold in a rush by the merchant with his weather eye open, have been preserved at the back of shelving and carefully protected from frontal attack of over-zealous salesmen by a wall of new goods.

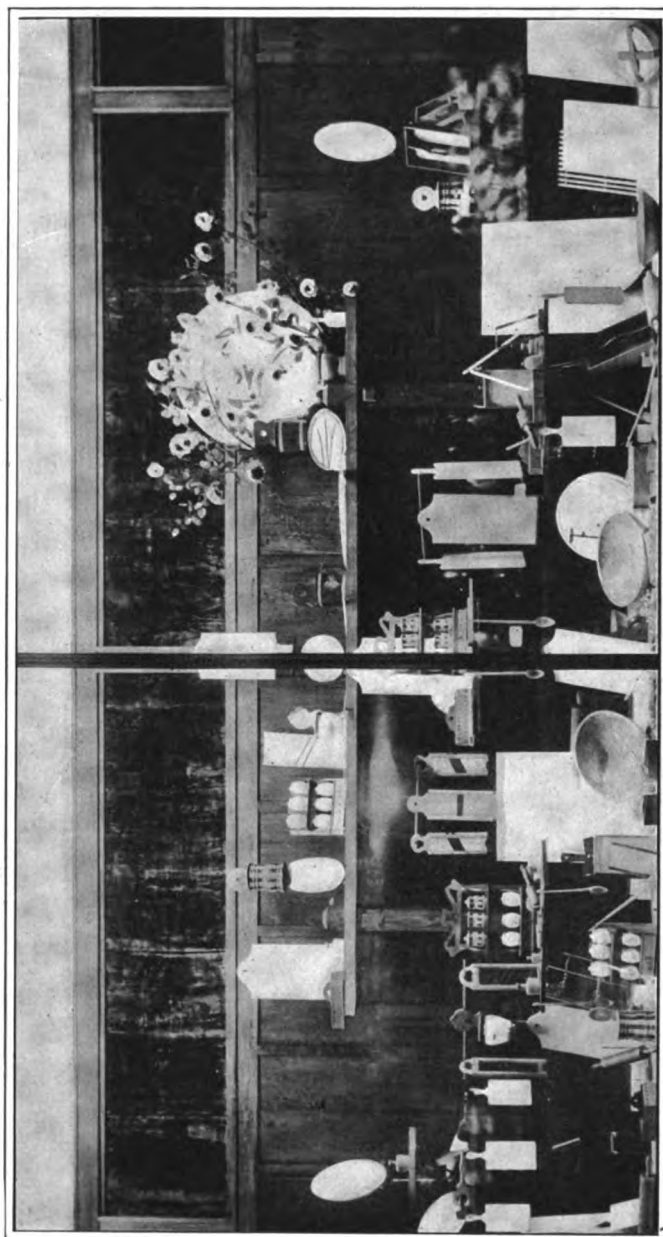
INSTANCES OF GOODS THAT REFUSE TO BE PENSIONERS

There are rare instances, governed mostly by women, and found mostly in that department devoted to house furnishings, where old goods have refused to be side-tracked and ably supported by these loyal adherents are still sellers worthy of a lot of attention. You can remember only too well instances of loyalty to the Bread Raiser. We have sold the Bread Mixers which were the pride of our own well-equipped kitchens, to old ladies who bared muscular arms, grown strong over the kneading board, and looked with such suspicion on the new-fangled contraption that it didn't have a look in. We have seen these same mixers tested and side-tracked by prejudice.

The crack bread-maker of your community, backed by County Fair blue ribbons on bread making, is not to be disputed when she hurls forth the challenge that her way is good enough, and it will be a long time before Bread Mixers, good as they may be, will eliminate the sale of Bread Raisers.

There are still strong advocates of the old cast flat-iron, but they are not always so *still* at that.

The washing machine comes about as near being supreme in its field as any of the new goods, still there are women that hang to the old wash-board and break their backs accordingly.



WOODENWARE WINDOW EXHIBIT OF L. S. DONALDSON COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS.

The glass rolling pin has tried to side-track the old reliable wooden weapon of the housewife without very marked success. The food-chopper, or meat-grinder, has failed to grind up the selling power of wooden chopping bowls and chopping knives.

We will be selling woodenware until the cows come home and the sooner we wake up to the fact that discontinuing our stock of wooden tubs is not going to break the demand, the healthier will be our bankroll.

LIKE GOLD, IT'S WHERE YOU FIND IT

In almost any hardware store in the country is a well-diversified line of woodenware. The hunt locating this woodenware may take you to a half dozen different parts of the store, but it is there just the same, and when brought together in one place it makes a fellow throw up his hands and say, "Holy Moses! I had no idea such a stock was in this store." A well-posted old prospector has said that "gold is where you find it"; and the same can be truthfully said of woodenware. It is where you find it—any old place in the store, upstairs, downstairs or in the basement. The principal reason of poor sales on this line of goods is because they are so badly scattered. When brought together one piece of goods can lend its selling force and help a poor companion along the route to the consumer.

A BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY OF VERY COMMON GOODS

One of the best displays of goods of this nature I have ever seen was made in the windows of the L. S. Donaldson Company, Minneapolis, Minn., last fall. It is here reproduced. This window is one of the kind that will fit into any place, any size or any town. Look carefully over the goods in this display. Fully two-thirds of the articles used are in your store, and this display, beautiful as it is, can easily be made by any of your employees. Not a single item in this window display is of the kind that pays a small profit. They are the kind of goods that we want to push for they make us real money in a hurry.

SPLILT MILK AND GOOD OMENS

Many of the modern substitutes for good old woodenware have unfortunately become knockers. "Warped opinion" causes more trouble than merited complaint. The man who just thinks he's hurt, yells louder than the fellow with a crushed toe. A boy does more crying on the way to a whipping than during the tanning period itself. We are all apt to get into pessimistic shoes unless we keep our toes spread and our eyes open for good omens.

Many good sellers in the old woodenware stock are meeting rivals among new goods made of other materials, but we are not going to waste our good energy splashing salt water on our cheeks about it. Among the good omens,

we see the manufacturer of woodenware rolling up his sleeves and putting out new goods that are bound to be sellers. Many of them are old things in new style and others are brand new ideas that will make anyone from a wooden-shoed Hollander up to a modern hardware merchant sit up and take notice.

Before the heavy fall selling season comes on, fellows, let us get a little better line on the woodenware in our stores. There is more of it than we suppose. Lend it a lump of your good will and the profit will build up a bulwark hard for new goods of other material to surmount. Sum the proposition up from every angle and we find that a blockhead is the only stumbling block to good sales on this class of merchandise. A wise old chap, who was getting a line on his kraut-cutters, put me wise to the fact that it was time to write this story. I wonder how your stock is on that same item to-day.

The Peace Products of Dynamite

WAR is hell. General Sherman originated that remark and no one has ever disputed him. I am not the war correspondent of this paper and will not lead you to the sickening finish of some mad bayonet charge or up to the portals of an inferno. I just want to call your attention for a few minutes to an intimate acquaintance of both war and hell and talk about the peace products of dynamite. I know a preacher who once queered himself with the goodly people in his flock by playing ball with the village hoodlums. You know a clerk who stuck a stick into the spokes of his own fortune wheel by chumming with a bunch of paste-board artists. We are acquainted with the manager whose unsavory claim to notoriety was acquired merely because every other chorus girl in town called him by his first name.

DIFFICULTIES IN OVERCOMING PUBLIC OPINION

Environment is supposed to shape our destinies and products are as much affected as are individuals. Gossip has ruined many a man and scandal mongers have been known to slip the rollers under good merchandise. To the average man the association of dynamite, war and hell seems fitting and proper. Dynamite has been impressed upon his mind as a product purely destructive. Yell the word on a crowded corner and some one will faint; print it as the headlines of a newspaper and excited people will crowd one another like a flock of frightened sheep to buy. Paint it on a banner and start a parade and folks will climb telegraph poles to see the explosion, but endeavor to launch it as a ship of peace and you will have to fill some damsel full of mixed drinks and then blindfold her before you can get a bottle of champagne cracked on the bow and the vessel properly christened.

With this most discouraging array of things to buck, dynamite has slowly worked her way into the heart of the farmer, and is doing for him things unaccomplished by that old missionary of peace, the plow.

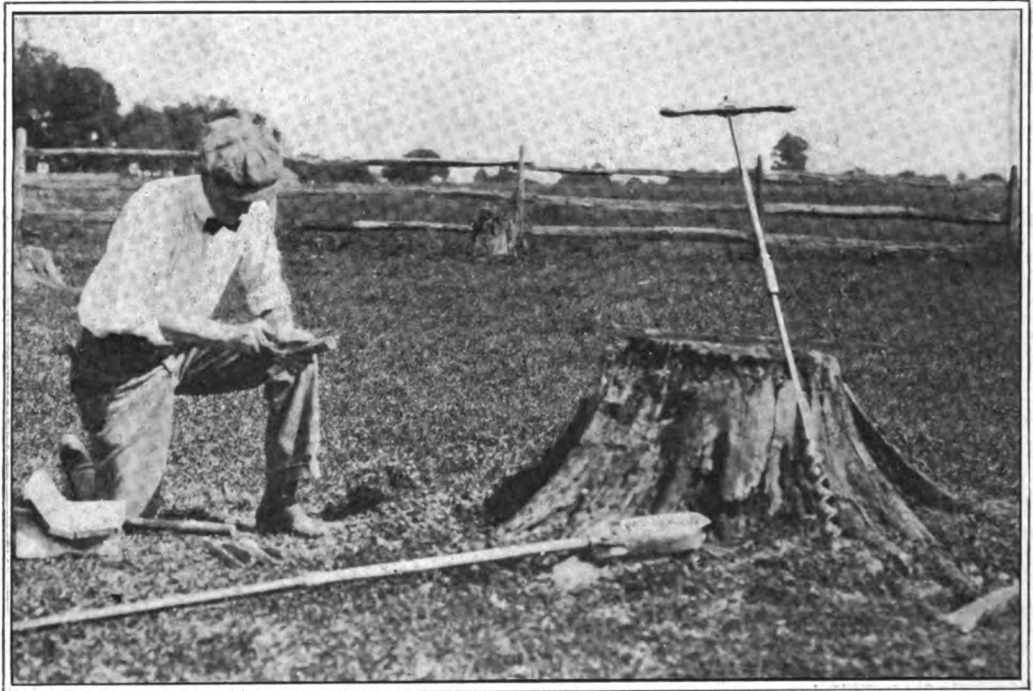
SOME INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT DYNAMITE

There are many interesting things about dynamite; some of the things we meet daily are not fully understood. For instance, that percentage of power in dynamite is based upon a comparison of strength with liquid nitroglycerine. Dynamite in itself is not dangerous to handle. It requires a drop of 30 feet to explode dynamite under favorable circumstances. Most accidents are the

result of either foolishness or carelessness. Thawing dynamite is where most accidents occur, and this work should only be attempted in some sort of a double cooker.

The great danger lies in melting when a liquid nitroglycerine, which is easily exploded, oozes out. I have heard old-time mining men state that an ordinary stick of dynamite can burn without danger, but don't take too much stock in that statement. Dynamite burns rapidly and, while there are numerous instances where it is consumed without explosion, the chances are all to the good that any energy expended in a rapid getaway will not be wasted.

The use of dynamite on the farm is increasing by leaps and bounds. Dynamite, which a few years ago was carried almost exclusively by hardware dealers



PREPARATIONS BEING MADE FOR A BLAST.

in the mining districts, is now finding a place in stores catering to agricultural trade.

THE CAUSE OF DYNAMITE HEADACHE

Many of us have experienced the frightful headache which comes from handling quantities of dynamite. I remember only too well the day I helped put a car of dynamite in our powder house. That night I came so near taking an extended journey into unknown parts that there wasn't any fun in it. The reason for this kind of sickness is simple. Nitroglycerine is a very powerful

heart stimulant and an active poison. Not only do the fumes affect one, but the skin rapidly absorbs the poison as well. This is generally where the hardware man gets it worst.

Boxes of dynamite are just the right size and weight to pile quickly and easily, and the result is usually a race against time to see how quickly the car can be unloaded. Few hardwaremen are addicted to the use of gloves and the result is that their perspiring hands, with open skin pores absorb nitroglycerine like a sponge. Rapid heart action accompanies one of these dynamite headaches. So violent is the action of the heart at such a time that it seems to jar the entire body. In the factory, men who handle dynamite, must keep re-



A FARM NEAR DULUTH, MINN., BEFORE CLEARING WITH DYNAMITE.

ligiously away from booze, the two don't mix well, not only from an explosive standpoint, but from that of general health.

LIFTING A MORTGAGE WITH DYNAMITE

The importance of dynamite to the farmer has increased rapidly in recent years. It is a well-known fact that many good farms have been deserted because hardpan was considered an obstacle that could not be overcome. Now hardpan is just good soil pressed together into a leatherly, rubbery-like mixture.

Hardpan is usually 12 to 18 inches in depth and is so hard that a steel bar has been known to break in it. A subsoil plow won't feaze hardpan, but a small charge of dynamite cracks and pulverizes it in such a manner that plant roots can go down seeking water and the hardpan itself becomes productive soil.

Some farmers have been using dynamite successfully 20 years. A large fruit farm in southern California was saved not long ago by the judicious use of dynamite. The fruit trees had prospered and brought forth fruit for a number of years, when suddenly they began to shrivel up with no apparent cause. Careful investigation brought out the fact that the roots of these trees were as cramped and crowded as a Chinese woman's foot. The dense undisturbed subsoil completely shut off the spread or penetration of the roots. Charges of dynamite were placed at regular intervals between the trees and exploded.



STUMP LAND NEAR DULUTH AFTER BEING CLEARED WITH DYNAMITE AND NOW DEVOTED TO THE RAISING OF CELERY. THE RESULT WAS A LIFE SAVER TO THE FARMER.

This orchard is now a profitable proposition and subsoil blasting is no longer an untried experiment in that part of that country.

TEACHING AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS

Planting fruit trees in holes dug by dynamite is another new and satisfactory use for dynamite. The exploded charge so completely breaks up the soil that the roots find easy penetration to nourishment and make remarkable

progress. Roots are sometimes more persistent than men, for they will go almost any distance to get water. The roots of a willow tree are known to have traveled over a mile in search of water, and when a tree of any kind is having such a scramble below the ground it isn't reasonable to expect too much in the way of visible results.

A ton of hay extracts 800 tons of moisture in its growth. Plants take the water in at one end and breathe it out at the other, and the farmer is rapidly learning that any assistance he can give nature is going to be amply rewarded. Dynamite is being used most successfully to dig ditches. In this class of work, the charges are placed at regular intervals along the line of the ditch. Fired at one central point, the explosions, being contagious, spread rapidly from one hole to another.



MODERN METHOD OF MAKING KINDLING WOOD FROM STUMPS. FOUR CHARGES OF DYNAMITE WERE TOUCHED OFF AT THE SAME TIME BY A BATTERY.

THIRTY DAYS' WORK ACCOMPLISHED IN A FEW HOURS

The old, tried uses for dynamite on the farm were to blast rocks out of the bottom of a well, to build roads and to blast stumps. Nothing better has ever been discovered for this work and, as our old lumbering districts are being made over into farms, the use of dynamite is rapidly becoming more popular. We herewith present a picture taken in the stump country showing the preparations for a blast. The old pine stump in the foreground is more of a problem to the farmer than any old snag tooth a dentist ever fished for in your head. Its pitch-soaked roots go down deep and spread out over a large territory; digging out by hand would have meant at least a week's work with shovel, axe, saw and team.

The modern method calls for an earth auger, an extension-handled wood auger, a crowbar and some dynamite. An hour's work, a stick of dynamite and a little judgment in placing the charge will do the business in a most effective manner. In one illustration we are showing the modern method of making kindling wood from stumps. Four charges were touched off at the same time by a battery and a half day's work accomplished more than could have been done by hand in 30 days.



A DITCH BLASTED WITH DYNAMITE.

A TRANSFORMATION WROUGHT BY DYNAMITE

Pictures tell a story, with things between the lines, and we are herewith illustrating two views of a farm near Duluth, Minn., that was cleared and prepared for crop by the use of dynamite. The first picture looks like a huge outdoor sliver factory; the woods just beyond give some idea of the former condition of this ground. The land is a tangle, and dynamite was the principal factor used to transform it into the magnificent celery bed shown in the other picture; \$800 an acre for a celery crop is going some, but that's the result brought forth by dynamite and this virgin soil.

Dynamite as a product of peace has just started its mission. The next 10 years will see more wonderful results than have come to light in the past century. Some of the old deserted farms of New England are being reclaimed by its use; some of the alkali beds of the West are being drained through ditches built with dynamite. Hardpan is no longer an insurmountable difficulty and subsoil problems have been eliminated. From planting to harvest dynamite has its place and should be recognized as one of the most powerful exponents of peace.

Of course, it has its danger, the big one is found in the little box of caps used to fire the explosive. We are herewith illustrating the proper methods of preparing dynamite for a blast. If these directions were in the hands of every purchaser of explosives the great majority of accidents would cease. As good merchants we are failing to do the most in our power if we forget to give explicit directions regarding the judicious use of dynamite to every man who buys this class of goods.

GETTING BETTER ACQUAINTED

It is easier to handle a bad man if you understand him. Your wife may be managing to live with you and even appear to be contented about it, merely because she understands you. A lot of things in this world are not half bad when we come to know them. Dynamite is in this class and the more we know about it the better we are going to like it. Uncle Sam's Reclamation Service is saving, or rather making over thousands of acres of desert land, but within the next 10 years dynamite will skin that service forty ways for Sunday. At the same time it's going to create the sale of a whole lot of hardware and some of us are going to be in on the ground floor.

Seeds, Hardware and Harvest

IN an Indian corner at the home of a friend one night I picked up a relic that aroused my curiosity. What looked like a buckskin thong had apparently been knotted at regular intervals with some hard, rough-surfaced substance. The dark brown knots were about an inch in diameter, and the string, which was about a foot and a half long, looked like the quirt of an Indian rider, or the loose-jointed rattle of a medicine man. My friend informed me that imagination was a wonderful thing, and that the curio was nothing more or less than a few green potatoes sewed on a shoe string. Time, that had dried them hard and shriveled to the miner's shoe lace, had also softened the disappointment of a wasted year in Alaskan goldfields, and my friend laughingly told that they represented the entire crop of potatoes he had grown outside a tent up there, while he rustled hard for enough of a raise to get back to God's country, where he is now selling hardware and seeds.

A COMBINATION THAT PUTS FAT ON YOUR RIBS

That gets us down to the subject, and to many of our city hardware merchants, the combination may look like hash, but it's the kind of an Irish stew that will put fat on your ribs out in the country hardware store. Backyard garden patches have forced the city merchant to take a little taste of the seed business, but it is only a taste, for his stock is quite necessarily confined to lawn grass and package seeds.

The little nibble has tasted so good, however, that he can appreciate the reasons why his brother dealer out in the great farming belt is up on his toes about this proposition. Let's go out there and look over the reasons back of seed and hardware combinations. It will do us a world of good to get out where every hardware store has a hitching rack for farmers' teams, and some of them have rest rooms for farmers' wives.

BUSINESS BUILDERS IN THE COUNTRY HARDWARE

One of the first things that attracts our attention is, that about every hardware store in the agricultural district carries an assortment of the lighter farm implements, and that combinations of hardware and implements are very

common. Here the hardware man handles chick food, incubators, brooders and coops. The demand for lice powder and china eggs followed just as naturally as water runs down hill. Some of us have wondered why hardware jobbers have stocked harness and saddlery. Your answer is in the harness room of the coun-

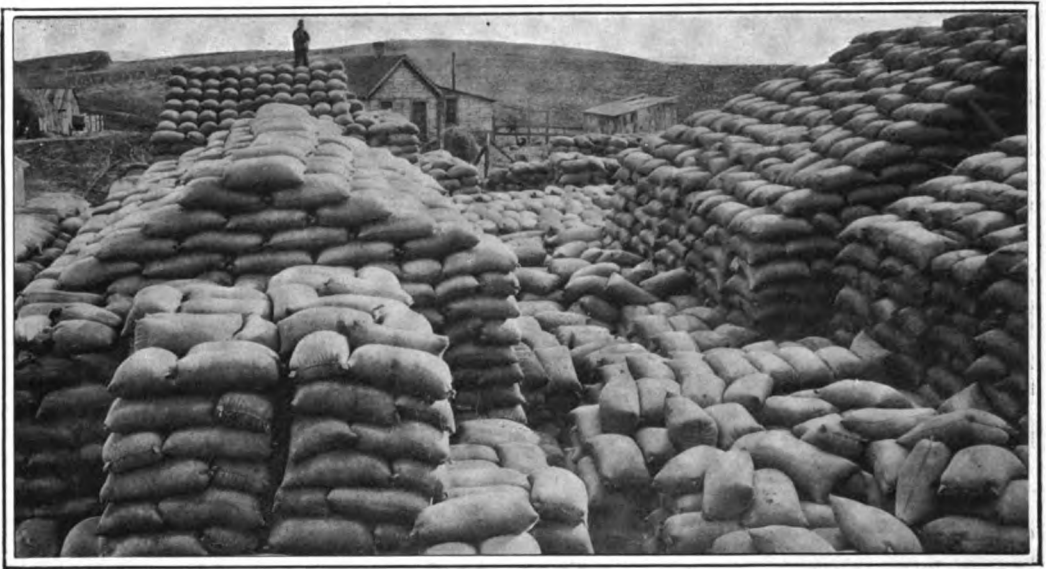


1—LINSEED OIL IN THE ROUGH. A CROP OF MORE THAN ORDINARY INTEREST TO THE PAINT DEPARTMENT. PICTURE TAKEN 4 MILES NORTH OF BAKER, MONT. 2—WHEAT—A MONTANA ADDITION TO THE WORLD'S BREAD BASKET.

try hardware store, where gall cure, horse remedies and stock foods have rapidly fitted into the niche prepared for them.

Start a hardware store in such a place and your stock will soon contain paris green and spraying machines. You will soon learn that crops are more important than the stock exchange or strikes in the mining district. Bluestone and formaldehyde will be given a bin or a bottle on your shelves the first season

the wheat seed is full of smut. Cream separators and corn shellers will become as important as locks and alarm clocks. Sickles and grindstones line up with hose, seeders, cultivators and mowing machines. Your doors will not be open a week before someone asks if you carry seeds, and if you happen to break in during the early spring or fall months, this seed question will be sprung on you



WHEAT AWAITING SHIPMENT ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, WASHINGTON.

so often that you will be seeing it in your dreams or admit it to be country hardware in every sense of the word, and treat it accordingly.

A STORE THAT SOLD \$12,000 WORTH OF SEEDS LAST YEAR

I was in Dayton, Ohio, not long ago and, as you know, over there every man, woman and child ring up their day's wages at night on a National cash register. After a visit to the National factory I felt that I would like mighty well to live in a town influenced by such a model organization, but it isn't the National cash register I am talking about to-day—it's seeds, and one of the best examples of seed success is in that town of Dayton. Walking down one of the principal business streets I noticed two brass plates, one on either side of the entrance to a hardware store. The signs on these plates were unusual and read as follows:

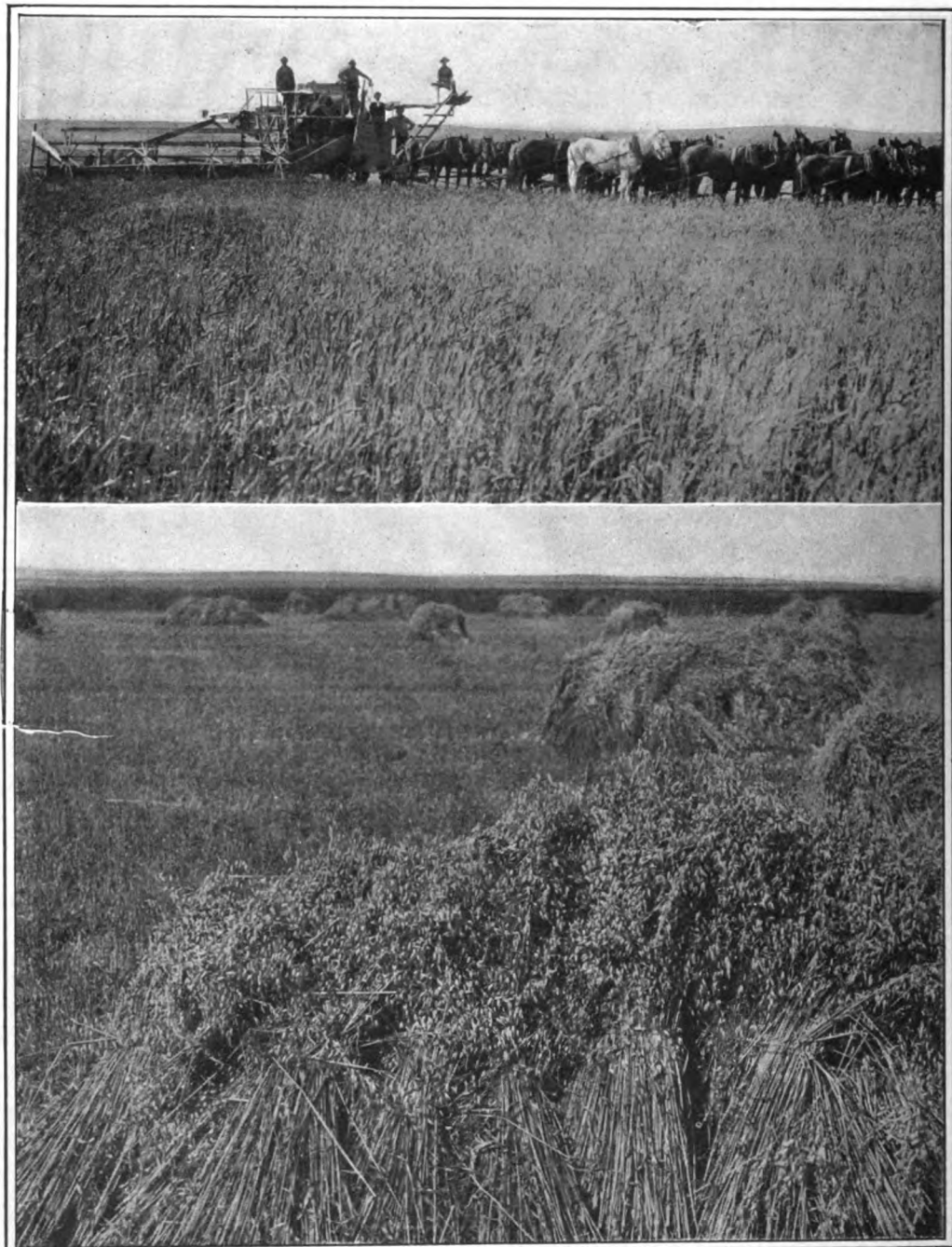
CLEM. L. KIMMEL

SEEDS

—AND—

HARDWARE

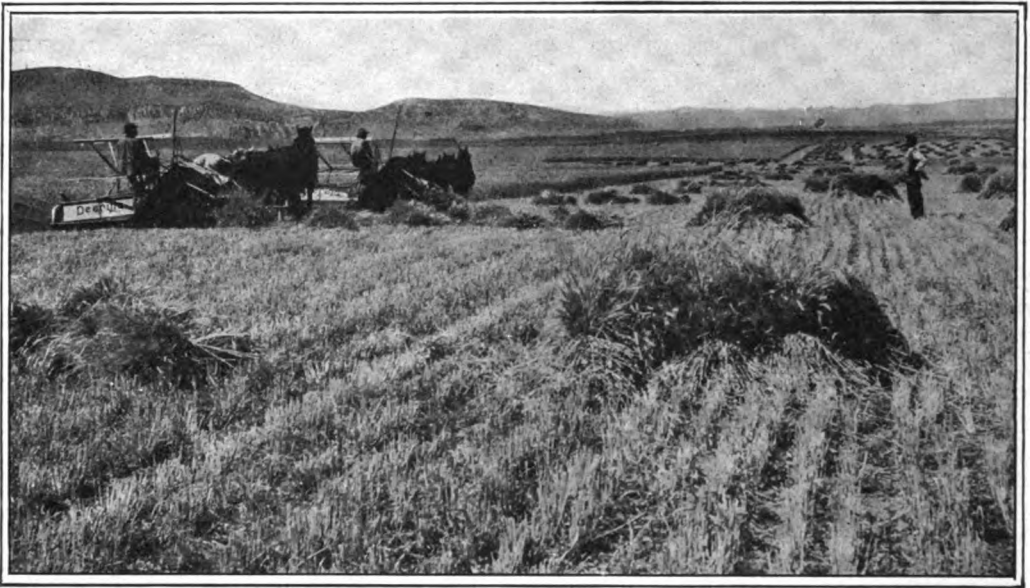
The prominence given seeds on this sign started this story: Clem L. Kimmel started in the hardware and implement business in Dayton twenty-seven years ago. In the early stages of business life, this dealer yielded to the



1—HARVESTING BY IMPROVED METHODS IN WASHINGTON. 2—OATS WITHOUT IRRIGATION, SMITH RIVER VALLEY, MONT.

inquiry for seeds and put them in stock. By sterling business methods he has built up a cracking good business. Last year Mr. Kimmel sold \$12,000 worth of seeds. He uses two strong levers in prying up this sort of business. The first is quality, and the second is a farmers' almanac. Queer sort of a combination, isn't it?

But we're willing to take the word of a man who sells \$12,000 worth of seeds in a single year without discount. Quality is quite an argument in hardware, but even at that some cheap goods have their place. On the other hand, it's an absolute lead pipe cinch that you must have quality in seeds if you would grow more business. A farmer may forgive you for selling him a poor neckyoke



BARLEY AS FAR AS THE MOUNTAIN WILL LET YOU SEE.

or a bum axe, but he will sure cut you off his visiting list in a hurry if he plants your seeds and they go wrong.

SEED FAKERS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN

The late Bill Shakespeare remarked that "Most subject is fattest soil for weeds," and if he were alive I know William would be some glad to hear us back him up on that statement. Weeds are a good thing to dodge, but weeds are not the principal drawback to handling seeds in a hardware store. The leading growers of good seeds have certainly taken care of that proposition in the right way. Their fanning machines, their laboratories, their testing departments and their knowledge of seed conditions have overcome a world of obstacles we never could have surmounted.

In some few states fool laws, and I am weighing those words, have been passed, forbidding growers of seeds outside the state to ship their products to dealers or farmers within such a state. I have no hesitancy in branding such a proposition as in the state of decay. There may be motives I don't understand, but they sure look to be mercenary.

SEED STOCKED IN DRAWERS AND BINS

One of the most common and at the same time most attractive methods of displaying seeds is by rolling the top back of an ordinary grain sack and displaying the goods in the front of the store. Some time ago a hardware merchant wrote me of difficulties he was experiencing from handling grain and hardware in the same room. He wanted to be neat, but the dust from his seeds was too insistent about getting into his hardware boxes. I saw that wrinkle eliminated in Mr. Kimmel's store where stock bins and drawers cared for every kind of seed. The ends of the drawers were labeled, and one side of shelving was given over entirely, above the ledge, to these stock drawers. Below the ledge hinged bins of larger size cared for the heavier grains and bulkier seeds. The other side was devoted to hardware and the back room to implements.

The combination was neat and pleasing to look upon, but Kimmel isn't running a picture show by any manner of means and like the rest of you, he is in business to make money. Seeds in themselves bring him a good profit. Their influence and drawing power on customers, who are in the market for other goods in that store, are even better money makers.

THE AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

If you are living and doing business in a farming community where some other merchant is supplying your country trade with seed, you may bank on one thing: that he is furnishing them with a lot of other things you would like to sell. Think it over, and remember that harvest only comes months after the planting. Plow this subject with a little of your thought, harrow it by consulting with your country customers, mark your straight row by traveling towards some definite seed producer with a reputation for quality, water it with some of the same energy that has built for you hardware success, and the first thing you know the cook will be laying in supplies for the threshers.

Strange as it may seem the fall months present the best time in which to enter this field. The reason is that the planting is more simple, the lines are less varied, and it is a good training trip for the spring campaign that will follow your initial efforts.

Hummocks of the Hammock Business

A FEW nights ago I spent an evening at an amusement park. It was a hot night and I went there to get away from the crowded city. Vivid imagination had surrounded me with thoughts of a nice, cool, quiet evening in a cozy corner by the fountain. Through my mind drifted visions of a band playing sweet, soothing music while I rested in a hammock beneath the palms. I had it doped out nicely, but it wasn't real.

THIS WAS WHAT HAPPENED

Under the glare of about a million 10-hp. electric lights, a hand-painted blonde sold tickets. I bought. The change was naturally wrong, but experience kept my hands off and it was rearranged to suit a peevish disposition. Peevishness, by the way, is a virtue in regard to change. I sandwiched into the crowd and after a department-store struggle of the sale-day variety, landed on the inside with a wrinkled collar and a ruffled disposition.

PLANS THAT GO WRONG

The band was playing one of those soothing lullabies that take a fellow back to old plantation days. I'd probably have gone there, too, had not the crowd swept me along to the couchee dancers, where I listened to an endless chain spieler tell of his native city, of Benares on the bank of the Ganges, and to an illustrated lecture on the rhythmic motion of the human flesh. The roller coaster furnished excuses for numberless pairs of clingingly inclined lovers to nestle just a little bit closer. The cane racks, the nigger babies, the jug of joy, the Battle of Manila and the shoot-the-chutes followed at a Gatling-gun pace and it was three hours before your humble servant was wedged out of a side gate on the sidewalk, to take inventory of the evening.

THE PROCESS OF APPRECIATION

Foremost among the events of that cool, quiet night I had pictured was a slide down a miniature mountain well-spotted with smooth knobs or hummocks. Every fellow furnished his own seat in riding down that hill. If you wearied by the way, it was your privilege to slide on an eyelash or to make a hummock on an elbow. Lots of folks even got up on their ear about it, but the machine operated on the pay-in-advance system.

You slid catch-as-catch-can and if you didn't get your money's worth out

of the ride you surely did watching the next girl that came down. Out on the walk I rubbed a badly bruised shin, applied some new skin to an elbow and started home happy in the thought that there was no great loss without some small gain. Since that night I have been decidedly more satisfied with my hammock on the back porch.

HAMMOCKS AS HARDWARE

By the way, if we could only learn to be more happy with hammocks at home, what a lot of flies, fleas and mosquitoes we would miss. There was a time in the history of the hammock business when we figured them as luxuries, but that was before "swat the fly" campaigns screened in our porches or automobiles brought the pleasure spot to our community nearer home. The sale of hammocks has increased rapidly in the last five years. One prominent jobber more than doubled his business on this line in the past two years and he isn't putting hammocks up in capsules. They are going into our stores and are sold at satisfactory prices.

"TRY OUT" TOO OFTEN AN UNDERTAKER

Many of our numbers are just tackling this line of goods. It is but natural that they should want to grow with the business and not beyond it. Others are just on the ticklish edge, wondering how hammocks will line up with hardware. To such of my employers I want to present a good, stiff boost for these goods.

Don't *try them out*. Too many good lines of merchandise have gone to the morgue along that route. Just *put them in stock* with a firm determination that this is no trial proposition and that they must be sold. Go after the hammock business in the same energetic way you do to fishing tackle or builders' hardware. Plan your selling campaign and put it over while it is hot.

COUNTER CONFERENCES

I know a successful chap who shares the responsibility of every purchase with the boys, and he isn't in the wet goods business. When a new line is being considered, the clerks are invited into the counsel and their opinions uncovered. My friend says every clerk who says "Buy" proves a seller of the kind he appreciates. When selling season comes on this buyer calls another clerks' meeting. His experience is that this meeting can be held in the private office if you want to freeze it to death, or out by one of the counters if you want it to be a success.

Plan window displays, fixtures and special lines, again getting every man's opinion. I am not going on with a long tale, telling you what to do. You and the boys in your store already know that, but I am going to tell you that a sale without plans is like a bed without bugs; it's conducive to sleep.

Hammocks on display are often a nuisance which shut out the light in the salesroom and obstruct the view of other goods. A common method of displaying them is to hang them

on hooks in a long row, between the main aisle of the store and good wall shelving. This system is all right where space is plentiful but if you have a post or column of any kind in the store you can work it to a big profit on hammocks.

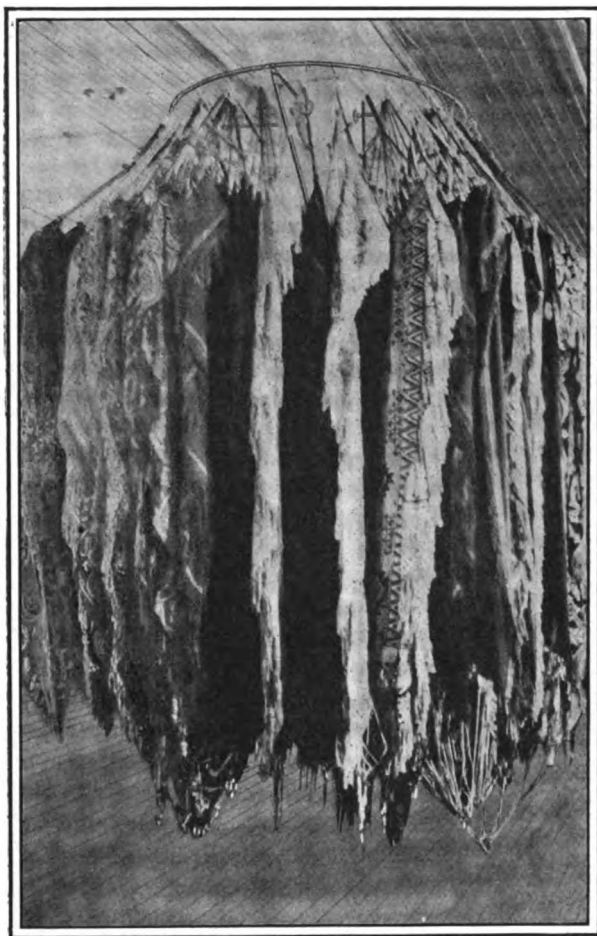
The New England Carpet & Furniture Co., Minneapolis, Minn., is displaying hammocks on a home-made rack of this nature, which is built of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pipe bent in a circle about the top of the post and held there by home-made pipe brackets. This circle is 5 ft. in diameter and holds 60 hammocks when full. It is here illustrated and is one of the most satisfactory fixtures in this great store, where hammocks are considered one of the most profitable lines in the hardware department.

The hammock business in this store started on nothing.

To-day their buys look like the order sheets of a jobber and their sales are such that you couldn't find a hammock in the store, after the first of September, if you looked your head off.

DIAMOND DYE UNNECESSARY

The secret of their success is *seasonable selling*. That's salesmen's success in a nutshell. Drop this book and see how much space in your display windows can be devoted to hammocks. The season is nearly gone. If your stock is a little long, *get your money out and do it right now*. A faded hammock is just about as good a seller as a rusty knife. Your buffer will shine the knives up to the Queen's taste, but I imagine it would be a pretty tough proposition to diamond dye the swings. But we don't need to worry about that. Let's sell them.



HOME-MADE RACK FOR DISPLAYING HAMMOCKS, USED BY
THE NEW ENGLAND CARPET & FURNITURE
COMPANY OF MINNEAPOLIS.

Axes and Shavings

WHEN I was a very small boy one of my favorite loafing places was about the carpenter shop of an eccentric old gentleman who did job work.

His tools and his work were always of the greatest interest to me and particularly fascinating were the things he used to do to rough lumber with a big old wooden plane. Once fastened in the vise a rough sun-dried, weather-stained board began to change from under his masterly free-arm strokes.

The first few sweeps nothing came from the plane's pocket but a few handfuls of short, copped slivers. Then, as the surface of the board began to level, longer shredded strips began dropping out in a jerky, irregular manner. But as the old man loosened up to the work with long regular swings, some of the most beautifully curled shavings spilled out over the work-bench and began accumulating in great piles on the floor.

The old board, under the master-hand, soon changed its rough coat for a bright, spotlessly clean, silken-like surface. The shavings, in the meantime, in a great pile completely covered the first few handfuls of slivers, and boy-like I saw nothing but the finished board and the long curly shavings, as I longed to be a carpenter.

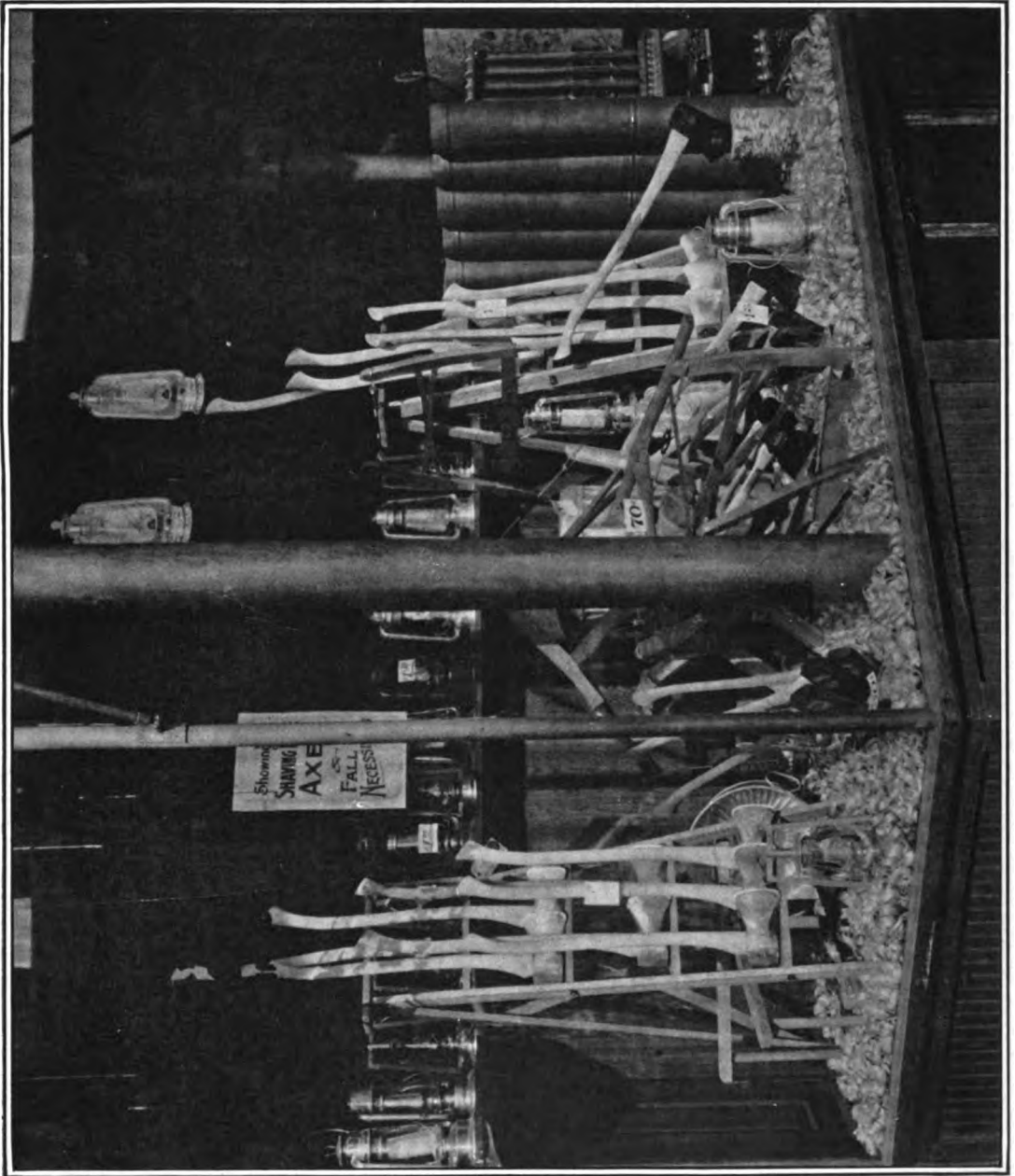
REMINDED OF A CLOSE SHAVE

I was just a little shaver then but I remember as though it were yesterday the day I drove a nail into the board in the vise while the carpenter was out. It doesn't seem but a few minutes ago since he came back into the shop and on the first sweep took the edge off a newly sharpened plane bit and turned to look for me.

It has since been plainly evident to me that I deserved the close shave given as that old wood plane struck the sill of the door through which I was going at a record-breaking pace. It was the only occasion on which my carpenter friend ever lost his temper with me, though there were many times when a less patient man would have dusted my trousers.

I had not thought of that carpenter shop, this incident or my old friend for many years until to-day, and the thought then came as I stood in front of a hardware store viewing the window display which is herewith reproduced.

The bright clear shavings in the bottom of this effective window stopped many passers-by. It is made up for merchandise particularly seasonable in Minnesota at this time when with the changing weather everyone feels the need of a lantern and needs the feel brought by swinging an axe.



WINDOW DISPLAY OF AXES BY WILLIAM M. SIMMS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The sale of axes in the hardware store, by the way, is even more regular than the payment of taxes and the best season comes with the colder months. The best localities for axe sales are, of course, in those sections of the country where lumbering is still an industry. In such sections the sale of axes is largely confined to the unhandled standard makes of both single and double bit axes and the handles are often made by the users, though this handle-making by the old jack-knife broken-glass-scraper system is fast becoming a lost art, due to the increasing scarcity of suitable timber in many sections and to the vastly improved facilities for turning out more carefully shaped factory made handles.

THANKS TO THE JOBBER

Handled axes, however, are the best sellers for city trade and with many of the jobbers of to-day maintaining their own axe-handling rooms where experts fit handles of proper shape to axes of the right weight, we are finding the handled axe trade rapidly on the increase.

Axes are one of the items in the hardware store in which I strongly advocate advance buying. I have found that axe-wants which are anticipated in the very early summer months usually mean good velvet in the fall and any good jobber or manufacturer is glad to accept early orders with fall dating.

RELATIONSHIP TO NATURE MAKES EASY DISPLAY

There are many novel ways of displaying axes, and so closely identified are axes with things of Nature that window displays are easily made without an outlay of money and with but little outlay of time. The principal thing to boost about the axe business is quality, as it is with any edge tools. The thin grinder who abuses pocket-knives is also an active agent in the abuse of axes, though I know from experience that practically any properly tempered axe can be broken on very cold winter mornings if the blow is delivered the wrong way.

A STRANGE TRUTH

Comparatively few axes are returned by the city customer because of imperfections, though he is the man who usually buys the cheap axe. The town man has a little kindling to cut or a little wood to split and his limitation of real axe needs probably accounts for the red, white and blue axe he usually gets. The countryman, on the other hand, swings his axe through day after day, and its grinding and care often become with him an art. He must have quality, and even at that his strenuous use often chips an axe and it may be your experience that from him are returned more axes than from the city man who purchases the cheaper article.

PLUG YOUR OWN LEAKS

A merchant is forced to use great care in replacing goods of this character and must in every instance adapt himself to the circumstances of the individual

case. When the time comes to pass these replaced axes along to the factory or jobber an entirely different basis of making good must be used and with the fact of the man who returned it being a good customer of yours, left entirely in the background, you should deal out justice untempered with prejudice or mercy. It might be all right to give Jones a new axe for the one he had ground too thin if he is a customer spending a hundred dollars a month at your store, but it is a wrong, too often practiced, to ask the man who made that axe to stand for you having made yourself a good-fellow.

SHOW THEM UP

Axes are sampled in various ways, and a few days ago I saw the axe-rack reproduced herewith in the store of the Ellingboe Hardware Company, Milaca, Minn. It shows a novel manner of utilizing space about a storepost. That this firm enjoys an exceptionally good axe business is due partially to their location in an old lumbering district which is being stumped over into farms, but more than this, to the energetic manner in which they advertise and display axes. Your business may be a little slack in this line, and its betterment is assured if you will devote to it a deserved portion of your attention just at this time.



AXE RACK IN STORE OF ELLINGBOE
HARDWARE COMPANY,
MILACA, MINN.

KNOT CRACKING FOR FUEL

Block out a campaign and with persistency start displaying and advertising on this seasonable stuff that will crack the old knots of slow business and make for you winter fuel.

Axe stones, grindstones, saws, chains, hooks, axes, handles and lanterns need your attention at this season. How's your stock?

Brush Up

I BOUGHT 10 cents worth of shoe shine the other day, and when I crawled down out of the shiner's chair, the colored man in charge beat a tattoo on my back with a whisk broom that would have furnished good music for anything from "Johnny Get Your Gun, There's a Goose in the Garden," up to "Yankee Doodle."

My clothes has just been cleaned and pressed and I had been congratulating myself all the morning, so the brushing was superfluous, but it brought to my mind how many brushes there are in the world, superfluous and otherwise. It occurs to me that it won't do us any harm to brush up on the subject.

PRETTY AND THEN SOME

When paint jumped from the rut, in which Father Time had put her, and landed in the hardware store, we got something that looked pretty on our shelves and was easy to handle, but in paint we have something more than a mere piece of dress goods. Some of us have been known to kick on paint profits, and the balloon-like prices of linseed oil in the last year have undoubtedly given us a reason to jump over the traces.

But while all this kicking has been going on, I have yet to hear the first hardware merchant make a wee small protest on the profit of paint brushes. In fact, here is a line often hidden away in bins and drawers that follows the sale of paint just as surely as a kid does a circus band.

A CASH VALUE ON ENTHUSIASM

The sales of brushes of this nature have come so easily, that some of us have been perfectly satisfied to sit back in the office and accept the profit without an endeavor to throw some pepper into the selling of these goods and develop the business to its limit.

Others of our number have realized the splendid possibilities and are pulling out cash for every ounce of enthusiasm invested.

A TIP WORTH TAKING

The Barrett Hardware Company, Joliet, Ill., is playing this line to the limit. As customers come in the front door of their store, one of the first pleasing things that confronts them is a sample board, upon which are displayed some of the best brush sale-makers in the house. This sample dis-

play board is made of five 12-inch boards about 6 feet long, with a molding around the rim. It is stained a cherry color and the sampling in its simplicity is mighty effective. There are about 75 brushes sampled on the board. I am not going to waste my time or yours naming them, for they are all common, simple, every-day sellers.



SAMPLE DISPLAY BOARD OF BRUSHES AS USED BY THE BARRETT HARDWARE COMPANY.

This isn't a flashy fixture. It's within the reach of any hardware merchant possessing the price of five short boards, a little wood stain, a piece of molding and an honest desire to work about three hours to improve his place of business. If you are not displaying brushes, just take this tip from our friend in Joliet, and if it brings you one-third the result of the display you are copying, you'll spend the rest of the summer kicking because you didn't do it a long time ago.

A MAN WHO RAISED HIS OWN SALARY \$500 A YEAR

Fellows, I have heard of a salesman who used to make it his business to sell \$10 worth of cutlery every day in the year. He traveled for a Northwestern jobber and sold all those hundreds of things illustrated in a jobber's catalog. He received, as do most traveling salesmen, a small commission on cutlery sales.

This man often found at the close of his day's work \$50 or \$100 worth of cutlery sales on his order book, but the next morning he started out with the same firm resolve to make a \$10 cutlery sale before night. The result was that his commission, over and above salary, amounted to better than \$500 a year, and he led the house in cutlery sales for years. This man to-day is holding down the position of house salesman for one of the largest jobbing houses in the country.

A FEW THINGS DETERMINATION CAN PUT ACROSS

He isn't a man of flashy ability; just an ordinary chap with a good, square jaw which implies that he accomplishes the thing he sets out to do. I tell you what, fellows, we need more stubborn men in this country. If anybody ever tells you you're bull-headed just take it as a compliment. The day you build this brush rack, start out to sell brushes, set the mark at one, two or three dollars worth a day, bow your neck and butt right into it as if you intended to "put it across" and all Halifax can't stop you.

If you sold \$2 worth of brushes every working day for six months, the total would be about \$300. That's more brushes than many of you are selling in two or three years, yet the possibilities are before you and the creative power is in you, if you will just start milling.

STORE PRIDE AND SALE CREATION

For the last half-century people have been telling you about the difference between order-takers and business-creators. To me there has always been something fascinating about the fellow with the ability to go out on the sidewalk and tow a customer into the store, but I am not going to advocate that you start this system of button-holing passers-by. There are enough people coming right into the place of business where you are working to fill the bill.

"Hello, Bill! I haven't seen you for a week, and you haven't been in the store for twice that long. Come back here to the other end of the store and see

what we've been doing." Lead the way back to your new brush fixture and show it off the way this farmer friend might show you a colt, if you visited his farm, and you can drown me for a sucker if you don't create a sale before you have shown your new display rack to six men.

IMPRESSIONS WORTH YOUR EFFORT

Paint brushes aren't the only bits of bristle around the place. Floor brushes, scrub brushes, horse brushes, shaving brushes, hair brushes, window brushes, shoe brushes and stove brushes are just about as common as bolts around a lot of hardware stores in this country, and the chances are ten to one that at least half of these brushes are scattered around in various places in your store right now. If you ever got them all together in one place in your store and boosted them in a good, live manner for a week or two, you would create an impression that your competitor couldn't wipe out in a year.

Build up a window display of this kind of material and work one of these brushes on a few signs, and you have started the ball a-rolling. But signs, however good they may be, won't create the same number of sales as a man chuck full of enthusiasm and determined to add to his brush-selling record every day in the week.

SHOE LEATHER AND SALARIES

To a clerk, who really wants a raise in pay, I offer this as an argument that will not be disputed when presented to any reasonable employer. Start this brush-selling campaign, follow it out in every day's work, try it on every customer with whom you come in contact. Keep track of your sales and six months from the time you read this article show them to the man who regulates your salary, and if I don't miss my guess you will get a stimulus that will encourage you to burn out more shoe leather in the same effort.

I am going to close with a question: *Have you got a window brush and one of those handy little rubber driers about the store?* Applied to a show case or to a window, this kind of a brush can be turned into one of the best little sales creators on the map. **HERE'S TO THE GOOD LUCK OF YOUR BRUSH CAMPAIGN!**

The Possibilities of Plain Hardware

SOME of the plainest looking things on the face of the earth have been known to develop the greatest amount of ginger when properly started.

The mule with the burr under his tail or your old school master on the attentive end of an improperly shaped pin, have been known to take on activity entirely foreign to that given them by nature. I have even heard it rumored that there are hardware clerks who can develop a Sunday baseball enthusiasm, which if turned loose on Monday's customers, would certainly jerk things apart. But of course this is only rumor, so I will get back to the plain unvarnished truth.

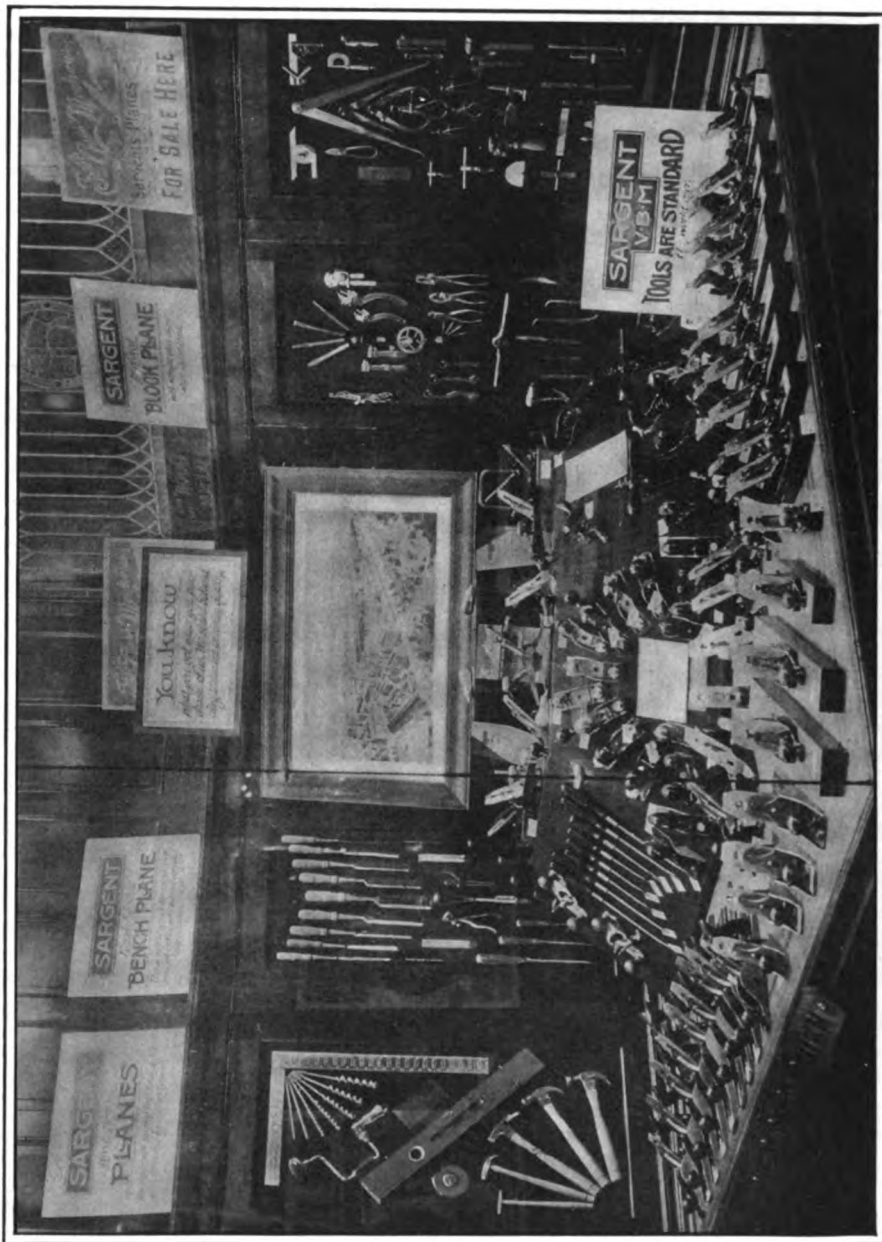
SO COMMON IT'S SOMETIMES OVERLOOKED

There are so many twists, turns and side issues to the modern hardware stock that it is only natural that a lot of us should overlook the possibilities of some merchandise which is as staple as wheat and in every hardware store in the country. Tools are distinctly in this class. I trimmed a show case not long ago for a hardware friend and when I began digging some common everyday planes out of their lop-eared ancient appearing boxes, looks of mild surprise greeted my efforts. In that store (and pray don't get the wrong impression for it was a good store) such tools had never seen the inside of the plate glass show cases. I consider them the best heavy tool item for the bottom of a show case trim. While we are on this subject of planes let's hang there a minute.

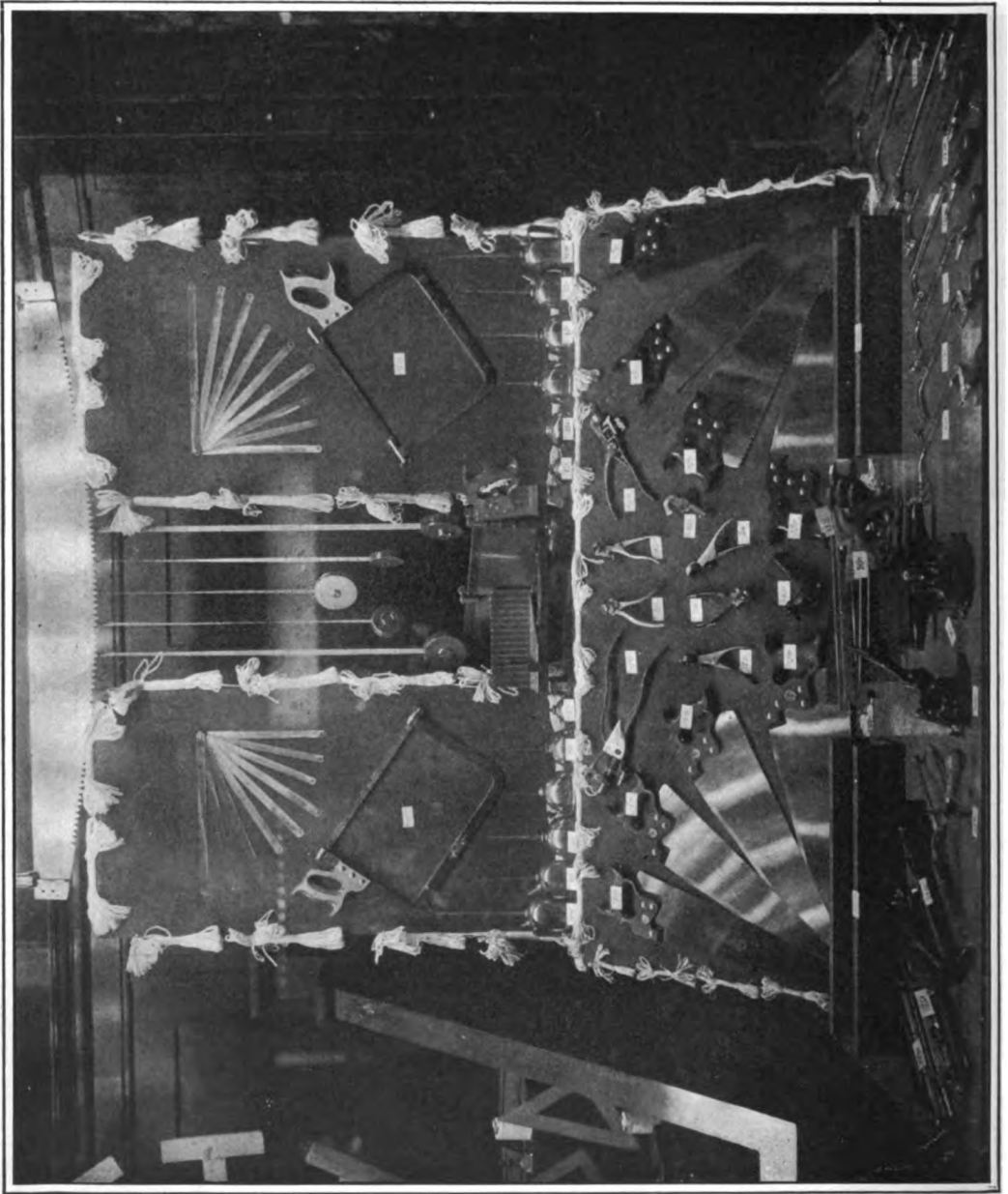
PLANE TRUTHS

No tool on the face of the earth, of equal value, is more popular and no manufacturers on the face of the earth have developed their line more rapidly. They have put into the hands of the carpenter a special tool for every class of work under the sun and have chosen his majesty the hardware merchant as a distributor. This distinction has also been granted us by the makers of other tools, the variety of which has lessened the skill essential to do a good job.

Almost any man with a streak of gray matter under his hair and a pair of willing hands, can take the tools we have to offer and turn out a pretty fair carpenter's job. There have always been tool cranks, and it's a comparatively easy matter for us to increase the number, if we will just follow the lead of some of our successful brothers and go out after this staple business in no uncertain manner.



TOOL WINDOW DESIGNED BY LUDLOW & SQUIER, NEWARK, N. J.



MECHANICS' TOOLS DISPLAY OF WARNER HARDWARE COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

I heard a man say not long ago that many trade paper illustrations were of such stores that reproduction by merchants of modest means was practically impossible. I know that to be a common fault, but we are slipping across a few remedies here and there that are worth your consideration. Take for instance the tool window of Ludlow & Squier which is herewith reproduced. It's a beauty, it's simple, it's a business getter and doesn't require the services of a professional window trimmer to bring out its reproduction in your store. It fits a big window or it fits a little one. It suits a big buyer or it suits a small one. It is suited to a store any place on the face of the globe and the creator of this window display hasn't placed it under the ban of a copyright. Get the idea?

A BIG STORE WITH IDEAS FOR THE LITTLE FELLOW

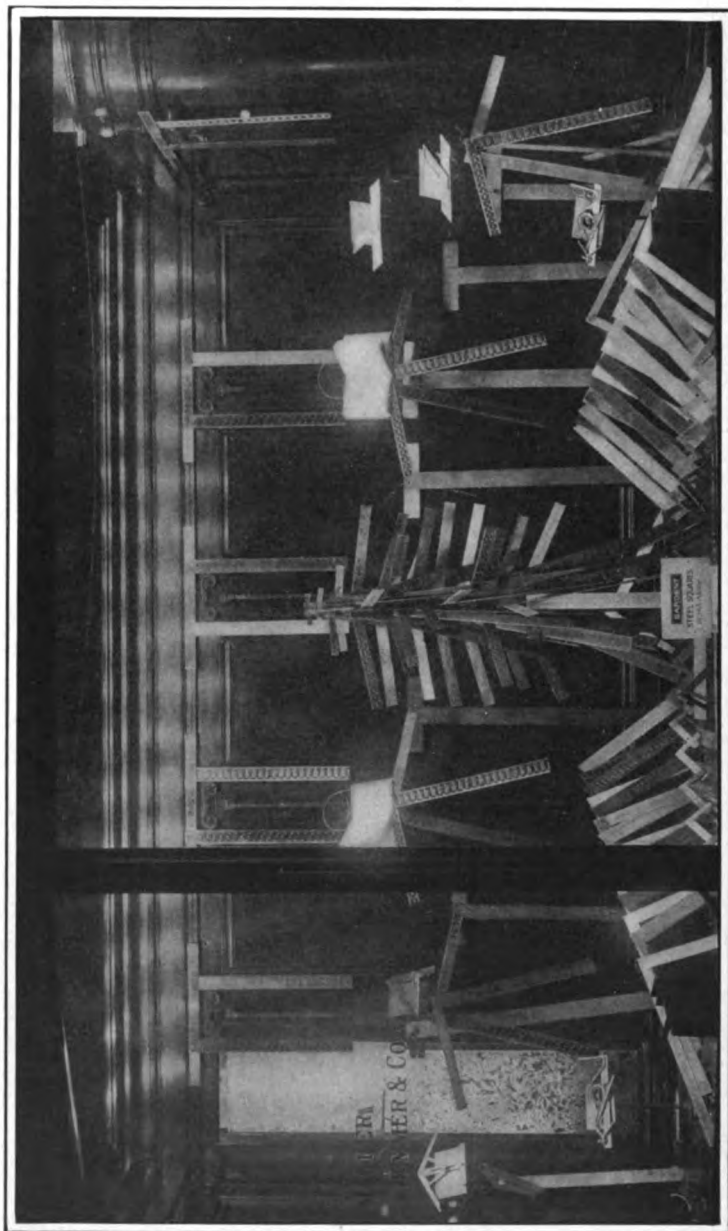
Warner's hardware store up in Minneapolis, Minn., is known to about every dealer in the Northwest. Warner has a full sized store which is fitted out like a palace. It is filled with a bunch of hardware men who were not born yesterday and the sales that slip through their fingers are few and far between. This store is located directly back of a stretch of show windows which it would do your heart good to see. There is room in those windows to reproduce anything short of a five-ring circus, yet oftentimes little individual displays, featuring certain goods, are allotted space of small size.

I happened in there one day when the large windows were partitioned off into these little attention grabbing spaces and secured a picture which relates mighty closely to this subject of tools. It came out of the heart of a great city window. Thousands of prospective customers passed this window every day. It created business, yet it is not so elaborate but that your youngest clerk could copy it in your smallest window in half a day. I know some merchants that won't give up a straight half day to a window trim, but such fellows are asleep at the switch and need something stronger than a dose of salts to jar them loose.

UNLIMITED BOOSTING ON ONE ITEM

I am going to call your attention to one more window display of this nature and then drop the subject. It's a sort of a freak display, but a good one. Not every store in the country possesses enough stock to spring a square window like that recently made in the Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co.'s store in New York City. The trim of the background or of the centerpiece of this window can, however, be reproduced by most of us.

This display merely shows the unlimited amount of boosting that can be handed any particular item upon which you are heavily stocked. It may be planes, it may be bits, it may be chisels, it may be saws or it may be squares, but a straight window display of any single tool item, accompanied by a live price, will start something stirring in your neighborhood.



WINDOW DISPLAY BY HAMMACHER, SCHELMER & Co., NEW YORK CITY, DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO SQUARES.

The man who takes the initiative and starts pulling off things of this nature, is the merchant who gets the reputation of being a live wire. Reputation is generally accompanied by orders, orders by profit and profit in quantities by that desirable independence known only to the merchant with a cash balance and a clean conscience.

Grown Up Swimming Holes

SAY, drop the cares of business for a few seconds and go back with me over the span of years which now separates us from stone bruises, swimming hole days and the other kids. Something irresistible seems to tickle our funny-spot, and the wrinkles of business cares fade away like those of an old maid before the mirror of her dreams. As through half-closed eyes we have spotted one of the gang two blocks down the street, and in the flash that takes him into the alley, leading to the river, we have made out two well-spread, extended fingers tipping an arm that shoots straight up into the air.

Our mother's errand forgotten, we have cut across lots and half undressed before we struck the sandy banks and joined our comrades in a "header" into the cool depths of the old swimming hole.

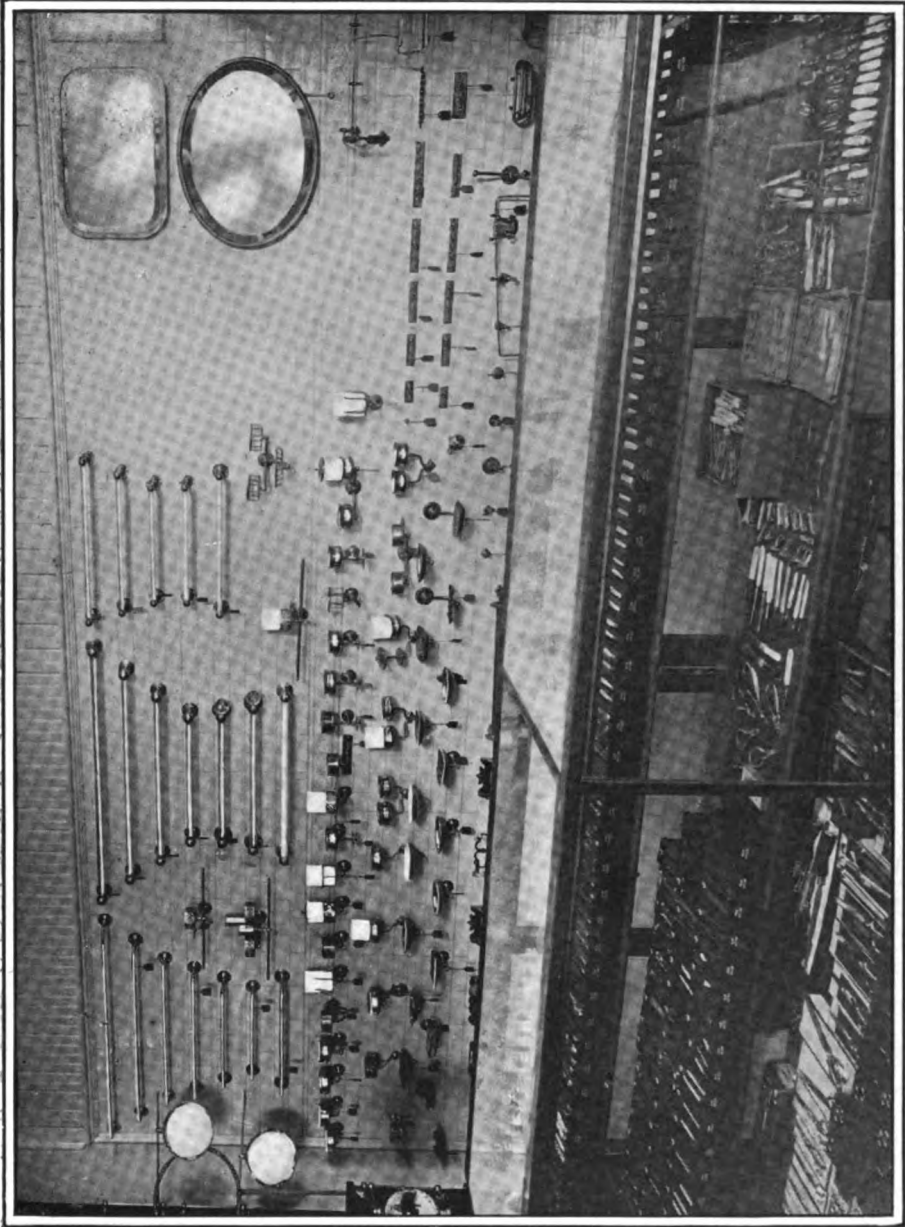
IN THE DAYS OF CROOKED NAILS

The old wangun left a mile up stream by last year's river drivers, is again cut loose by our pirate crew and safely guided to the hole by the sandbar, where it is tied to the great trees on the bank to serve as summer headquarters. Inside the rough board cabin that covers the great flat boat we hang our clothes. From the elevation of its roof we dive again, as only boys can. Again, with crooked spikes drawn from old rail fences or picked from ash barrels, we build spring boards or rafts. Truly those were days when porcelain bath tubs were superfluous and nickel-plated or glass bath room fixtures but a dream.

We parted our hair with a dive and a quick side sweep of the head while under water. Each fall brought us reluctantly to school, and winter meant Saturday night in mother's old No. 3 galvanized wash tub. Pleasant memory has almost washed us in the fountain of perpetual youth, when with a start, New Year, nearly half grown, hits us a jolt back of the ear with a reminder that the receiving clerk has laid on our desk an invoice for bath room fixtures.

FIRMLY ENTRENCHED IN THE HARDWARE STORE

The list starts with towel rods. There are three different kinds and four different sizes of each. Check conscientiously and let the memory of what you did to the new kid who brought a towel to the swimming hole lighten your work. Soap dishes, combination holders, spray brushes, sponge holders, comb and brush boxes, tumbler holders, plate glass shelves, shaving mirrors, bath tub seats and a dozen other items make up the invoice. Can it be that this is hardware?



BATHROOM FIXTURES DISPLAY IN STORE OF ROGERS & NICHOLAS HARDWARE COMPANY, OAK PARK, ILL.

Just to make sure, let's go back to the place in the store where it is being kept and see. This line of goods must certainly have hammered out some pretty fine sales to deserve the attention it is receiving, and still wondering we start to file the invoice away. It seems to have been preceded by others; yes, there are four invoices since the first of January.

The morning has worn on and the store is now full of busy customers. Dreams and theories are out of place and in getting back to earth we know that bath room fixtures have come into the store to stay.

KEEPING IT BEFORE THE PUBLIC

We know we put them in stock because our builders' hardware demanded them as a running mate, and each year the business has grown. We know they pay a profit far above that yielded by some of the older lines in the store. We know the sales began the day the goods were first displayed and we know further that a line so beautiful and so easily featured is going to be kept before the public as long as customers yield to its temptations.

Realizing the necessity of display, manufacturers of this class of goods have recently brought out assortments, mounted in small cases or on display boards. Many of us know the possibilities and some few of us have bumped up against sharp plumber competition as a result of our efforts.

EASY COMPETITION

The plumber may have the advantage of installation, but after our customers have leveled their wallet paying his prices for work on a tub and wash bowl, they are only too glad to turn to the hardware store to buy the smaller fittings. Here is where the true profit lies, with every advantage in the world favoring the hardware store.

Your business location is good; a plumber is usually located in a tumbled down shop on a side street. Your sales room is, or should be, a pleasing place in which merchandise is on dress parade. The plumber's goods are often shown in the same room with his dirty, greasy work bench. The clean, well-washed windows in your store let into the wholesome interior a light that is in itself inviting. The average plumbing shop doesn't do much in the way of cleaning windows. Lady customers are pretty apt to be waited on in your store by a neat, well-dressed, well-posted clerk, who can give the impression (without saying so) that his bath room is equipped with this sort of material. The plumber, on the other hand, is too apt to wait on a customer with a greasy coupling in one hand and a pipe wrench in the other.

Things surely point your way in this competition and a little effort will bring you some most satisfactory returns. The success of the Rogers & Nicholas Hardware Company, Oak Park, Ill., is a fine example of what can be done. A

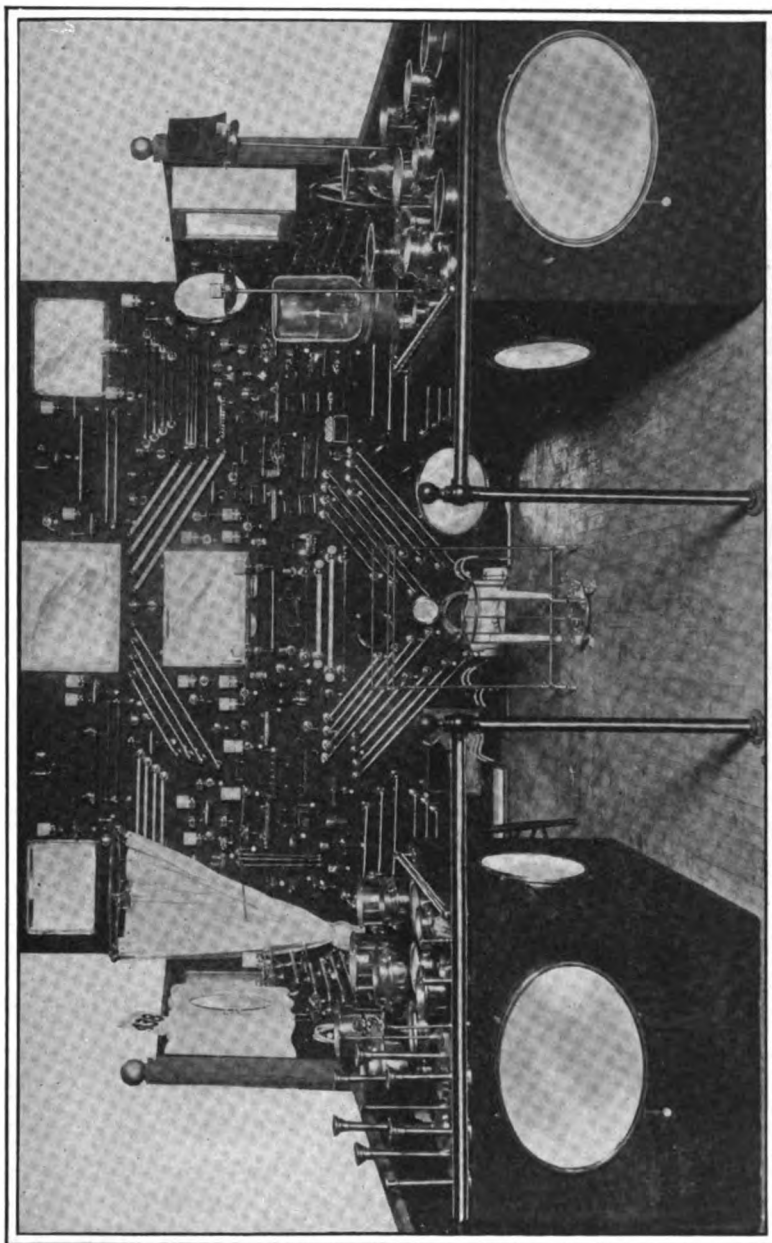


EXHIBIT OF BATHROOM FIXTURES AT THE ILLINOIS RETAIL HARDWARE CONVENTION BY THE CENTRAL MFG. COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

few years ago this concern put in a line of bath room fixtures to test out a small inquiry that was noticed in its builders' hardware department. From the tap of the gong it paid and the business has grown to such an extent that the samples here illustrated are certainly warranted.

The prosperity that has invaded our farming districts during the past few years has caused hundreds of well-to-do farmers to improve their residences with well-equipped bath rooms. This field was unheard of a few years ago, and so was the farmer's automobile.

FOR THE COUNTY FAIR

All the prominent hardware jobbers have catalogued bath room fixtures for several years, and the demand has so grown that many hardware merchants are now buying in such quantities that purchases are made direct from the manufacturers. On many occasions we are called upon to make floats or to build exhibits at county fair grounds or in like places. And to avoid the same old "dope" year after year, why not give this line a boost in your 1911 display? The secret of success in a display of that kind is to bring out strongly some special features of your line in which the public is not already posted.

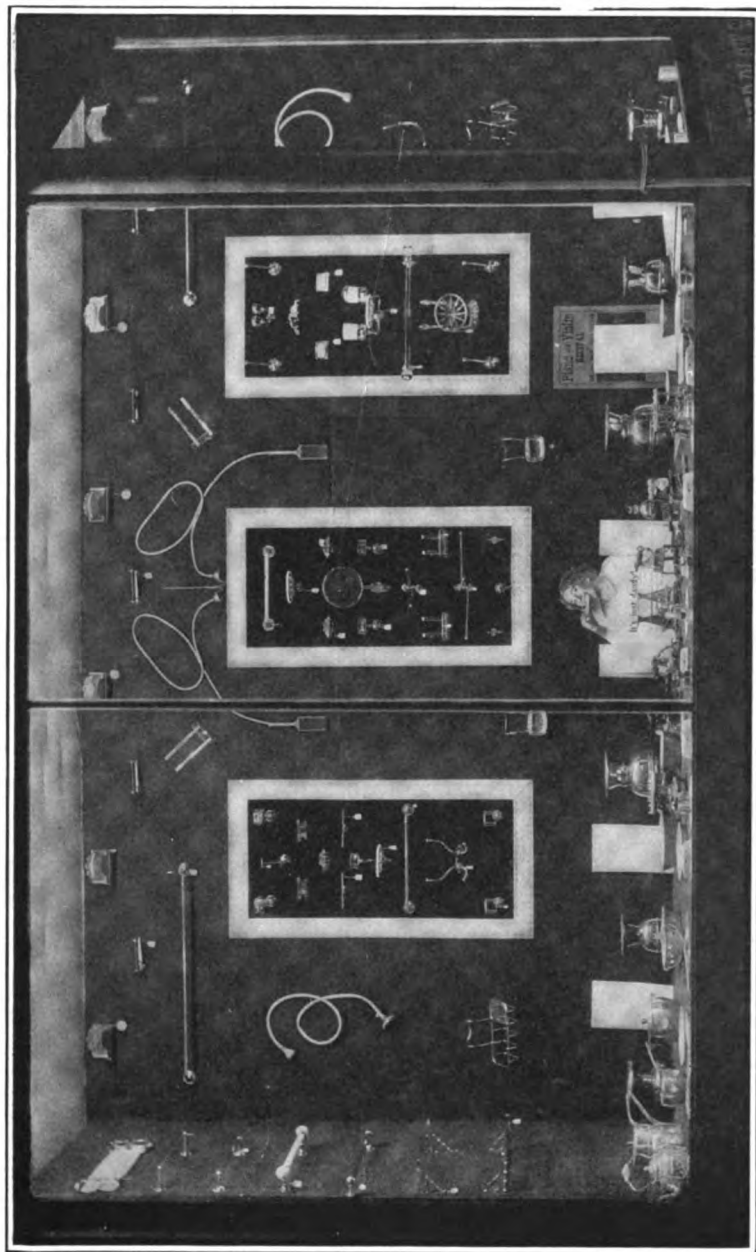
At the Illinois State hardware exhibit last winter my attention was attracted by a display of this nature, which in its simplicity and beauty can be copied with comparatively little trouble. By the courtesy of the Central Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Ill., we are herewith reproducing the exhibit mentioned.

PATCHWORK

When we were kids in school, we were extremely sensitive about having attention called to patches in the seats of our pants. As we have grown older and become the owners of stores, this sensitive portion of our nature seems to have been obliterated. I am not referring to pants now, but rather to the looks of the store, and to a weakness that is too common in stores where bath room fixtures are constantly displayed in prominent places.

Customers compliment your assortment day after day with purchases, and quite often the stock becomes so depleted that samples are sold. Just put this simple pointer away for future use if it doesn't fit to-day. *Any merchandise that demands the sale of samples is entitled to transportation faster than that given by freight cars.* Order those samples by mail or express the day they are robbed and replace them on the display boards the hour they come in.

Customers may like to sleep under crazywork quilts, but they don't like to look at a patchwork hardware store. They may never tell you so, but when something spick and span comes into competition with something dusty and neglected, at the same price, the sale generally goes to the store where metal polish and elbow grease combine to keep things shiny.



WINDOW DISPLAY OF BATHROOM FITTINGS BY SAN BERNARDINO HARDWARE COMPANY, SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

A long stretch of years separates us from the pleasures of boyhood. The smoke of a good cigar or the meeting of an old friend are about the only two things which bring the events of those days before us. The modern bath room, with its beautiful equipment and its wonderful business possibilities, is squarely before us to-day. Are we making the most of it, or are we wading in shallow water with nothing better than cheap wire soap dishes in our stores while the other fellow is swimming with a strong stroke, with better goods and the better profit afforded by the fine nickel-plated ware found on the sample boards of bath room fixtures?

The water is fine! More than one reliable manufacturer is holding up two fingers at you, and the crowd is already yelling, "Ain't yer comin' in?"

Garden Hose

SEVERAL things have been published this year about the sale of garden hose, yet if you had been along yesterday on a trip that took me into four hardware stores in three country towns, you would have seen some things that would make you agree with me that the subject needs more boosting.

ICE SKATES DISPLAYED IN APRIL

The first place I visited looked like the dumping ground of a junk man; pots, pans, kettles, tools, steel goods, seeds and groceries were mixed in grand confusion. The mess looked as if it had been carelessly dropped by a passing whirlwind. If this had been true, it was easy enough to imagine that the wealth of cobwebs in evidence had held the conglomeration together.

Near the front door stood a sales table, and on it were piled nearly a hundred pairs of ice skates and four pairs of roller skates. The ice had gone out of the lake nearby a couple of months before, and in plain sight of the store door, a canoe floated lazily on the little river that ran through the town.

THE GARDEN HOSE WAS IN THE BASEMENT

The green grass of springtime was coming rapidly to the length that demanded cutting, yet not a lawn mower or length of garden hose was to be seen. I discovered a yawning clerk who yearned for closing time and have since congratulated myself upon the adroit questioning that kept him awake, and finally brought out the information that the stock contained hose, nozzles, sprayers, mowers and grass clippers, but that they were down in the back basement.

I met the owner and, to be frank, he couldn't sweep the floors in some of the good, up-to-date hardware stores of neighboring towns. I asked him if he took a trade journal. He replied that he "didn't get no time to read at the store, and wasn't going to spoil his evenings." I hadn't a suggestion to make, for it would have been a shame to have contaminated his mind with some of the things live hardware men are doing.

FORTY YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES

I've got a hunch that what I'm going to say can best be said straight from the shoulder. This man is just a fair example of the hardware merchant who subscribes to no trade paper. He had never attended a hardware convention in his life, although one was held less than two months ago within 50 miles of his store. He doesn't know his business, and never will know it. He is forty years

behind the times and will plant himself so deeply that his decay won't even make good fertilizer.

It's a shame to say things like this about a fellow that probably will never read what has been written, and I certainly shouldn't do it if he had put those skates away with the passing of winter, and brought out his garden hose as the season approached. He is one of the men who will probably carry over some hose that will go bad on him after two or three seasons, and it's an even bet that the blame will be laid on the manufacturer. I know that it is hard for some of our readers even to begin to realize that hardware stores can exist when conducted in the manner I have just described, but there are retailers of this sort, as well as manufacturers who are making garden hose purely and solely to sell.

RAG PATCHED SPECIMENS OF A POOR BUY

I remember one year taking a sample order of 500 feet of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch rubber hose at 7 cents per foot. I had been paying 14 cents, so was willing to test the highly recommended but much cheaper, article. The hose we had sold for years was high class and, though the retail price was stiff, it had built us up some high-class customers. The new hose looked good, and we sold every foot of it at the same price we usually received for the standard article.

It looked like a great big clean-up, but before 30 days had passed complaints began to come in. Not only did complaints come in, but irritated customers who registered the complaints brought in those 50-foot lengths of defective hose. They were tape-wound, rag-wound, wire-bound, patched specimens of a poor buy, and we replaced every foot of our bargain-day purchase. I don't need to go on and tell you that the manufacturer never made good to us; he wasn't that kind. The people who come out with spread eagle offers of special priced hose never are.

STICK WITHOUT EVEN A NIBBLE

I am not the only hardware merchant that has nibbled at this kind of bait. A whole lot of you have been stung on the same subject, and the fact that so many poor lines of hose are put out has driven a lot of good dealers into discontinuing the line. The high price of good rubber, during the past few years, bred a lot of adulteration sharks, whose price talk got away with our better judgment.

My advice to any merchant who has found a good, reliable manufacturer putting out a piece of hose which stands the test of retail guarantee, is to stick by that manufacturer, season after season, without even a nibble at the other fellow's hook. Price is the only argument that will ever be used to tear you away from it. Dissect the well-dressed arguments of his competitors and they

all simmer down to price, which, as a business builder, is recognized by every one of us as the inferior to quality.

A NEW WRINKLE ON AN OLD SUBJECT

That sub-head sounds like the announcement of an old maid's birthday, but we are still talking hose, the selling of which, successfully, calls for a well-planned campaign. New wrinkles seem to crop up at every turning of the road. I ran up against a brand new one not long ago, yet you will admit that the possibilities have existed a long time when you learn that it was selling cemetery lengths. Hose was cut in 12½-foot pieces and fittings attached.

Just before Memorial Day these were offered in a special sale as cemetery lengths. They were long enough for use in the small cemetery lot, and dozens of people who were beautifying their little plot were purchasers. The little lengths of hose were short enough to be easily carried to and from the cemetery if the owner did not possess a locker there. It was a queer sort of a selling idea, but it picked up business.

COUNTRY COUSINS

The wonderful sale of cast iron pipe this year has brought before us the fact that hundreds of small municipalities are installing water works. The easy sale of bonds this season has undoubtedly started far more than the usual number of towns on this subject, and it is going to mean a whole lot of business for the hardware merchant. Among the other things you will sell as a result will be garden hose, and the quicker you start boosting the lawn question the quicker you will feel results. Rubber and cotton garden hose are first cousins to the cast iron pipe the city dads have purchased. So claim that relationship and dress your show windows with hose and kindred lines in such an attractive manner that they will draw as much attention as silk hosiery under a hobble skirt.

WINDOW TRIM

There are any number of ways to trim that window other than to stack the rolls of hose up in stiff looking piles. If there is plenty of sod near your store, just have enough of it taken up to fill the bottom of your window, and there illustrate some of the things that can be done. A hose reel, a length of hose attached to a bib, which has been fastened at the back of the window, and a sprayer, arranged as they would be in a yard, will attract more attention in one day than a whole window full of bare coils of hose would in a month.

A little flower bed worked into this window lawn gives you a chance to show up garden trowels and things of that kind. The trouble with most of us is that

we don't put in enough work on our windows; it isn't for lack of ideas, but the refusal of time or expense.

QUICK SALES

If you are going to spring anything special on garden hose do it right off the bat; don't wait until to-morrow, for every day may bring you nearer to a rainy season that will cut your sales in two. Spring something special and do it the second you think you can make sales. There are a whole lot of uses for garden hose besides sprinkling a lawn, or watering a garden. Carriage or automobile washing, porch and window washing are among these uses.

I visited a store not long ago where a short, heavy piece of steam hose was kept under the counter, near the cashier's desk, to be used as a billy in case of emergency, and I didn't ask for a demonstration to impress me with the importance of their product. If any argument had been started I would have taken their word for it. You may be similarly armed, so just consider that I have stuck my head in the front door of your store and yelled at you to put away anything that is unseasonable, and substitute in its place that fine new line of garden hose that should be selling right now.

Cutting a Wide Swath

WRESTLING, fisticuffs, running, log rolling and barn raising filled a cleaner place in the lives of our pioneer parents than do amusement parks, theatre parties or receptions in ours. Of course we lay claim to a few things that are not so tame, and if it were not for baseball, football and a few such live games, our city boys of to-day would without doubt sink into a Cissy Susan oblivion.

THE HAYING CREW

But to get back to that other day. I am reminded of a game that used to be played by the haying crews who went into the lumbering camps each summer to cut and stack the fodder, that was in the long, cold winter months which followed, so very essential to the great lumbering activities of the North.

Sometimes men from the settlements were scarce, and in his need the lumberman often turned to the Indian natives of the great pineries. As steady workers those Indians never set the world afire, but for spontaneous bursts of speed they were hard to skin.

THE GAME OF THE INDIAN MOWERS

Say, did you ever swing a scythe down through a big natural meadow of red top or blue joint? I can see it as though it were yesterday. A long string of Indian mowers, each swinging his scythe in a rhythm of perfect grace, stopping a second at the end of the long swath only to change scythes with the white man sharpener, who swung a whetstone all day long at the end of a meadow—an Indian never could sharpen a scythe—and go back up the stretch on a trot ready for another swath.

The game of the day was to swing a scythe fast enough to overtake the mower ahead and to make him give way, amidst the laughter of the gang, or get his heels nipped. It was a great big, rough outdoor sport, affording just enough excitement to make even an Indian forget that he was working, during the two or three weeks it took to put up the hay, and to swell his ammunition and camp supplies into a state of health usually unknown in the Indian village.

AN ABUSED INHERITANCE

The game of the mowers was played with but one single rule, and that required that the workers cut a swath full width. Few places in our country still know the rough, stump strewn meadows, for the mowing machine has long

since crowded the picturesque Indian hunter into a sulking reservation tramp. The pioneer lumberman has followed the rapidly receding timber line West until stopped by a wall of Government forest reservations, and is now being rapidly absorbed into other channels.

From these sons of nature we have inherited iron constitutions and the much abused phrase, "cutting a wide swath."

REASONS FOR THIS TALK

We hear of some business acquaintance who is cutting a wide swath, and straightway think of him as grabbing everything in sight without paying much attention to the rules of fair business. Brown's boy may be cutting a wide swath at college social functions, and yet be drawing some V. P. marks in his classes. Jones' wife may be cutting a wide swath at afternoon bridge parties to the grief of poor old Jones' bank account, while that unfortunate individual is actually getting a little fun out of life cutting a wide swath with the old lawn mower out in his back yard.

The blamed old mower doesn't work very well, but Jones is blessed with a puttery nature and seems to enjoy tinkering as much as he does mowing. Furthermore, the retail hardware merchant in Jones' town doesn't seem to be very much awake to the fact that lawn mowers and kindred lines need an annual boosting, and it is the necessity of this merchant's need to cut a wider swath which has awakened a desire in me to dig into this subject.

SOUR DISPOSITIONS DUE TO OVERSTOCK

Lawn mowers, grass catchers, garden hose, reels, steel goods, sprayers, grass shears and lawn trimmers are distinctly related to one another, and can be sold only during the brief season of their use. These goods, therefore, demand the center of the store stage during the early summer months and should be boosted nights, days and Sundays until the danger of leftovers is eliminated.

Half a dozen lawn mowers and a few hundred feet of garden hose kicking around the store during the winter months, will do more to sour the boss' disposition than an entire month of the poorest kind of business. It therefore behooves every clerk, from the apprentice boy down, to get busy. I said from the apprentice boy DOWN, because his desire to learn generally makes him about the most active individual in the average hardware store.

THE DANGER OF GROWING STALE

As five or six seasons of experience brand some of the older employees, we are apt to find them a little less keen in knowing all about any new item that may, in itself, seem small. A lawn mower is one of these items, and in many stores where none but experienced hardware salesmen are employed, we

often find machines turned over to customers unadjusted, unoiled and in no condition to do the work for which they are intended.

The machine goes out, a tuft of old dried grass wads under the blade, and a telephone call advises the management in no uncertain manner that something is wrong with that mowing machine. One of the experienced clerks makes a hurried trip to the customer's yard, and in a few minutes comes back to the store with the report that the machine was in fine condition but just needed a little adjusting.

QUESTIONS THAT SOMETIMES EMBARRASS

How about it, don't you think that little adjusting had better be done before the machine goes out at all? Don't you think your satisfied customer would be just a little more satisfied if it wasn't necessary for him to register a complaint of any kind?

And to get back to the root of things, don't you think more satisfactory sales can be made by adjusting your machines right on the sales floor, so that strips of wrapping paper, folded for that purpose and thrown on the floor, can be cut in two by the rapidly revolving blades in actual demonstration, as is being done in a good hardware store we visited recently?

Don't you think an oil can, filled with some good grade of oil, is something you can afford to give away with every lawn mower you sell?

Don't you think the lawn mowers in your hardware store have kicked around under foot like a lot of tramp items about long enough?

THE OBJECTIONS OF A SHOWCASE

If your showcases could talk, don't you suppose they would put up a line of objections to those mowers occupying a place along the front of their glass faces? You bet they would, and that line of talk would sound about the same as yours did the day you sat behind the woman with the picture hat at the only good show you attended last winter.

REMOVE THE HANDICAP

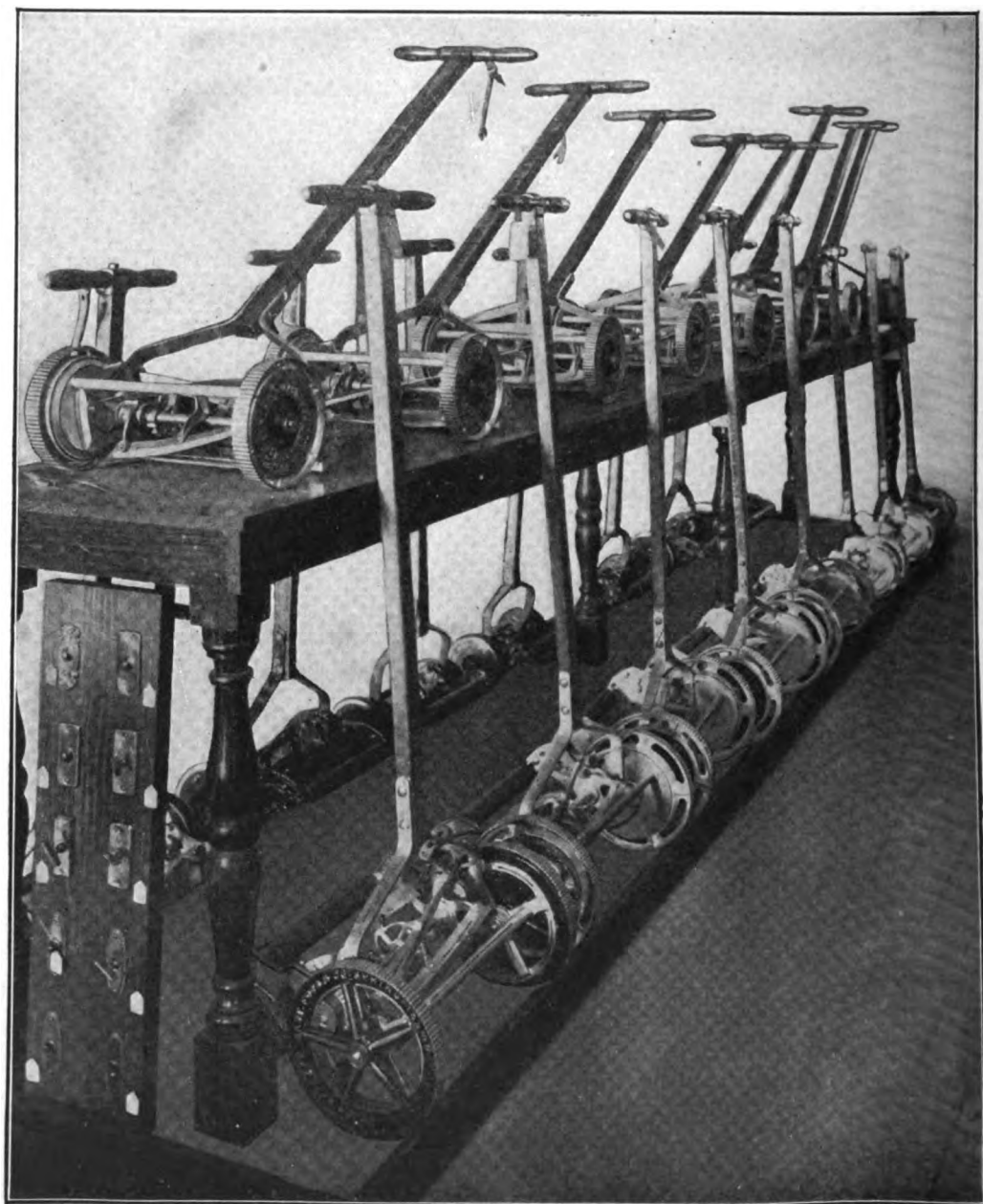
The thing I am driving at is just this: You have stocked lawn mowers year after year, and garden hose has occupied a prominent place in your store since before the day the city dads installed the water works, yet every season these goods struggle through a month or two, in a wild endeavor to make sales against every kind of a handicap. A little scheming on your part will provide a place for these goods and the results will prove a revelation.

COMMENDABLE METHODS

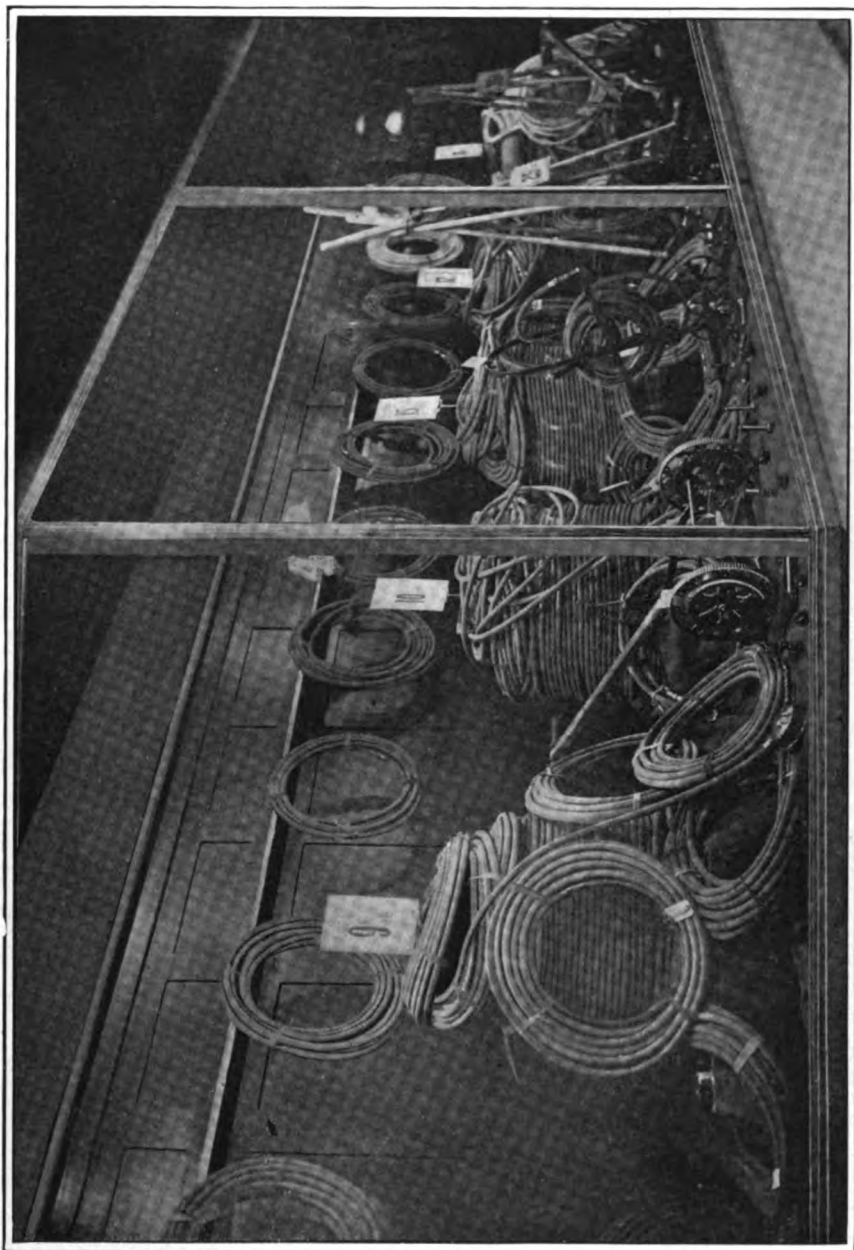
The Praeger Hardware Company, San Antonio, Texas, is out after this business in a live, wide-awake manner, and the special table which it devotes

to the display of lawn mowers partially accounts for the wonderful business it is enjoying on this line of goods.

I have visited hardware stores where one single machine endeavored to catch attention and create sales for the 25 mowers that were boxed in the basement. Now it may sound as if I am asking you to cut a pretty wide swath by advising



STORE DISPLAY OF LAWN MOWERS BY PRAEGER HARDWARE COMPANY.



STRIKING WINDOW DISPLAY OF LAWN MOWERS AND GARDEN HOSE BY NEWTON, WELER, WAGNER COMPANY.

that right now, while the season is young, you sample and adjust every single mower in your store and get it out on display. The crowd will demand attention where an individual might fail.

EASILY DISPLAYED

Window displays of lawn mowers, garden hose and kindred goods are among the easiest a hardwareman has to prepare. There are dozens of attractive ways of draping a window background with garden hose, and the smaller items which fill in around a lawn mower are so numerous that it would be a waste of time to mention them. The main thing is to get them out, show them and cinch the sales before the summer is so far advanced that some unsought customer decides that he will go through another year with an old lawn mower, or an old length of garden hose that should have been consigned to the dump a year ago.

TO INCREASE YOUR PROFITS

There is one thing about the sale of garden hose that I want to stop right here and mention. Most of us have sold $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch garden hose for many years that we can't think of any other size. I have met a few good merchants recently who are making more money selling $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hose than we ever managed to wring out of the old popular $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch size. The $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch fittings attached to $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hose get over the ground for the consumer, and the low water pressure of the average town won't crowd the $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hose a particle. If you have never tried this out just give it a feeler this year and it may change your buying system as well as your profits.

WINDOW DISPLAY HELPS EARLY SALES

Herewith is illustrated a window display recently made by the Newton, Weller, Wagner Company, San Antonio, Texas. This concern is located down in that part of the country where merchants begin calling for prompt shipments of this spring hardware long before the snow leaves the ground up North. The window display gives some idea of the large stock handled by this firm, which has long realized the profitable possibilities of such merchandise and has advertised it accordingly.

BE READY FOR THE RUSH

Do your employees know every part and every detail of construction of the lawn mower they are endeavoring to sell? Do you, as the buyer, know just how many of each size machine is in your store? Is everything well sampled, and are your spring newspaper ads ready to give this line the big boost it is needing just now?

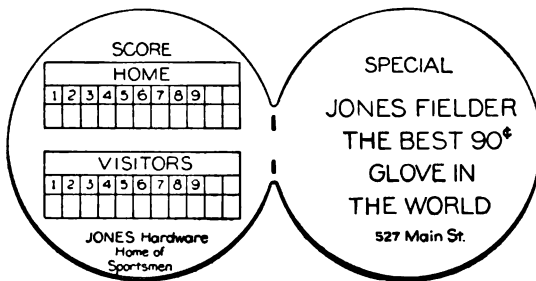
If not, just make preparations to cut a big, wide swath. Imagine that you are ahead of the other fellow and that you must go some to save your heels. It's a good way to get business, for the man who thinks he is playing a cinch often wakes up too late to the fact that he underrated his competitor.

How about some night work on this branch of your business?

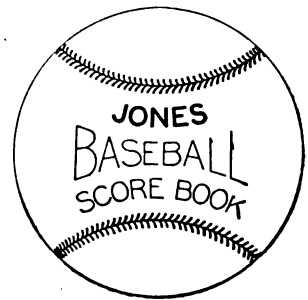
War, Baseball and Business

A CATALOGUE entitled "Fans and Blowers" came to my attention a few days ago. It related to machinery, but the word "fans" was all I could see. This short-sightedness was perhaps made easy due to the fact that I am religiously reading the base ball dope as well as the war news that blows up from the South.

It is admitted that this nation is a little keen for war news. We have watched, with no small interest, the mobilization of troops on our Southern border and have wondered what it all meant. Our young men have besieged recruiting offices, and our State militia companies have jumped into a new prominence. The Commissary Department of our centralized army has crossed



BASEBALL SCORE BOOK, OPEN



SHOWING COVER OF THE SCORE BOOK.

swords with the officials of Southern railways, and newspapers have guessed and guessed again on what it all meant.

INFLUENCE OF BASEBALL NEWS

This would seem to indicate that the pursuits of war have overcome the pleasures of peace, and would be acknowledged, were it not for the colored insert, the sporting news and column upon column of base ball dope. This holds us with an interest not to be overcome, and the United States will be sliding third long after the war clouds have rolled away. There are any amount of people more interested in the spit ball than they are in the cannon ball. In fact, there are many keen "fans" with their heads so full of bleachers that snow in winter or rain in summer can't put the slightest damper on their enthusiasm. It will last as long as we are a nation and presents to the hardware merchant some rattling good chances to increase business.

Perhaps no one department of the modern hardware store is so exacting in its demand for the "personal element" as is the sporting goods section. I recently asked a well known sportings good merchant the chief reason for his success in this field. He summed it up in the one word "mixing." To be a good mixer calls for more discretion and more will power than is possessed by our drinking friend, who can touch it or leave it alone.

Mixing (baseball mixing) begins with your being Jack to Tom and Bob. A successful sporting goods manager, known to the trade as "Mister," would indeed be a curiosity. Baseball is a game demanding equality in every sense of the word. You must be one of the boys or you are a raw outsider. Neutral ground on this subject means less than neutral business.

WORKING BOYS ARE BIGGEST BUYERS

There is a common belief among hardware store proprietors that local baseball men are rather worthless, irresponsible types of humanity. Dig into this subject and learn just exactly the source of consumption. You may learn, to your surprise, that good, hard-working, conscientious boys from the farms, stores and factories are in the huge majority. They outnumber pan-cake-bonneted college boys about a hundred to one and their purchases put those of the professional or semi-professional away back in the shade.

Some dealers are prejudiced against this class of merchandise, because in their own experience they have lost out. Just take it straight if you have failed to build business in this field it is your own fault. Don't be spiteful at a good class of merchandise just because you were a poor credit man and started bad accounts.

EVILS OF THE UNIFORM BUSINESS

Uniform prices on uniforms have never been known to exist. They are something like the gray, blue and red blankets on sale in the mining camp. All come out of the same box and are of the same quality, but the blue brings \$4, the gray \$5 and the red \$6. You may think I mean, color the truth and hand it to the baseball customer in bunches. I don't. What I do mean is that if every attention is given to trimming detail from cap to stockings, some little special feature on which attention is centered will win for you an order at a better profit.

Most suits are sold (particularly in larger cities) on a mighty slim margin. On top of this handicap some abuses are common. Uniforms are known to be the big item around which a wealth of smaller and more profitable sales center, and give away schemes, from tipping the manager to a sweater or a hat, down to giving 25 per cent. reduction on the price of all other material purchased at the same time, have been tried with indifferent success.

A good salesman of sporting goods will come out frankly and fairly with an

honest prices and will tell Bob, Tom or Jack, or any other lad who has just been elected manager, that his goods have certain advantages—that prices are right, and that he has no bribes to offer; in fact, that he has the kind of material that does not force him to buy customers. It generally puts a sale across the plate.

YOUR OWN TRADEMARK IN ADDITION TO THE MANUFACTURER'S

A bit of advertising, commonly overlooked, is that of a retailer's trademark. Adopt one. Hundreds of your fellow merchants are doing so to their everlasting profit. Have it stamped on every piece of sporting goods you buy, and your name will soon be coupled with quality goods in the section where your name means more to people than does the name of any manufacturer.

Make to every customer, from the school boy up to the captain of your city ball team, an honest, clean-cut proposition, and then live up to it. Give every customer the advantage of a doubt in replacing defective material that occasionally shows up, and do something to help the manufacturer more firmly establish his trademark and your own.

ADVERTISING BASEBALL GOODS

More than one trick play has been developed to get a base runner across home plate. The perfection of our national game has called for no changes in the rules for this year. Don't you wish the same could be said of your advertising? Here are a few pointers I have found to be practical. Build a scoreboard and put it up in your local baseball park. Advertise sporting goods on it as is here suggested. This is merely a publicity proposition coupling your name with baseball.

Subscribe a small amount to the local club just the second a subscription list is out. You know it's coming, so just anticipate it and get the free advertising of your early interest. A quantity of individual score cards, printed on cardboard and representing any item of the line you are boosting, is considered good advertising by merchants who have tried that method. This scheme is particularly good when some one item of particular value is advertised.

JONES' HARDWARE HOME OF THE SPORTSMAN											
INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
VISITORS											
HOME TEAM											

PUBLICITY BLACKBOARD IN THE LOCAL BASEBALL PARK.

Local newspapers also present a fine opportunity for advertising this national game. Good brief ads can be woven into the local news columns and, if properly worded, will attract a lot of attention. For instance, your town may be one of 10,000 population or less. The neighboring town is but 10 miles away and is a rival in every sense of the word. The two places have been baseball rivals for years. This isn't a hard thing to imagine. There are thousands of such places. If yours is one of them try this:

WE PLAY CALCO SATURDAY.—It will be a corking good game. Our old rivals have a fast team, but the home boys are armed with determination and Jones' Slugger Bats. It may be 10, 12 or 14 innings, but our nine and those bats will stand the strain. **JONES HARDWARE FOR SPORTING GOODS. SEE OUR WINDOWS.**

SATURDAY'S BALL GAME will be a live one. Both teams have strengthened, and the visitors are reported to be the hardest hitters in this section of the state. But for the fact that our team never says quit, and that they outfitted with Jones' Quality Gloves and Mitts, we might fear the result. Game starts at 2 p. m. Jones Hardware Store open from 8 to 6. See Our Windows.

ARE YOU BUYING RIGHT?

And say! When you put in your early window display, just over-do yourself on a good big ad in the home paper. The editor won't put a straw in your way if you insist on a lot of illustrations. They are the life of any ad, and if the house who sells you sporting goods won't furnish you a few good cuts of the things you want to boost, just say what you think of it in your ad and bank on its attracting attention.

Some dealers are selling baseball goods on 25 per cent. margin. If you are in that class, just clear your decks by looking about before you buy again. There are any amount of manufacturers and jobbers who are willing to whack up the big profit there is in these goods. If you are in right, they pay a profit that warrants liberal advertising.

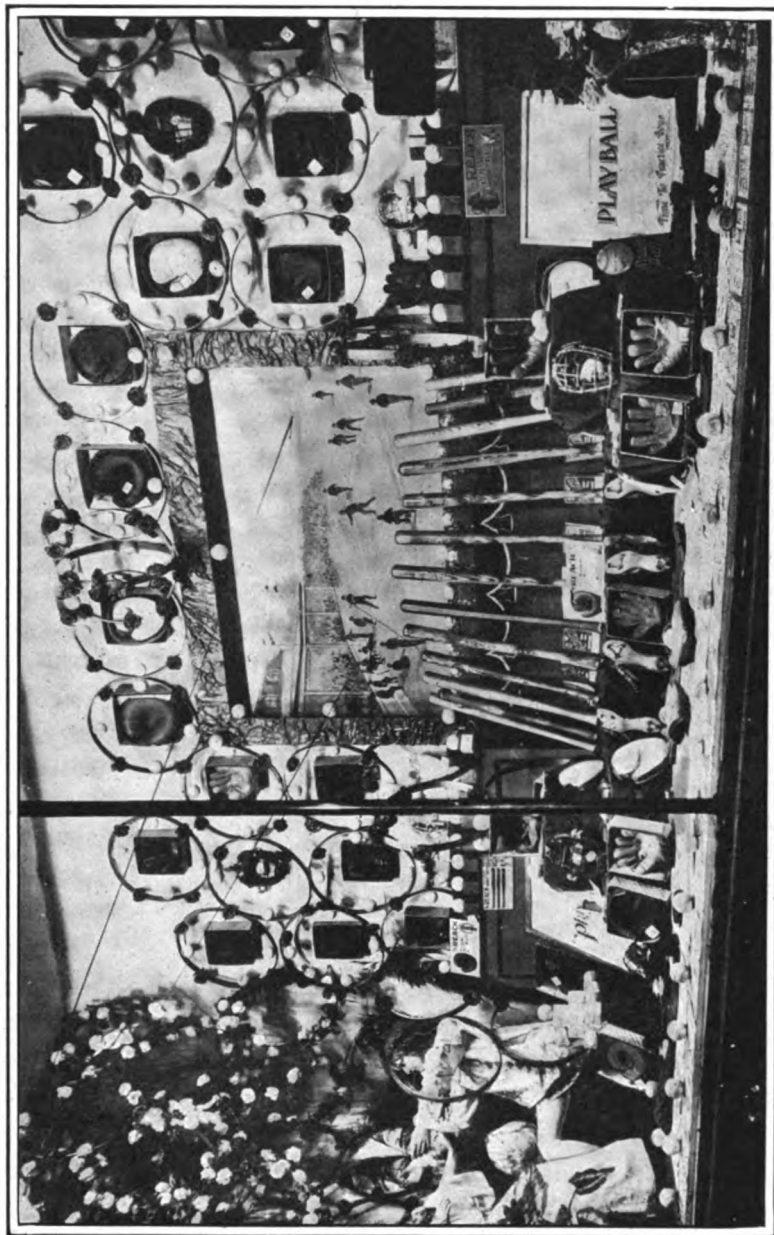
THE WINDOWS

And those windows. Say, here's where I don't have to draw on my imagination. From one end of the country to the other live dealers are awake to the power of such displays. Baseball goods can be fitted into any kind of a window and will interest prospective customers in any town.

The Ballard-Forman Hardware Company, Sherman, Texas, recently displayed baseball goods in a most simple yet attractive manner, as here illustrated.

It took no great trimming ability to arrange this display and no foreign matter was used in the window. It is a good illustration of what can be done in a small window. The results of this display were very satisfactory.

A display of a more elaborate nature, is that of Adoue-Blaine Hardware Co., Houston, Texas. The use of common wooden barrel hoops, in making



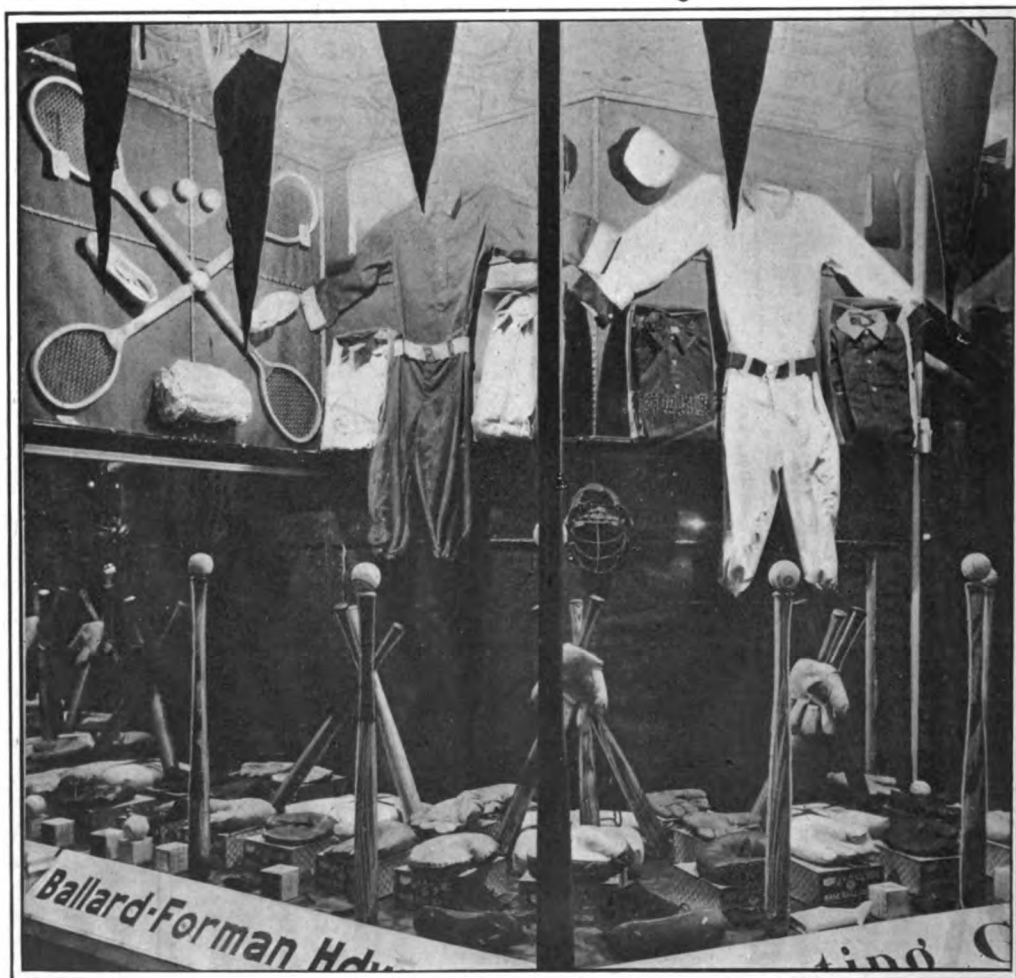
EARLY BASEBALL DISPLAY OF THE ADOUE-BLAINE HARDWARE COMPANY.

frames in which to show up gloves and mitts, is an example of the trimmer's power to adapt himself to material on hand.

The method of showing balls about these hoops could not help but stop passers-by, and the window from start to finish is suggestive and enthusing. The sign "Time to Practice Boys" shows the window to be a season opener. This Texas store is "on its toes" and will make the most of the early business.

LIVE WIRES AND GOPHERS

Early business, by the way, reminds me of catching gophers. Less than a hundred years ago, when I was a kid, we used to get bounty of 10 cents on veteran gophers that had survived the winter. Farmers in our community paid only 2 cents for the spring crop. It was the scalps of the old multipliers they wanted. I think baseball business is a good lot like gopher catching. Jump into the game and win it right off the bat.



SEASONABLE SPORTING GOODS ALWAYS MAKE A STRONG APPEAL.

Every early sale you make means a lot of free advertisement, and if your show windows have not been graced with this line of goods so far this spring, get busy before the umpire calls three strikes. Hit the ball. Don't wait for business to come to you. The crowd would rather see you beat it to first on a bunt than to go on a dead ball or take a pass.

A FEW THINGS A BUSINESS MAN OR A BALL PLAYER OUGHT TO KNOW

Ball playing and business are two great American pastimes that are much alike. No one star ever made a team, and no one man was ever indispensable to a store. Your local pitcher can't come home with games in his pocket without the support of his team-mates. If you are a clerk, and not the manager reading this, just drop that coal into your pipe and pull hard.

The boss may have bought a bunch of some brand of baseball goods that don't meet with your entire approval. If he has, just remember he's getting paid for pitching, and if the batter bunts the ball you are his support. Lend your whole-hearted enthusiasm to selling that line. The one you like can't come in until this one is sold, and you are one of the men upon whom the old man is banking. The season is short.

Next fall you can play the game over around your fireside. Just now get at that undisplayed lot of baseball goods and put up a game that's worth talking about. Don't be satisfied with playing the bench. Originate a new play that will score business for the boss and promotion for you.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORTS

Have YOU done anything to sell those balls or bats that were carried over from last year? Are your efforts going to send out those gloves that have been without boxes since your window display of last summer? I'm just holding down the bleachers this year, but the hardware bunch is my home team, and I'm banking on something that's going to happen when the umpire calls "Batter up," and your baseball season is on in earnest. Here's hoping you meet it squarely on the seam.

The Use and Sale of Poultry Netting

A FEW days ago, I picked up a Chicago paper and learned that one of our best shovel manufacturers had just thrown a scoopful of recommendations into the Illinois Legislature which will make Colonel Roosevelt's long advocated large families possible, if the bill becomes a law. The principal clause in this bill provides for \$100 bonus on every child born in the state. The second best clause fines bachelors, over 35 years, at so much per head, bald-headed men included. With a stimulus of this kind, behind a productive climate, it doesn't take a Socrates to predict that the jungles of Illinois will be filled with kids and that bachelors will become scarce, if that bill goes through.

If I am failing to treat with due solemnity this matter before a great legislative body, take as an excuse the fact that I recently called on an Illinois merchant who is already the father of 16 children.

KID CORRAL NOT PATENTED

Whenever I think of the new law, I think of him, and when I think of him I think of the new law. If that law had been in effect when my friend first joined the Father's Club, he would be \$1600 better off than he is to-day, and instead of one small corral, to keep the youngest kids at home, he would have built 16. Speaking of that kid corral reminds me that it was made of 4 ft. 2 in. mesh 19-gauge poultry netting. It was an ideal retainer for kids under three years of age, and if any of my readers are still keeping the future hardware generation at home by the old method of tying them to the clothes line, you had better change before the netting coop is patented.

SEASON OFFICIALLY OPENED

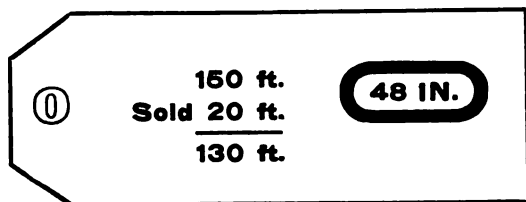
It was to me a new use for poultry netting, and has started realization of the possibilities of that much used product, which is just at this season crowding the storage place in most hardware stores.

The planting of the garden officially opens the poultry netting season, and trade stimulators in the shape of newly hatched broods of chicks, accompanied by energetic scratching mothers, soon turn netting from a luxury into a necessity. But we don't need to enlarge upon the demand. It comes to every one of us from a variety of sources, which range from baseball backstops down to cheap fences out in the new addition to the town.

The thing that most interests us is how to move, and move quickly, the large stock now on hand. The best way to aid in the solution of the problem is to pass on some methods now in use. The first and most common rule is to get more for broken lots than we do for full roll lots. Let us decide early in the season just exactly what we are going to do about netting staples, for with the first rush of small sales this question arises. Once you have set prices, just take your list and make a few business calls on your competitors. Call to their attention the tricks of last year and remind them of the people who assured you that prices below yours were quoted to them, not forgetting to mention that you presume such tales of yourself probably reached their ears. State frankly your desire to avoid such a mixup this year and compare prices. You will find them about the same, and before you leave, they will be the same, and the lies good customers willingly tell, when on the buy, will fall on ears that refuse to hear.

BROKEN ROLLS SIMPLIFIED

One hundred and fifty feet of poultry netting doesn't occupy much space before the tightly wound roll is opened, but after that operation, and 10 yards are sold it is like the gas our teachers used to tell us filled any space into which it was turned loose. A good way to avoid a lot of this trouble is to attach a shipping tag to each roll, with a stout, pliable wire, and keep track of the amount of wire in each roll. For instance, a new roll is opened and from its 150 feet 20 feet are sold.



In a circle indicate the width of the roll and considerable measuring will be saved. This wire and tag system I know to be working in a store where it has been used several years, and it is pronounced a winner.

KEEP CLOSE TAB ON STOCK

The sale of 1-in. mesh netting has rapidly increased in recent years. A lot of us ran short on 18, 24, 30 and 36 in. rolls of this netting last year, and unless we keep close watch on the stock the same thing will happen again.

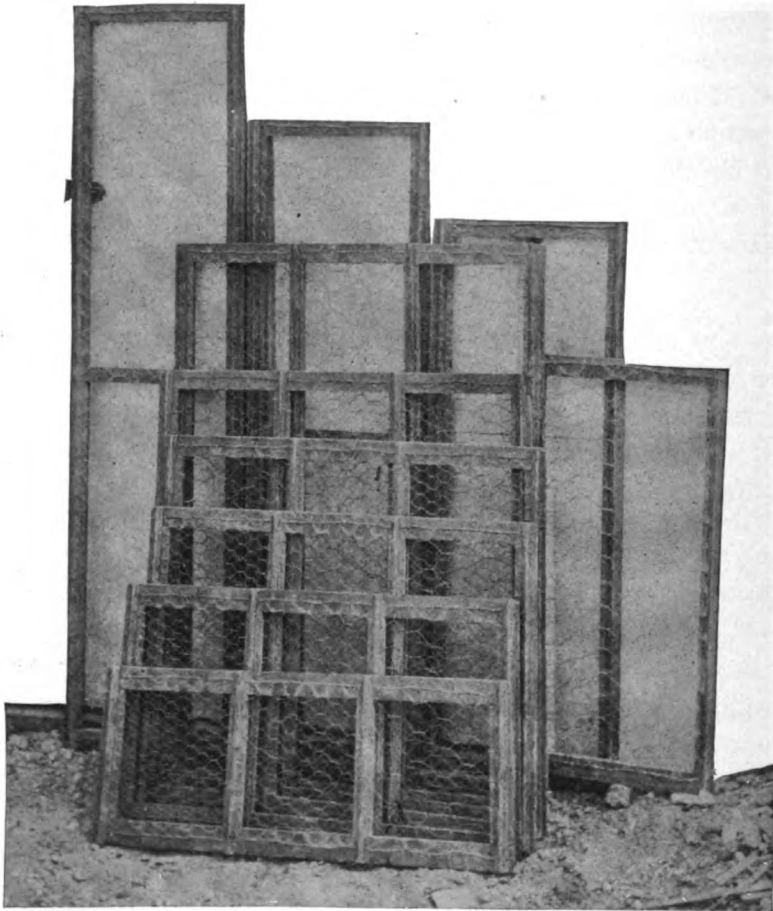
In most districts the bulk of the netting business comes in about a month. Stock of full rolls can be taken in about five minutes any day. Let us try it every day during that busy month and keep up the stock.

EASTER WINDOW SUGGESTIONS

Poultry netting displays are not the easiest things in the world to make, and as the season is usually at its best along about Easter time, here is a sug-

gestion: Make your window background by taking 60 or 72 in. poultry netting, fence-like to the back of the window. Purchase a quantity of the little yellow paper chicks, so common at the Easter season, hang them at all kinds of different angles on this netting. A little nearer the front, arrange in groups rolls of the narrower widths of netting.

In the front of the window, make two small circular fences of the narrowest netting in stock and cage in some young live chickens or rabbits. Good sized



SPECIAL FRAMES FOR DISPLAY OF POULTRY NETTING AS USED BY PRAEGER HARDWARE COMPANY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

japanned trays, or sheets of galvanized steel, make easily cleaned bottoms for these temporary cages, and the attractive power of any live thing in a window display is almost beyond belief. In a window of this kind a few simple garden tools can be well shown, and 10 or 15 lbs. of netting staples in a heap on the bottom of the window is also a good addition. Little yellow feathered imitations of chickens or ducks form good substitutes, if live chicks cannot be obtained.

Wire netting is one of the most clumsy things to handle in the hardware store. The rolls frequently become unrolled and fall in heaps on the floor. The stock takes up considerable room and cannot always be conveniently carried on the main floor of the store. If stored in the basement it necessitates a trip down the stairs every time a customer makes a request for these goods, and if the customer does not know exactly the height of netting and the size of mesh, it frequently means a lot of work carrying the heavy rolls up and down stairs.

This problem has been solved by the Praeger Hardware Company of San Antonio, Texas, which has its poultry netting displayed on special frames, as shown herewith, which have been used for several years and given splendid satisfaction. Frequently a customer will drive up in a carriage or an automobile and want samples of wire netting brought out to the curb. To carry the heavy rolls would be almost impossible, but the frames can be easily carried and a customer can make selections from a full assortment. Ten frames display different sizes of netting, from 1 to 6 feet high and 1, 1½ and 2 inch meshes.

TRADE STIMULATORS

We are now on the home stretch. The sale of poultry netting in your store will only be as great as the effort you put into it. If nothing is done to stimulate the sale of any particular item, we soon wake up to the fact that sales are below normal. If Illinois needs such a stimulus on babies, that can be born any day in any month, we certainly need to put some ginger into such simple lines as poultry netting that only sells during a limited season.

Circular letters, newspapers, window displays and salesmen should be well primed with this subject right now. The plans for selling this standard bit of goods that have been mentioned in this article are just starters. There are hundreds of similar selling methods, and we would like to hear of some that have more business for you in this field.

The Seed That Grows Spring Fever

DID you ever take the slack out of your suspenders by turning soil upside down with a rusty old spade that had been outdoors all winter? If not, you won't fully appreciate this article, but if such has been your lot it will strike a note of sympathy with the writer and together we will go over the days when we toiled close to Mother Nature in spading up the back yard radish plot. Say! but the smell of newly turned soil sets a fellow's blood chasing, doesn't it? The way we buckle down to work with spade, rake, line string and packages of newly bought seed keeps us right on the job until we have to rush for the store, perspiring, heated and anxious to get back home to complete the garden.

GENUINE FUN

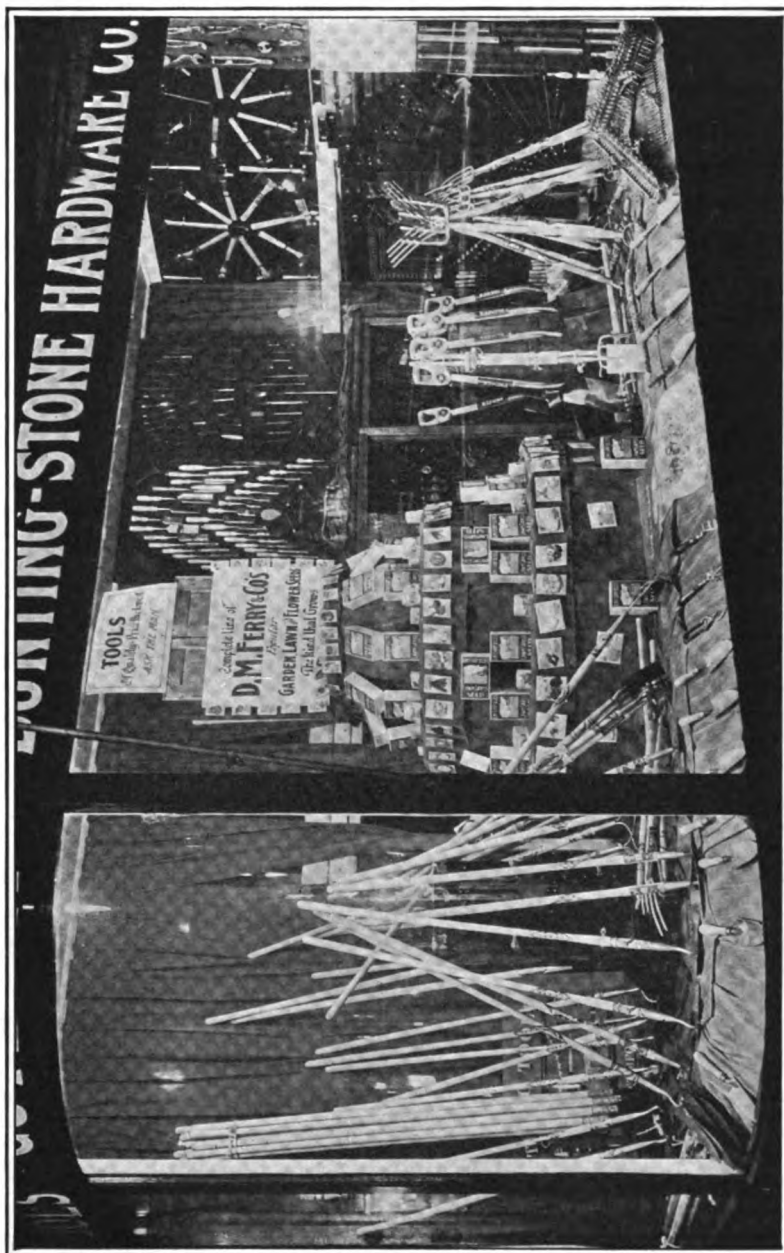
We level, line and plant for a week and view the brightly printed seed envelopes on the tops of pegs that mark rows of lettuce, radishes, beets, peas or onion with satisfaction indescribable. When the first radish leaf lifts a little clod of soil and thrusts itself out into the sunlight for development, we call our wife or neighbor to take a look and are as happy as the owner of an incubator on hatching day. There's no use talking, gardening is genuine fun. It gives the city man a taste of the days when he roamed barefooted and free on the old home farm and brings vividly before us the powers of creation.

WAR, SADNESS AND REFLECTION

We are vitally interested in our back yard plants and the day a stray cow tramps them down or a neighbor's chickens scratch them up is marked by war dances, sadness and reflection. You remember the day you caught Johnson's old cow by the tail and beat a tattoo on her flanks for a couple of blocks with your splintered hoe handle. It wasn't more than a million years ago that you scattered fine shot among Smith's spangled Hamburgs. High-class poultry ranked about the same as common barnyard fowls the day you violated the town ordinance and let daylight through those hens, and it all started in the season of spring fevers and gardens.

BULWARKS THAT RETAIN FRIENDSHIP

Similar events transpired in the front yard where your better half nursed flower beds, but during the days of reflection, you made up with the owners of cows, chickens, dogs and other garden enemies. You have learned that *the*



THE PLANTED GARDEN DISPLAY THAT GROWS THE PROFIT HARVEST.

retention of friendship requires the anticipation of trouble, and this year by a bulk of poultry netting, closed gates and neighborly co-operation you are reaping the pleasure that comes only to the gardener of experience.

CITY MERCHANT'S OPPORTUNITY

You have been through the mill. You know how to get the most fun out of gardening with the least amount of friction, yet by the lack of application you refuse to reap from this experience the store profits that are your due. The small country merchant doesn't need any pointers on seeds. He has been right on the job and for years they have netted him good returns. The large town or city dealer is often asleep to the possibilities of this line, and to him it presents opportunity exceptional.

SMALL SALES, LARGE RETURNS

True profit in seeds does not lie in a bulk proposition. Package trade is the real cream of this business and can be built up only by strict attention to business and the inspiration of confidence from your customers. Both these qualifications you possess. Put them to work, feed the mill with seeds and you will feel beneficial results in many departments of the store. Every time you sell a rake, every time you sell a spade, every shovel sale and every hoe sale should inspire you with the desire to add to that purchase a few packages of grass, garden or flower seeds. The rule works both ways, for steel goods and seeds are as inseparable as dogs and fleas. We sell a rake for 50 cents and a shovel for 90 cents. The profit may be 40 or 50 cents. Add to that sale 60 cents' worth of package seed and you can just about bank on having doubled the profit.

FRESH STOCK ESSENTIAL

We seldom fall in love with people who are too fresh, but this doesn't apply to seeds. They are limited in their periods of usefulness and in most cases one season works out their value. Don't try to carry over package seeds and feed them another year to the unsuspecting, trusting public whose favor you seek. The man who sells seeds that are two or three years old reminds me of the calamity howler who described his latest trouble as something that had both war and hell backed up in the corner yelling for ice water. It can't win out and will bring the same amount of grief to a merchant of this country as it would to a Jap or a Mexican. Fresh stock every year is absolutely essential to the building of good seed business.

GIVEN AN EVEN BREAK SEEDS WORK WONDERS

Some goods sell themselves so readily that they are refused window display, advertising and other assistance usually extended to passive sale makers. If the grocery man across the street from your store, sends you good customers,

you would be distinctly in the piker class not to reciprocate and throw your influence in his direction. Did it ever occur to you that seeds in your store are sometimes treated in such a manner? Think it over. Seeds, just common, every day, simple, expanding, life-holding seeds. Have they anything to do with fencing, nails, steel goods, garden hose, lawn mowers, hand cultivators, pruning shears, pumps, sprayers or other standard bits of hardware? Scratch your head and stir up some of the gray matter that lies well down under the roots of your hair. You know seeds are related to hardware in every section of your store, so give them an even break.

SPRING DISPLAY OF GARDEN TOOLS AND SEEDS PROFITABLE TO KANSAS CITY MERCHANTS

During the first week of March, when Kansas City, Mo., had begun to take on a springlike appearance, the Bunting-Stone Hardware Company of that city put in a window display of garden tools and garden seeds which attracted the attention of many hundreds of people, who cultivate back yard gardens during the summer season.

In the center of the window was a stand on which a variegated display of seeds was made. Seeds for growing flowers and vegetables of all kinds were shown. Surrounding the display of seeds there were groups of spades, shovels, hoes, rakes and other small implements necessary in the cultivation of a small garden.

The Bunting-Stone Hardware Company has no country trade. Its customers are those who live within the city. Yet by specializing in these small farming necessities they have built up an excellent business. George H. Bunting of the company said that seed has proved such a profitable line that a complete department would hereafter be maintained.

NOT AN EXCEPTION

Kansas City isn't a freak town. The same conditions surround hundreds of other hardware stores. The Bunting-Stone Hardware Company is not a crossroads merchant doing a bare handful of business. It is a bright, progressive, hustling firm with an enormous stock in a busy city. Package seeds are not too small an item to be overlooked by them nor are seeds overlooked by dozens of other first-class hardware merchants. If this business is getting away from you, just bank on one thing: that other profitable merchandise such as decorates the shelves of your store, is following that seed business into other channels.

TO-DAY'S OPPORTUNITY

No gardener ever reaped a harvest by sitting on the back fence and picking his teeth with the straw of some other fellow's wheat. Next year won't bring

you the returns of this year's seed business. Take a hitch in your business suspenders and plant a stock of these profitable little business packages in your store to-day. Your influence will grow in direct proportion to your efforts. A harvest begins with the planting, and business planters are occupying seats in front of buyer's desks. It doesn't take a fortune to buy a stock of seeds and there is no better small investment on the face of the earth to-day for the man whose name is coupled with the word hardware and hung over the front door of a business house.

Yours for planting, growth and harvest.

The Sale of 1911 Sewing Machines— Stitch in Time

A LONG-WHISKERED individual, with a flowing beard and a more liberal flow of flowery language, once drove a team of spirited horses up to my father's gate, and was welcomed by the entire family as soon as we learned that our honored caller was none other than the representative of a world famous Sewing Machine Company. We lived in one of those sections of the world where strangers were mighty scarce and accordingly mighty welcome.

THE SEWING MACHINE AGENT

We put his team in the barn and rubbed them down, in an approved manner, gave them a little hay and raced for the house, where the stranger was assuring our parents that a treat was in store for us just as soon as the supper, under preparation, was eaten. After that event (supper is always an event to a country boy) we brought the carefully crated sewing machine from the agent's buggy into the front room, and the way he showed up mother's old Home Hummer was a shame. The new machine was worth \$100, and as he was willing to allow \$10 for the old rattle trap that was making mother's life a burden, the stranger separated Dad from \$90, and departed the next morning for our neighbors 2 miles up the river where the sale was repeated.

UNUSUAL

Right here I want to say a good word for catalogue houses. You know there are a few things to their credit, and with such a bunch of hardwaremen knocking they may need it. Giving the devil his due, I think they were the first people to put out, in a general manner, a good sewing machine at a moderate price, and it was one of the things that put them in strong with early catalogue house customers.

MONEY MAKERS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

The sewing machine agent was a money maker. His profits were enormous, but even at that folks got their money's worth and didn't kick. I think as I look back over the span of years that now separates me from barefoot, swimming-hole days, the sewing machine agent was a bit of general history, and that to a great extent he has passed away. A visit with a few hardware merchants in a sewing machine booth at a hardware show up in Chicago the other day, further

convinced me that hardware stores have taken his place, and that the aggregate sewing machine sales made by hardware merchants is enormous.

SOME OF THE WAYS HARDWAREMEN ARE SELLING SEWING MACHINES

One of the men with whom I was talking was Fred G. Brefeld of the firm of G. Brefeld & Son Hardware Company, Aviston, Ill. Another was L. T. Hartwell, Rosetown, Sask., Canada. Both of these gentlemen sold sewing machines in their hardware stores, and agreed that it was a good profitable business.

Mr. Brefeld sold them on the installment plan, and used the cheap machines as a stepping stone to a better, higher-priced article. His method is to show the cheapest machine ever that will "picture" as well as the best. He offers it at a price ridiculously low, and then shows his best machine in comparison. Out of 28 sales last year fully three-fourths of the business was done on the best machine. Mr. Brefeld makes something of a specialty of sewing machines, and has reaped a good profit on this line for many years.

Mr. Hartwell has a store in a new country up in growing Western Canada. Rosetown is a village of less than 500 inhabitants, yet nearly a dozen good sewing machines were sold there last year by this merchant, who uses no special effort to sell them.

WORTH INVESTIGATING

The profit on sewing machines is something worth looking into. They are usually stocked in small lots, and with but a small amount of money invested, occupying but a little amount of floor space, the merchant stands a good chance to rake in some good returns. They are an ornament to any sales floor and the fellows who have tied up to them seem pretty loyal. A man can learn the workings of a sewing machine in half the time it takes to learn how to set up a mower or a binder, and the profits are more to our liking.

Dynamite

IF the pencil pushers of ages to come ever write books on the extinction of the American farmer, two causes will be mentioned in heavy red type. One will be the stump puller that slipped a cog and landed heavy solar plexus blows on numerous sons of the soil. The other will relate to sundry explosives thawed out in ovens of the departed. Every country newspaper in the United States of America has devoted column obituaries to native sons who have left this world in pieces via the dynamite route. Ignorance is usually the indirect cause, and the few sticks of 35 or 40 per cent. dynamite, furnished by the local hardware merchant, is the direct one. Dynamite is a subject of considerable interest to the entire community for a few weeks after Bill Smith is "blowed up," and should be of vital interest to the hardware merchant every day in the year.

DANGEROUS TRUCKING

Powder is carried in stock in many hardware stores and, when put on a systematic basis, can be made profitable and can be handled with a minimum amount of danger. Powder itself is not as dangerous as the average citizen imagines. If it were, the hardware clerk I saw last month pushing the wheels of an old iron truck across a few sticks that spilled out of a box, would be in kingdom come. This, however, was an extreme case, and the boss enlarged on the danger in a mighty energetic manner.

MAGAZINES AND TARGETS

Powder is usually kept out at the magazine, which, by law, in most states, is well out in the country and in a nearly deserted place. I want to say a word or two about powder magazines. I saw one a short time ago made of a single thickness of cheap brick with a 28-gauge galvanized roof on it. A good stiff wind storm could have blown in the wall, and a low power rifle bullet could have punctured a brick or the roof any old place. We should keep in mind the fact that when we build magazines in out of the way places, we are also building targets for the rifle shark. A loosely constructed magazine of this sort recently caved in in a Western town and if—well we won't enlarge, but get back to the store.

REGULAR TRIPS SAVE MONEY

The magazine is 2 miles from the store—we are making daily trips out there for 25-lb. lots. The profit on 100 lbs. will scarcely pay the expense of such a trip,

yet we go back and forth year after year with little dabs of powder and imagine we are making money. One or possibly two well advertised trips to the magazine each week have been found to fill the bill for many of our numbers. One prominent merchant, catering to this business, makes his powder trip every Saturday. Under no circumstances will he vary the programme. Another makes special trips for 200-lb. lots, and so on down the line. I have learned that the principal thing is to get away from daily jerkwater orders.

A SELLER OF OTHER GOODS

Powder is influential merchandise. Closely associated with it are caps, fuse, picks, shovels, chains, crowbars, candles, steel and numerous other essentials to the miner or farmer. The powder order for that extra gang on the country road in your section, is going to govern the sale of a few shovels, mattocks, rakes, hoes, and possibly a scraper or two this spring. A little inquiry of the county commissioners, or road supervisors, will give you a line on some good road orders with powder at the head of the list. Try it out. Every farmer who figures on clearing a little more land is a prospect. This business is seldom hard worked, and may prove an entering wedge for you on some customer whose shell you want to crack.

REAL DANGER

If you make a good sale and want the continued patronage of a good, live customer, just refuse to pack caps in the same box with powder. Don't even keep caps in your shelving—take half a day off and build a substantial galvanized iron box, and after it has been provided with a lock, put your little stock of caps where they will be safe. They are the real danger of the powder business. If your customer makes his purchases in the morning, and isn't going out until night, just keep his caps in your metal box until he drives up to the front door. When they do go out, label them "dangerous."

In a store where I once worked a box of caps reached the furnace room one day, and put our heating plant out of commission for some little time. That old fireman has been scanning his coal with an X-ray eye ever since. We thought it came with the coal, but until our caps were under lock and key we were never sure.

BUSINESS FRIENDSHIP

The weakness of powder in our stores has been pretty well discussed. Some of its advantages have been mentioned, but the best is only appreciated by those kindly hardware spirits who will join hands. Two powder stocks in one small town, with two roads, being kept up to two almost inaccessible powder houses, is the big drawback to legitimate profit. Even restrictions cannot head off price cutters, but any body of hardware merchants in any small town, where

powder is being sold, can get together on this subject for mutual protection, mutual buying and common profit.

SWEETENING EXCLUSIVE AGENCIES

The dangers of this business are great enough to require stringent rules, but the danger of dry rot is greater than that of an explosion. Put the same amount of energy into an effort to secure powder orders that you do on builders' hardware and your all-powerful exclusive agency rights will be less frowned upon by the man who is almost forced to buy at your store.

It's funny, but things upon which we have a cinch often need sweetening, and we all buy our shoes at the store where "if you please" and "thank you" are thrown in with the sale.

In closing, did a customer ever fail to call for his powder before closing time? Look over your insurance policies. 'Nuff said.

Wire Goods

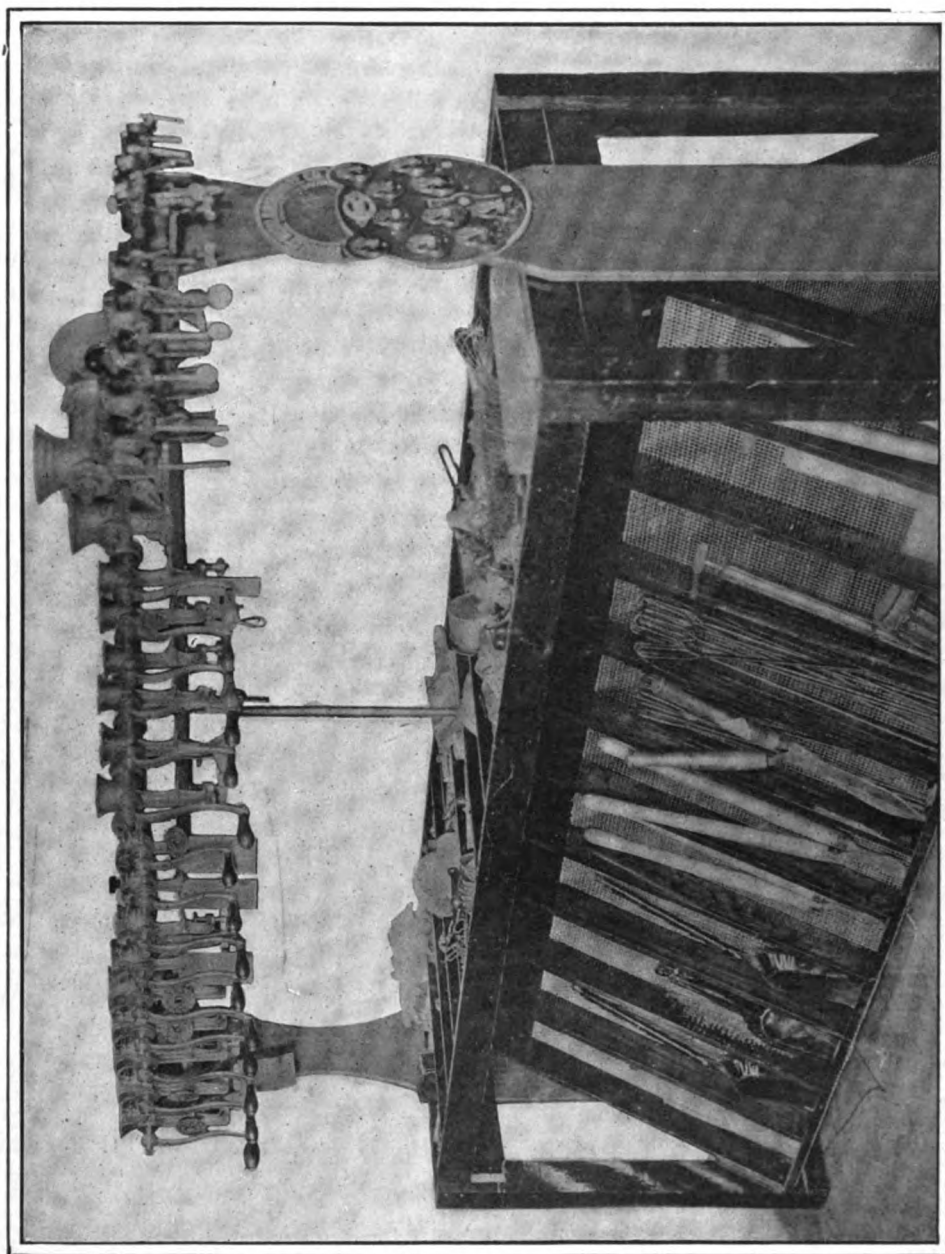
MOST of the modern conveniences, which we have come to consider essentials, are accepted as commonplace by both men and women. The wheels of rapidly changing fashions have, perhaps, made the ladies more adaptable to receive new things than are the men. There are, however, a few places where man has woman on the run. One way is the manner in which he receives a telegram. It comes to him at the front of the store and he walks back to the desk before opening it. A wire is handed him just as he is biting off the end of a good cigar and he lights up before he breaks the seal. The message may come to him on a train and is opened quietly, as a matter of fact. It's business, and never since the day he wired home for money has it ruffled man to receive a telegram.

WIRE HYSTERIA

With a woman it's different. A messenger boy always expects to witness some good theatrical stunts when he delivers a message to a woman, and he is seldom disappointed. The moment a yellow envelope is shot at her, poor woman's imagination runs amuck in things horrible. She screams, faints or imagines her only sister is dying. She nearly bites off the top of her heart as she thinks that perhaps her boy at college has sacrificed a leg to the glory of the gridiron. Dire calamities rush before her as she rips the envelope open, in feverish haste, to learn that she has been congratulated and wished well on her birthday. It's tough on woman, but it's the way she's built. A wife could no more cease to admire her husband for the cool manner in which he receives a wire, than she could stop wishing for handy things for her kitchen.

ITEMS NUMEROUS—POSSIBILITIES GREAT

I have come to the point where my wires cross, and must carry this message on with the wire goods that are sold in our hardware stores. They are numerous, or should be, and the possibilities of this branch of our business looks as good to some of us as jam does to schoolboys late in the afternoon. Garment hangers, coat and hat hooks, strainers, egg whips, toasters, hooks and eyes, soap dishes, potato mashers, display trays, kettle cleaners, dish drainers, soap shakers, bird cages, picture wire, paper baskets, door mats, teapot stands, calf muzzles and letter files are some of the most common items of wire hardware. Few lines are better business hustlers, and on sale tables these goods are always an attraction.



HOMEMADE DISPLAY TABLE FOR HOUSEHOLD WIRE ARTICLES IN USE BY HUGHES BROS. PAINT & HARDWARE COMPANY,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Manufacturers, realizing the difficulties of effectively displaying this line, have published many valuable helps. We herewith show a few of these selling aides through the courtesy of the Wire Goods Company, Worcester, Mass.

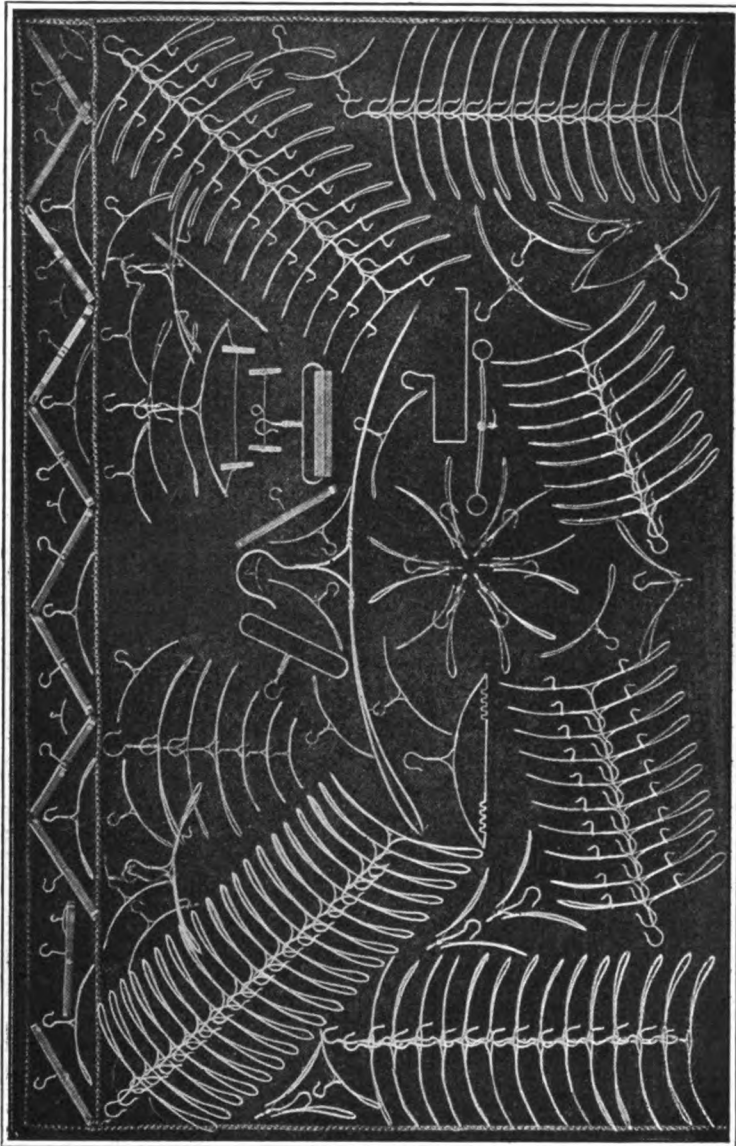
ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY METHODS

The ingenuity displayed in the wonderful machines, used in the rapid manufacture of wire products, has greatly reduced prices in recent years and a small amount invested in wire goods will make a mammoth showing. It is no



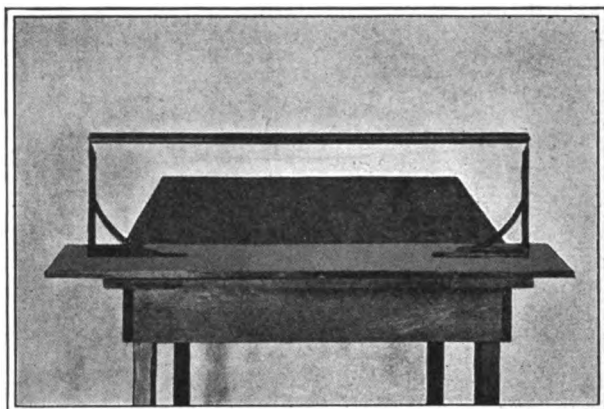
CIRCULAR SHELVES ON A POST DISPLAYING WIRE GOODS.

easy matter to make attractive displays of wire goods, because of the lack of weight or heavy body. This can be nicely overcome, in windows, by choosing that season when poultry netting is marketable for the display. A few rolls of netting, wire cloth, wire clothes lines or even barb or smooth wire can be used in the bottom of a wire goods window, and other wire items, such as previously



AN ATTRACTIVE PANEL ARRANGEMENT OF GARMENT HANGERS CALCULATED TO SELL THE GOODS.

mentioned, can be worked into what will prove an attractive window display. Many little unused corners of the store can be profitably utilized with this line, but a special counter constructed purposely for wire goods is generally conceded to be most satisfactory. The wire goods table, herewith reproduced, is being used by the Hughes Bros. Paint & Hardware Company, Kansas City, Mo.



A GARMENT HANGER DISPLAY STAND, CONSISTING OF A PAIR OF 8x10 IN. BRACKETS, TWO SCREWS AND A BROOMSTICK.

LOOKS BIG BUT MOVES RAPIDLY

I once completely filled a display window with garment hangers and the simple sign

SPECIAL

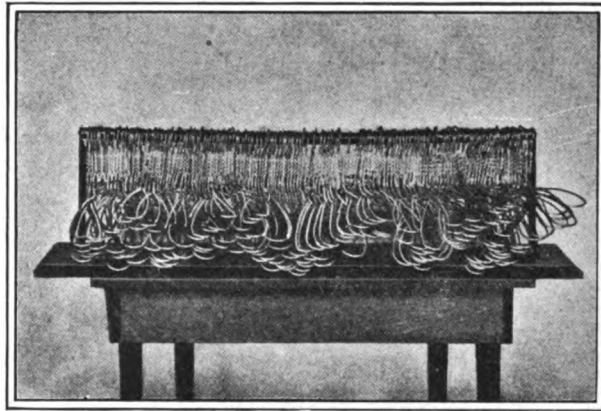
6 FOR 25c.

While they last.

sold \$25 worth in one week. It was one of those dull, poor business winter weeks, too, when \$25 worth of garment hangers looked like a ton of gold bullion. Every article in a hardware store has a direct selling influence on some other piece of goods in the same store. With wire goods this is particularly true, and a uniform price for a Saturday special will hit a whole lot of wire items in your store. Such a sale will work if the men behind the gun will give it a boost. A window display and a sales table can nail business on these goods.

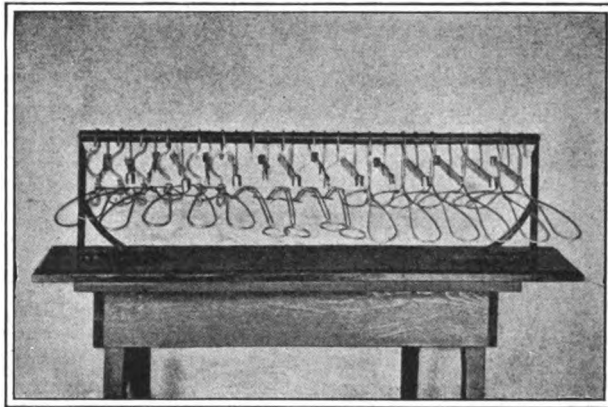
THE VALUE OF TIME

The time of your employees is too valuable to be spent opening boxes, bins or drawers to show three-cent strainers or five-cent egg whips. A woman will



THREE AND A HALF GROSS OF COAT HANGERS IN THREE FEET
DISPLAYED ON THE STAND.

sell herself six items in the same length of time, if they are where her hands and eyes can get on them. Convince the ladies of your community that their time is far too valuable to be spent killing flies with a newspaper, cleaning kettles with a case knife or toasting bread one slice at a time on a fork. Show them the new way and the new wire egg whip and it will be angel's food for yours.



FOUR STYLES OF HANGERS DISPLAYED ON THE SAME STAND.

WIRE GOODS CUSTOMERS WEAR SKIRTS

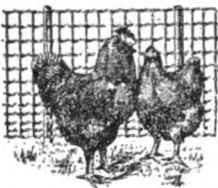
Life has been made a lot safer by the wire goods man. Those old wooden potato mashers were a terrible weapon for an irresponsible woman, and there are men praying for the arrival of wire rolling pins, but they are not the chaps who buy wire goods in quantities. The real wire goods purchaser wears skirts. Let's remember that and make our store an attraction. Try out a wire goods sale, but don't cross those wires back, and send me C. O. D. messages of its success or I'll be longer saving vacation money than a rich man's son is stalling through college.

Wire Fence in the Hardware Store

NATIONAL advancement can be traced by fences. I do not mean defenses at that, for if such were the case our fortifications would bring us but lowly rating. The kind of fences that have marked our progress, began when New Englanders first uncovered the soil and built of that covering fences, that were surely founded upon the rocks. Character can be often read in the fences men have built. The sturdy New Englander, and the rock bound coast, have been associated with one another since before our government was


born. Some of those stone fences, built by sturdy colonists, have witnessed every step that has made us a nation. Without those fences, New England would be less picturesque and New Englanders less rugged. The worm fences, of the Middle States, were torn from forest primeval, and while future presidents split rails in the clearing, politicians spoke from the stumps. In the far West our cow punchers used their old Bisley model six shooters to build fences by day and to shoot up the town at night. Our West of to-day is witnessing the rapid passing of the Indian and the slower, but none the less sure, extinction of the cow man. Fences built by scores of incoming Easterners have done it, and cattle drives from Montana to the Lone Star State are tales of yesterday.

GEO. S. GAY



**Heavy Poultry
Fence**

Will turn stock, 4 feet, 50c;
5 feet, 60c rod.



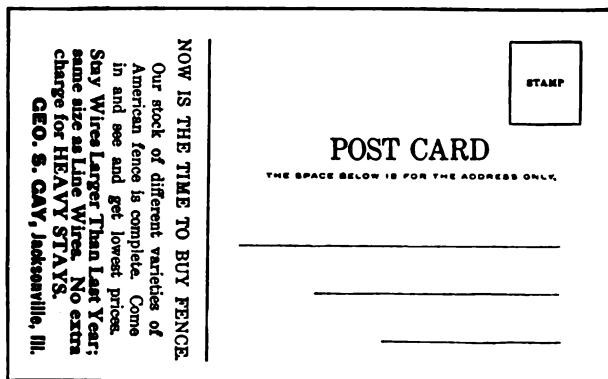
GEO. S. GAY

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT — REDUCED
ABOUT ONE-HALF

ALWAYS THE FRIEND OF HARDWARE

Through every step of improvement, fences have been the friend of hardware. The old zig-zag fence called for axes. Rail fences have caused the sale of thousands of cars of 30 and 40 penny nails, barb wire or woven fences often come with staples, stretchers, hammers, saws, posthole diggers, and gates directly from the hardware store of to-day. Poultry netting has long since won its place as a wealth producer in our stores, but many of us have been slower to realize the possibilities of field fence.

There are among our numbers a few merchants who have gone after this branch of the business for all it is worth, and George S. Gay of Jacksonville, Ill., stands prominently in the foreground, with a record of 20 cars of fencing sold in one year, and an average of nearly fourteen cars a year for several seasons past. A discussion of his methods of getting this business cannot help but prove interesting and instructive. In his words salesmanship is the keynote of business and salesmanship begins with advertising. He does it, not once a month, not once a week, but every day, year in and year out. Spasmodic advertising brings irregular, if any, good results, and we can sell fencing every day. Not only *can*, but *do*.



POST CARD RECOMMENDING EARLY PURCHASING—THE BACK REPRODUCES A WOODLAND SCENE IN COLOR.

"GAY'S RELIABLE HARDWARE"

Mr. Gay has adopted as his trademark the picture of a saw, and the slogan, "Gay's Reliable Hardware." It appears in every day's ad and has become almost as well known as the man who originated it. We herewith reproduce one or two of Mr. Gay's daily newspaper advertisements.



HEADING ON STATIONERY USED BY MR. GAY IN GOING AFTER FENCE BUSINESS.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

Fencing is George S. Gay's hobby and a fence sale is his greatest pleasure. American fence is his specialty, and the American Steel & Wire Company is indebted to him for many valuable suggestions. Do you remember when every roll of this company's product came out labeled "American Field Fence?" George Gay's customers began asking for field fence, and scenting trouble this wide-awake merchant promptly advised his manufacturer to drop the field and herald "American Fence" only as it is to-day.

Realizing that most of the vast amount of advertising distributed by manufacturers of this class of goods, was prepared for dealers rather than consumers, Mr. Gay improved upon a beautiful postal by a brief write-up on the opposite

side as reproduced herewith. Four hundred of these cards were mailed out the morning of our representative's visit with Mr. Gay.

Every inquiry about fencing goes into Mr. Gay's note book. Bill Smith casually remarks that he may fence his back eighty in the spring, and George Gay says: "I'll make a note of that, Bill," and he does so. Bill Smith feels that he has partially promised that order to George Gay. Had the remark passed with, "I hope you will remember us when you do build," Mr. Smith would have felt under no obligations, but he saw an appreciative merchant make note of his want and later receives interesting correspondence upon the subject, sent out on such stationery as here reproduced. The story ends with a sale almost every time.

FENCE AND FRIENDSHIP

Every fence sale means a friendship. We loan stretchers and other tools necessary to erect a fence properly, and it has made us many pleasant and profitable friendships. If a customer wants figures on an erected fence, we are always

**ARE YOU GOING TO DO
ANY FENCING THIS SPRING?**

If you are we want you to come in and let us talk it over with you before you start in. We will perhaps be able to give you a few pointers that will result in your saving several hard-earned dollars, besides getting a fence much better suited to your needs. We want to help you get the best value possible for your money.

GEORGE S. GAY,
Reliable Hardware.

READING NOTICE AD IN LOCAL PAPER

prepared to give them. We can furnish a good job at a minimum cost, for we have a man who makes that his business. We have made it our business to overlook no detail that will build up our fence business, and no one department of our business has proved more satisfactory than this. These are the words of this retail merchant whose stock averages \$15,000, and who has sold 20 carloads of fence the past year. Does it not suggest great possibilities in your community, and won't it pay you to become a fence specialist? Character can be read in the fences men have built.

Fountain Pen Profits

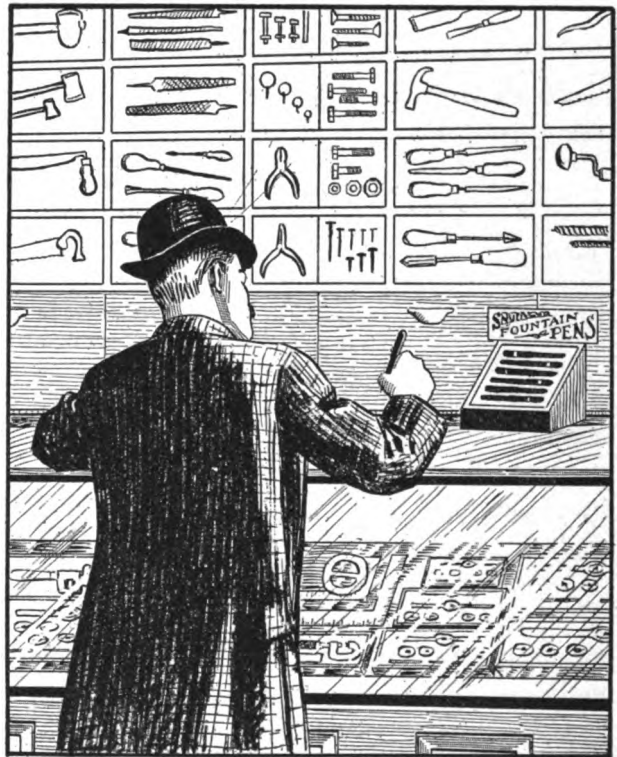
THE man who is forever dipping his quill into editorial ink, would undoubtedly run dry but for new, bright material that comes bubbling up from activity in the field to be covered. In trade papers this is particularly true, and no field presents more brand new stuff than the one in which the hardware dealer holds the plow.

HARDWARE DEFINED

A retailer of prominence recently stated that any profitable merchandise outside of dry goods and groceries was hardware to him. That is undoubtedly putting it out in a big, broad way that covers the field quite thoroughly. There has certainly been a most decided tendency to branch out away from the cut and dried, in search of profit-producers that can be added with comparatively little additional selling expense, and many dealers have tried fountain pens, to find them one of the lines that filled the bill.

REAL OR IMAGINARY?

M o s t hardware stores are crowded for room, and it sometimes seems as though every available inch of space is working. In most places this is real, but in a few stores it is imaginary. The fellow who hollers his head off for room in January, when the remnants of last spring's wire cloth and a lawn mower or two are occupying space in the salesroom, is working his imagination overtime. He is not of the crowd, however, who really are short of room and want to expand. To such merchants the fountain pen business is particularly adaptable.



"EVERY CUSTOMER WHO WANTS TO SIGN A CHECK SHOULD BE STEERED TO THE PEN CASE."

Pen manufacturers, realizing this condition, have put out all sorts of space economizing little cases, that fit into store nooks and corners or on the tops of larger cases. These are generally so made that they will accommodate nothing but the pens for which they were intended, and from the mere advantage of a case full of one thing gain selling force. Pens are a line that can be sold from a visiting standpoint, and are often bought by the man who just came in to look around or who visited while waiting for change.

A FEW THINGS THAT REALLY HAPPENED

Some of our readers may think this is merely a fancy, and to get right down to brass tacks on this subject I wish to give a chapter from one merchant's experience. He had long considered the advisability of putting fountain pens in stock and one day bought six dozen, which were assorted and offered at the following prices:

12 only.....@ \$2.50	6 only.....@ \$6.00
12 only.....@ \$3.00	3 only.....@ \$6.50
12 only.....@ \$3.50	3 only.....@ \$7.00
12 only.....@ \$4.00	3 only.....@ \$7.50
6 only.....@ \$5.00	3 only.....@ \$8.00

SOME FIGURES ON PEN PROFITS

They were bought at 40 and 10 per cent. off list, which totaled a first cost of \$166.86. Going the limit, he allowed a selling expense of 25 per cent. of the first cost and added \$41.72 to that figure, which then totaled \$208.58. The assortment was kept as near complete as possible, and at the end of the first year five dozen pens had been sold. They were about equally divided among the various qualities, and figuring on that basis, \$257.50 worth of pens had been sold out of the working capital of \$208.72. They had earned \$51, or about 25 per cent.

The original stock of six dozen had not been turned completely as far as numbers were concerned, but those pens had earned a better net profit than many staples that moved three times as rapidly and occupied 10 times the space. These pens have been given the worst of it in our figures and one of the lot, with which I am writing, ought to balk, but it doesn't.

SELLING POINTS

There are a few things quite essential to the successful termination of plans that introduce a new line of this kind. In the first place poor fountain pens are not what the public are clamoring after. A pen, like any other much used article, must have quality if it is to endure, and a good pen business cannot be established on the kind that retails for 95 cents. A new line like this must be given a window display introduction to your customers and should, at the same time, be liberally advertised in the local paper.

Manufacturers show more than a desire to meet us half way on advertising and some very attractive window displays and signs are yours for the asking. Sell them on approval, thirty days' trial, perfect satisfaction or any other way to get them out. If one pen doesn't suit, writes too heavily or flows too freely, replace it without a murmur and you will soon establish a pen business worth having. What suits one man won't do for another and vice versa. Returned pens go back into stock and prove the best ever to the next buyer.

THE CARE OF FOUNTAIN PENS

In the making of pens, a certain oily or glazed sort of a finish is almost invariably found on the inside. Ink slips over this like drops of water on a piece of tallow, and to make an ounce of prevention, pens should be filled and allowed a few days to soak before being offered for sale. The vent holes in the ends of the caps should be kept clear, and at least once each month, the entire stock of pens should be emptied, washed and refilled.

THE SIGNING OF CHECKS.

Every pen should be a sample ready to be used by prospective customers on a good pad kept for that purpose. Every customer who wants a pen to sign a check should be steered to the pen case to do it. This simple little system sold more than one of the pens mentioned in the case of the merchant noted above. It sounds like a simple little thing, but it is only one of the many very simple things that can be turned to profit. The man who carries a check book, and has no pen, is as live a prospect as anyone could ask for, and a wide awake salesman will make the most of such cases.

UNIVERSALLY USED

School children are also pen purchasers. I know school boys and girls who have saved for months to own a fountain pen. I know business men who would not be without one. You are probably one, and realizing that you are no freak, think of the great number of others with the same idea. I have lost one already this year and wish I had a chain on this one. If I should lend it to the kind friend who borrowed my pen knife this week, I would be in the market inside of 24 hours. I don't want the knife back, but I do want to buy that pen in a hardware store. Will it be yours?

Paint in the Hardware Store

MY first recollection of paints, oils and varnishes in a hardware store dates back to the day I sold a customer boiled linseed oil for cow medicine. It put kinks in the poor old cow, which hasn't troubled the milkman since, and taught me something about boiled and raw oil that has never been forgotten.

BY RIGHT OF CONQUEST

There was a time when paint was seldom found outside paint shops or drug stores, but by right of conquest it has swung into our shelves. In the battle, that landed us this very desirable stock, several things were strongly in our favor. The painter was too often a booze fighter, who failed to come through when his bills were due. He was also up against the fact that customers, who want to economize and do their own painting, seldom care to go to a man who paints for a living to make such purchases.

PILLS VS. BUILDERS' HARDWARE

The druggist, on the other hand, has few or no lines that lead up to paint sales. A customer for Carter's Little Liver Pills or one who wants a cough syrup, makes no deaf and dumb signs of paint, while the man who buys builders' hardware is noiselessly shouting, "I soon want paint."

DESIRABLE ADDITION TO STOCK

There is no good reason in the world why we should sell a customer everything that goes to build a house and fall down on the material that paints it. Hundreds of hardware stores have taken up this line during the past few years, and to those who are just considering it, as a new addition, they agree that you cannot do better.

TOUGH LUCK GOOD EXPERIENCE

In stocking mixed paints, there are a few pitfalls it is well to avoid. Some dealers are carrying two lines of paint. One may be worth \$2.50 a gallon and the other sells for \$2 a gallon. A customer listens to convincing argument and finally decides that he wants 10 gallons of No. 12, A grade, paint. When you come to get the goods out you can scare up but six gallons. You know that one color is the only thing he will have and try to hand out enough B grade, No. 67, to fill the order. It may be about the same color and you may temporarily get away with it, but the final results are too painful to relate. Those who have tried two lines of paint, in the same store, have generally been glad to clean up on the poorer one and stock heavier on the kind that builds desirable reputation.

Paint cans are the shape goods that should be put into shelving especially built for that purpose, as shelving can be easily wasted by misfits. A shelf well adapted to 1-gallon cans would be an extravagance for $\frac{1}{2}$ -gallon or quart cans, and the rule works backward.

STRONG OPPORTUNITIES FOR CLERK

The paint stock holds strong opportunity for some one about the store to specialize. There are few lines a salesman can grasp more rapidly and the mere perusal of material sent out so liberally, by the manufacturers, will soon make a well informed paint clerk with a local reputation as an expert.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED RIGHT OFF THE BAT

How many square feet of new surface will a gallon of your paint cover?

How many coats should I apply?

Are ochre and oil all right for a priming coat?

How much lead or how much ochre should I use in a gallon of oil?

Will freezing hurt paint newly applied?

Why are some 4-inch brushes worth more than twice as much as others of apparently the same make?

Are there any real reasons for the great advances in linseed oil that have come during the past year?

Will furniture varnish do for carriage work?

Why is green paint more expensive?

These and dozens of other questions will be put up to the clerk, and he who can answer them right off the bat is the chap customers are looking for every day.

GOOD EFFORTS REWARDED

I know one such man, who only a few years ago was a very ordinary hardware clerk, but by rigid attention to the paint line, rose above his surroundings. and is to-day in charge of an important territory for one of the largest paint manufacturers in the country. I also know of a store where two cars of paint were sold this year and the line was a stranger just five years ago.

BUSINESS BUILDING POSSIBILITIES

Possibilities lay all about us, though the field is changing. Yesterday we furnished material to develop the natural resources of our community. To-day we are manufacturing opportunity by developing business on the new products that stream to the hardware store from every angle. Paint may not be a new one to you, but the evidence of something, not fully developed, is shown every time a \$5000 builder uses less than \$30 worth of varnish to put finishing touches on the job.

Cream Separators

INDIGESTION is undoubtedly one of the worst afflictions man is forced to bear. It comes to him with his first yell and he is never perfectly safe from the evil until he has passed into the great unknown. Even then, unless he has been a pretty square sort of a chap, who gladly worked overtime on inventory, it may follow and make him throw up chunks of the milky way.

STARTED OUT TOGETHER

I was most unpleasantly reminded that indigestion is part of the early combination of a child when I helped an old lady with three kids off a train a short time ago. It was slippery and as I was burdened with but a couple of suit cases and some photos of hardware show windows, I gallantly came to her aid and swung a red-faced, dirty little baby up on one shoulder, while I tucked the suit cases and pictures under the loose arm and started out. The kid started out about the same time, and he was loaded with milk. I stopped most of it, but enough ran over to spoil the pictures, and I've been wondering ever since whose they were. If they were yours and are never published, feel sure it was because I was afraid some of our readers would think you were running a dairy and it wouldn't have been much of an ad for your cream separator.

TASTES GOOD

By the way, speaking of cream separators, that's the first palatable thing I've mentioned since starting this seance on indigestion. Even a dyspeptic hardwareman, in a farming community, can take up that sort of a diet without the preamble of soup, hot water or a relish.

They say confession is good for the soul, and I freely confess that my first keen interest in cream separators was inspired way back in clerk days, by the fact that the cream separator man was given a horse and buggy, for country trips about the middle of each week, if he had any live prospects in sight. I used to sit up nights looking for those live prospects. Prospects came to me in my dreams or haunted me in working hours, especially if they lived near a good trout stream or duck pond.

BUTTERFAT AND TROUT FLIES

I bought a Sunday pocket rod that fitted under the buggy seat and kept a shotgun at the company's barn for emergency trips. My tool kit was a box with three partitions. One for a hammer, wrench, level and screw driver and the

other two for ammunition and fishing tackle. I used to load up a separator and start out for the home of some farmer prospect, with a head full of butterfat information and a hand full of trout flies. In fact, I went prepared to tackle any sort of a proposition, and filled with a keen desire to wind up business matters, I used to put up some mighty convincing arguments to leave a machine on trial. Nine times out of ten the results were so surprising to the farmer that the sales stuck. Of course, the prospects were generally of the good pay variety and somewhat interested in a machine before one was given on a trial basis. Living near a trout stream was merely an interesting detail not at all essential to the sale.

OPEN TO ARGUMENT ON EARNING POWER

Cream separators are a line that will stand right back of any dealer who will push them. A farmer with 8 or 10 cows is often skeptical about believing that a \$100 separator will pay for itself in a single year, out of profits earned over and above those formerly earned by the pan system. He is always open to conviction along a plain unvarnished money-making plan.

A KEYNOTE IN THE FARMER'S WIFE

We hear much these days about purity of country life in comparison to cold blooded city business propositions. Don't take too much stock in that when you talk to the farmer alone about the great labor saving, retired-milk-pan days of the separator. Save that steam for the red-faced, overworked woman who will really appreciate it. Show her the few parts to be washed in your separator and drop a hint or two about washing the cream rims on milk pans, which is so essential to sweetness, and you will strike the keynote in every farmer's wife.

DESIRABLE INFLUENCE

Once her efforts are enlisted, your sale is just a matter of time, for she will bring the subject up at the end of every hard day's work. There is more truth than poetry in those "Who Wear the Pants" stories so often told, and many of the great food-producing districts are ruled by petticoats. The farmer's wife is never overlooked by a good separator man.

LEVELED WITH A GLASS OF WATER AND A BUM EYE

If every cream separator in the world, that needs repairs or is working badly, could be inspected and the reasons for the disorder put in a list, you would be surprised at the size of it. I would stake my life that 95 per cent. of the reasons would be that the machines were not on the level. By this I do not mean poor machines, but good ones that have been screwed to 1-inch floors or never leveled since the day they were fastened to plank floors. I have seen machines needing as high as \$15 worth of repairs as the result of such carelessness. They

had been moved from the milkhouse to the kitchen for the winter and leveled on a 1-inch floor with a glass of water and a bum eye for an instrument.

More depends on this subject of keeping a machine absolutely level than any other one thing in the life of a separator. Pound that fact home at all times, and it will build a reputation for the machine you handle. Few farmers spare oil, they are inclined rather to flood with it or use a trial order of mowing machine oil in place of the more expensive separator oil. Once is usually enough.

SOME COMPETITORS A JOKE

Separators sell best at that season when green grass first begins to increase the milk supply. Many farmers are using a machine sold by catalogue houses. This kind of competition is a joke to any merchant who will stock a durable machine and talk quality and cleanliness for the cheap affairs so commonly sold by mail are among the impossibles when it comes to cleaning. Even a quality separator calls for the occasional attention of a man well posted on its mechanism. A correspondence course on repairs does not build up business. The farmer would rather see your man with a wrench.

SELLING POINTS FOR PRICE-WISE PROSPECTS

Get hold of one of those discarded catalogue house separators and use it on your sales floor in comparison demonstrations to price-wise prospects. Letters from local farmers telling what has been earned with your machines are good selling weapons. These are all things that help, but the man in the buggy, with a cream separator in the back, is the real creator of sales. The strings such a man soon has out for future business on hardware will quickly demonstrate the practical side of such a venture.

EVIDENCE SHOULD CONVICT

In many states, hunting licenses are demanded from the men who like to shoot. Being caught in the field with a dog and gun is conclusive evidence against anyone trying to evade this law. If this same kind of evidence could be used on milkmen who use cream separators, the blue milk artist, who leaves a bottle on your back steps, would be nabbed in the morning. He knows a good thing when he sees it and the separator has really replaced the pump out at his place. Did you land the sale? There was good money in it.

Cause and Effect—Something About Seeds

EFFECTS are often more noticeable than causes. A lame horse is more noticed than a rusty nail, a punctured tire attracts more attention than a broken bottle, and a black eye causes a smile not always produced by a bunch of knuckles. The effect of great business minds is shown in institutions men have developed, and in these establishments we find good or poor departments always the result of some cause.

WHOLE-SOULED LIBERAL BOOSTERS

There are, in every store, certain lines of merchandise that are stingy and, like some men, put the big I first. There are other whole-souled chaps on our shelves which are self-sellers and at the same time liberal, almost to a fault, in their good effect on other goods in the same store. One of the foremost of these good fellows, in the hardware store, is found in the seed department, where onions and blue grass join forces with clover, cabbage and pansy seed, to add to the selling power of a world of standard articles found in other parts of the store.

RUNNING MATES FOR STEEL GOODS

Many dealers have failed to realize the true importance of seeds and are allowing some good profitable deals to slip away as a result. There are few lines so well adapted to the hardware store in smaller towns, and from a consumer's standpoint, seeds are the logical running mates of rakes, hoes, spades, shovels, plows or garden trowels. The true value of this trail blazer can best be illustrated by a little story of a series of sales I once made. This is not theory, but a series of selling facts which many dealers will recognize in their own experience.

MANY SALES OF HARDWARE TRACED DIRECTLY TO SEEDS

I was going to the store one morning, when I was overtaken by an acquaintance, on his way to work, who inquired if we carried seeds. I told him we surely did and something of the way we did it. He had just decided to build a good lawn and bought ten pounds of blue grass and white clover mixed. The yard was being leveled and filled in with heavy black soil. Inquiry at the house sold a rake when the delivery was made.

An interest in that lawn and a very simple follow-up system sold a few sweet pea seeds and a quantity of poultry netting for them to climb. It sold a good steel gate for the front fence. It sold 75 feet of garden hose and a nozzle.

It sold a lawn mower, a grass catcher and a pair of grass shears, and made a passing acquaintance a firm business friend with an influence.

CREDIT GIVEN WHERE IT BELONGS

These effects were mighty noticeable, yet they traced directly back to the few seeds that started the ball rolling. There were three other hardware stores in that city and two of them were not handling seeds. I have often wondered how many such strings of purchases started with seeds and how many times seeds were given credit for them. The fact that this line in itself is a good strong profit winner outside its powerful influence makes it a line particularly worthy of the consideration of merchants who are missing such good things.

SPRING FEVER

As an advertising medium seeds have absolutely no equal. In those months when spring is ushering into renewed life her hundreds of beauties, every man, woman and child loves to smell of newly turned earth. The farmer surrounded by his acres, the villager with his garden patch or the city man with lawn or flower bed is in the same hospital with spring fever, and Dr. Seedman prescribes the same pills to all.

Planting is often done by fever enthusiasts, but the hoeing is done by the gardener. Keep that in mind, for any one can sell seeds. It takes an old head to see in every seed customer a possible purchaser of hardware. Every package of sweet peas or vines means heavy twine or poultry netting. Link them together and they will prevent chills after the fever has passed.

A CLEAN SLATE EVERY YEAR

Seeds should be bought with extreme care. Buy all you feel that you can sell and pay cash for them. Sell all you can and at the first sign of a let-up, give them away in some sort of an advertising campaign that will make store friends. This system of cleaning the slate every year takes like wildfire, especially on flower or other package seeds, and the following year can be used in strong selling talks on absolutely fresh stock. Musty seeds and mice don't have a brightening influence on a fellow anyway.

EARLY SALES, ADVERTISING AND ONION SETS

It is surprising how some old gardeners will begin anticipating their seed wants long before the frost leaves the ground, but they are often willing to back their dreams with cash, and the merchant who stocks early in the year not only gets the benefit of these first sales but is able to grow early plants and do some effective advertising.

Window displays and a prominent bit of floor space, during the rush of the seed season, are essential to the dealer who will make the most of this line. This

is the season to turn every day those onion sets you are storing. Not on the books, but with a fork, for once they start growing before they are planted—it is my misfortune to remember that they will grow anything but profits. Besides they smell like a German breath after a kraut party. I didn't start to stir up a smell. I merely wanted to impress the hardware dealer on the outside that others of us have picked up some real money on seeds.

A Kiss for Every Red Ear

IN that section of the country far to the north of the great corn belt, red ears are generally the disagreeable after effect of frost bites, but in the land of the shucker, red ears are as eagerly sought after as are pretty girls at the husking bees. They have lent color to many pretty descriptions of rural life as well as brought color to the cheeks of more than one generation of country lasses who knew that a kiss went with every red ear.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH

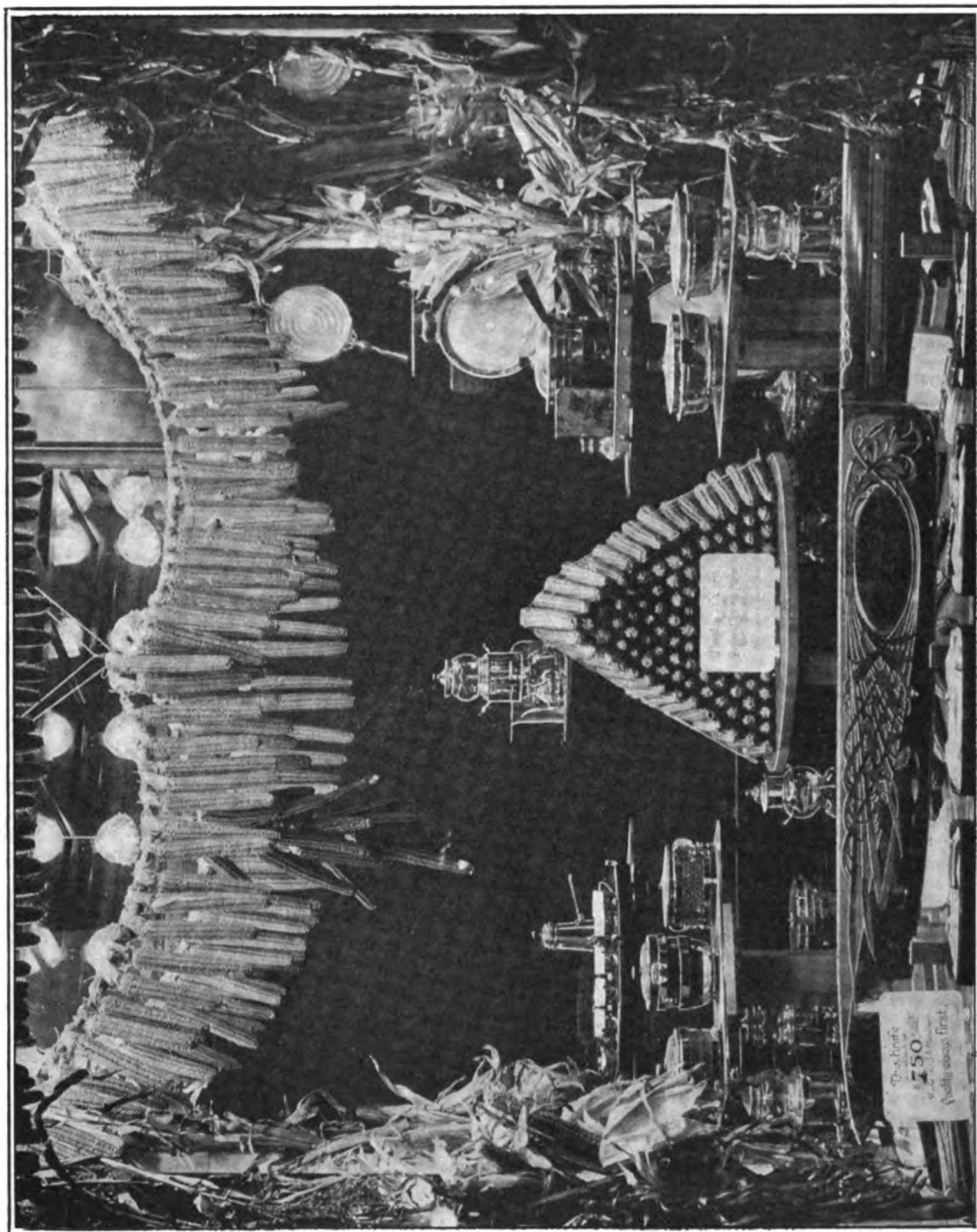
Stage settings and plays of these innocent farm scenes have sent many a city lad to the corn belt. A few days, that open an hour after milking time and close on the lantern lighted forms of tired men who have husked corn all day, take the color out of his picture and send him back to town blistered, sadder and wiser. Hardware history tells us that he never bought a second husking peg. Another season he is not burning with the desire for the freedom of the farm, but with that host of city people, who come from the country, is keenly appreciative of any displays that bring memories of its beauty.

UNDIVIDED ATTENTION

This whole world is interested in harvests. Bankers, lawyers, doctors, clerks, mechanics, laborers and merchants share this interest with the man who plays the board, and all are satisfied to give the farmer undivided attention, as he controls the food markets at harvest time. Every merchant is alive to the effect of crops on collections, and every clerk knows its effect on trade. They watch eagerly for the report that tells of an assured crop and take the resultant increase in business as a matter of course.

BLUE RIBBON INCENTIVE

Few of our numbers realize fully the business building possibilities or the decorative power of nature's finished product at harvest time. Staged in a show window, with such trimmings, any standard article of hardware is most ably assisted in attracting and holding the attention of possible purchasers. Among the many progressive hardware merchants, who realize fully the possibilities that lie in such trims, are the Duncan & Goodell Company, Worcester, Mass., where a corn festival and its blue ribbon ears furnished incentive for the effective



WINDOW DISPLAY OF DUNCAN-GOODSELL COMPANY, WORCESTER, MASS.—PRIZE CORN USED TO SET OFF THE GOODS

window display here illustrated, in which prize corn is used to help show chafing dishes, carvers and baking dishes. It certainly is suggestive of a harvest of quality.

NICKEL-PLATE SELLERS

Hardware merchants have shown a most decided interest in chafing dishes and kindred lines during the past few years, and the semi-jewelry appearance in many departments of beautiful hardware stores, is the direct result.

There was a time when this product was distributed almost exclusively by jewelers, but with the improved hardware store and its specialty men so keenly alive to the possibilities of special lines of this character, we are finding it more and more occupying prominent place in house furnishing departments. It is a line of merchandise demanding care and must be kept in cases. The best selling season is during the winter months, though attention will bring sales every month in the year.

Experience long ago taught many dealers to be cautious in purchasing dishes with enameled pans, as intense heat, followed by cold water, sometimes sends them home chipped and beyond repair. Perhaps the best sellers have been nickel-plated copper, though much satisfactory business has come from the copper finished article and there are some good enameled pans.

ALMOST IRRESISTIBLE

The mere sale of a chafing dish seldom ends there, for trays, forks, spoons and many little specialties are almost certain to prove ready followers. No single item has in it greater possibilities for future business, as every young woman in the land seems anxious to become the owner of a chafing dish. This desire has become almost irresistible when college days claim her, and if still unsatisfied, the young bride is sure to consider it an essential to perfect happiness. Through it she comes to the hardware store whose house furnishing department is well stocked with these pretty bits of merchandise that have long ceased to be only the property of hall room boys. Pretty nickel-plated ware, silver and fine cutlery are much the same tempters to women as are guns, ammunition and sporting goods to men, but from a standpoint of prompt, ready profit, as well as business builders, they are the red ears of the field.

NEW CUSTOMERS

A well dressed man undoubtedly gives a more pleasing first impression, and a good man will leave no stone unturned to live up to that impression. It is the same with your store and, while you guard jealously your good name of the past, remember the new impressions you are making daily and trim your store interior in such a manner, that every department will leave nothing but the desire to come again.

The yellow corn of staples is on every hand. Stocking the bare necessities of your community is a duty requiring little brain work and bringing but short profit. The hundreds of specialties, not at all essential to life, are red ears in to-day's hardware field, and the house furnishing department is a harvest awaiting such merchants as will husk thoroughly. The good ears, left on the stalks by a careless shucker, often mean more than his salary.

Roll that morsel over a time or two. Are the boys missing sales or has the buyer overlooked the red ears of staples or novelties that can be sold?

Mechanics' Tools

THERE are many things which can be overdone besides boarding house steak. Of course it is in a class by itself, but hobble-skirts, peach basket hats and long hat pins are close seconds in the race for attention. The old boarding house steak may even be occasionally put in the background by some of these modern sunbursts, but it is never completely out of the race and has been a most reliable standby since the origin of jokes. In fact the whole world, with the possible exception of the photographer, who has laughed a lifetime at "Won't I crack the camera?" will agree on the time-honored rights of boarding house steak and its variations of hash, mince pie and meat pudding. It was overdone to start with, always will be overdone and would never taste or sound right if changed. To be overdone is its right alone. All other things can be and have been wrongfully overdone.

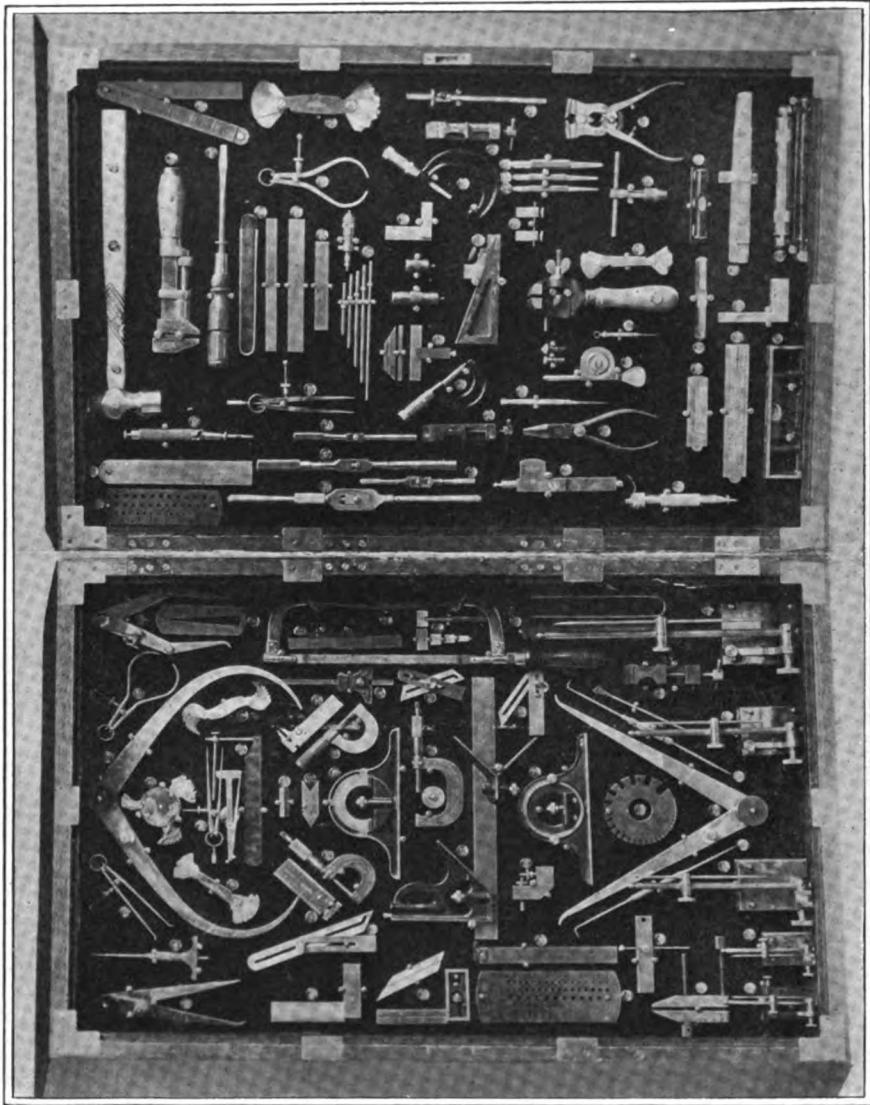
OVERDONE, RED TAPED AND BURIED

Foot ball teams have gone stale, students have worked themselves into mental giants and physical wrecks. So many good laws have been enacted that their enforcement is a farce. Popular songs have been sung and whistled into early graves, and good stores have been improved, systematized, departmentized, red taped and buried. The funeral processions are often run in sections, and occasionally the burial of a business arm or leg so completely arouses the remainder of the body that a resurrection takes place.

Store after store has specialized in certain departments successfully and profitably, but to the detriment of other equally important departments. Such experience has awakened some dealers to the newly created needs of the weakened department and others have lost business in one part of the store, while they gained it in another, and could not see the reason.

PROFITABLE EXPERIENCE

A chapter from the experience of Duncan & Goodell Company, Worcester, Mass., is not only interesting but very profitable on this subject. This firm has always enjoyed a particularly strong mechanics' tool and mill supply trade. In a recent remodeling and systematizing of this store, the management became most keenly interested in the increasing demand for brass, copper and nickel-plated ware and devoted a very important section of floor space to beautiful cases, in which artistic displays of these goods soon created greater business.



TOOL CASE WHICH MAKES BUSINESS FOR DUNCAN & GOODELL COMPANY, WORCESTER, MASS. IT IS SENT FROM
FACTORY TO FACTORY FOR THE INSPECTION OF MECHANICS.

The store was decidedly more attractive in its new dress. With the attention given this and kindred lines, ladies began to patronize the institution as never before.

TOO FINE FOR ROUGH AND READY MECHANIC

The general business increased, but the demand for mechanics' tools dwindled off in a most perceptible manner. Thorough investigation brought to light the fact that certain rough and ready mechanics found the remodeled store too fine, and while business increased on the beautiful new lines, it fell off on the desirable old staple. Steps were immediately taken to win back this appreciated portion of the store business, and the mechanics' tool case here illustrated is the result.

RIGHT ON THE JOB

This case is made of hardwood and is approximately 9 by 24 by 36 inches; the lid being about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, and the chest $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. Glass covers for these are held in place by the projecting brass plates.

This case is sent from factory to factory and through an arrangement, satisfactory to both manufacturer and merchant, the mechanic is given an opportunity to select his tools right on the job.

This system is also complimentary to the mechanic and shows a keen appreciation of his patronage. It has brought back, in a most satisfactory manner, a portion of Duncan & Goodell's business that threatened to slip away, and is strongly recommended to dealers facing similar problems.

NOT LEFT TO SELL THEMSELVES

Any business can be improved by system, and no great merchant of to-day denies this to be the age of the specialist. The departmentized hardware store is branded by the specialist from one end to the other, and in no place is he more important than in the mechanics' tool department. The case, illustrated in this article, is the brain work of a specialist, and mechanics' tools on attractive display in Duncan & Goodell's store are not left to sell themselves. Not every merchant could have picked the weak spot in their system and the effective remedy can be profitably copied by many dealers facing like problems.

JUST A START NEEDED

Not every hardware store enjoys enough mechanics' tool business to warrant the employment of a specialist, but the manager of every such store should encourage some one clerk to make it his business to study, work and boost this department. It is not meant that he should devote his entire time to these goods, to the detriment of other equally important duties.

He is not even to pose as "Our Mechanics' Tool Expert," and refuse to wait on other trade in the small store, for there is but a step between system and red tape. He should, however, be helped to see the importance of mechanics' tools, and natural ability found in most hardware clerks will do the rest.

A Few Facts About the Sale of Vacuum Cleaners

THERE are various kinds of beats other than the troublesome place on which it is hard to find a policeman. There are sugar beats, dead beats and live beats. Dead beats are sometimes so sweet about their ways of doing business that they seem related to sugar beats, but the surly disposition of a live beat doesn't indicate even a passing acquaintance with sweetness.

THE BILLIKIN

You know the kind if you have ever been on the power end of an old carpet beater about house-cleaning time. It's a job that calls for a live, handy man, with a long reach and a pair of nostrils that will take anything from moth balls to tubercular germs without affecting the lungs they feed. The live beat must be a man who can remain cheerful, even if the old clothes line does break. He must look as happy as Sunny Jim when the stepladder walks out from under him, and smile serenely when he rips his pants or pounds a finger. In fact, he is the impossible billikin of house cleaning.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS OR \$25, WHICH FOR YOU?

No longer do we find city men trying to play this difficult role. But in the smaller towns useless efforts are still being made, and hardware merchants, in many such places, are still selling 25-cent carpet beaters when they should be handing out \$25 vacuum cleaners.

I believe in being conservative about the purchase of new, untried and unknown merchandise as much as any one, but vacuum cleaners have passed the embryo stage, and have long since proved their right to a place among the staples in our stores.

The city merchant has realized and appreciated this fact, but many of our numbers in the smaller places are still playing conservative on this piece of goods, and by so doing are letting the moss get a little thicker on their backs every day. It is time to come out of the tall grass.

You may have a neighbor who is knocking the cleaner he tried five years ago, and you may want to talk it over with the gang in your next hardware convention, but the longer you put off your resolve to stock this deserving piece of goods, the better chance you give the furniture man to beat you to it.

Some men are like radiators, they rattle a lot before they loosen on any heat, and I guess I've rattled about enough, so here are some solid facts. Read them. See where they were obtained. Realize that this is not fiction and get into action. This hardware friend of mine bought three Regina vacuum cleaners last March as an experiment.

They were hand-power machines of a standard make and two of them sold readily at the restricted retail price of \$25 each.

The third one was a history-maker. A woman customer wanted it but did not feel that she could afford to buy, so the store proprietor, who happened to be waiting on this customer, was struck with the idea of a good free advertisement and rented it for the day.

RAPID DEVELOPMENT

He unconsciously started the ball rolling that has grown faster than a family of guinea pigs. Within a week, realizing the earning power of the new discovery, he bought five additional cleaners which went into the renting account.

Those eight cleaners cost less than \$115. Two of them sold for \$25 each, and the other six have brought in a rental of \$150 in less than eight months. Their owner conservatively estimates that the rental received from these cleaners will run up to \$200 by the time his year expires.

IMMENSE RETURNS PAY STORE RENT

The figures just given show \$250 returns out of the \$115 invested, and leave on hand six cleaners, which to all appearances are as good for service as they were the day they came into the store of H. L. McNamara, president of the National Retail Hardware Association, who rents them at \$1 a day. Any portion of a day is charged as a full day. Mr. McNamara's delivery team hauls the machines back and forth. There is no perceptible increase in the delivery expenses since this addition to the driver's work. A close record is kept on these rented machines, and the day of your Assistant Manager's pleasant and profitable call, the books showed four machines out picking up easy money. Mr. McNamara says he believes they will pay the store rent.

DO IT NOW

Now, gentlemen, I don't need to tell you that vacuum cleaners will be rented by the women folks, talked of and paid for by them. You know *a woman pays her little bills more promptly than a man does his big ones*, and you know further that this is not a pipe dream, but a story of facts. You can't afford to let this rest overnight. Janesville, Wis., is just an ordinary town of less than 15,000 inhabitants. There are gasoline power house cleaning machines operating there, but the women of that city can find some one about their homes to work a rented

hand-power vacuum cleaner for a day, and save the difference between a \$10 contract job and the \$1 rental.

ON THE SQUARE

This renting may be a little tough on sales, but your manufacturer won't kick at all if he can put his unrepresented goods into your town that way. The retail hardwareman is generally known in his home town as a fair play sort of a fellow, and as your Assistant I urge that you give vacuum cleaners a square shake and can assure you of no regret if you do.

TRY IT OUT AT HOME

The dark pool of despondency seldom closes over the man who keeps his store as clean as his wife keeps the home. You'll be going some if you do that after your wife gets the vacuum cleaner. I can tell a hotel where one is in use with my eyes shut.

Getting back to the beats with which we started, don't you think we have beat time about long enough on this subject. Let your better judgment respond to this command to quit marking time and go forward keeping step with this new general of profit that wants to campaign with you right now.

The Kid's End of a Hardware Store

A CERTAIN wild-eyed kitchen mechanic, associated with my youth, had as a war slogan, "Kids is Kids." This queen of the dishpan could see nothing good in a boy, and would trail a block or two out of her way any old time to do family reporter work on us boys. Any occasion for doubt as to the exact perpetrators of any neighborhood crime brought out the slogan, which was invariably followed by statements that implicated some youngster. She certainly had it in for kids, and after a few rounds with the neighborhood gang, her suspicions, as far as she was personally concerned, were justified.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Loyalty, appreciation and love hang out one of a boy's coat sleeves, and the other is chucked full of the spirit of get even. A boy's judgment is not always too quickly made, but is influenced easily by boy friends. A perfect hatred may be nursed by some boy, whose friend has been mistreated. They are great little business hustlers, and are pretty good character barometers of the business men they know.

READY TO RETIRE WHEN HE LOST BOYS AND GIRLS

Boy peculiarities haven't changed a bit since the world began, but with broadened manufacturing his influence has increased decidedly. He starts on rocking horses, drums and other toys, and rapidly takes up sleds, express wagons, skates, rifles, fishing tackle, sporting goods and jack knives. He stops being a boy just in time to buy as a man, whose taste has been well developed. A successful merchant once made the statement that whenever he lost the friendship of the boys and girls he was ready to retire, as he would know he had become too crusty to win or hold customers.

CREDITED WITH SUCCESSFUL SALES

A little over a year ago the Quality Hardware Store was loaded to the eaves with football supplies. They had proved a disappointment all through the fall, but fortunately the balls, which formed most of the stock, were those ranging from one to three dollars in price, and Christmas week the boys of town came to our rescue and cleaned them out. I can remember a roller skate sale where nearly a hundred pairs went out in a single day. That sled sale gathered in a nice lot of loose money, and those express wagons, that move every day in the year, are only a few examples of the effect boys have on business.

Colonel Roosevelt's much discussed campaign on increased population is one of the strongest hardware selling plans ever promulgated. The more the merrier, and it doesn't take a prophet to predict that the kids of the future will be much like those of the past. Not all of us realize fully their effect on business.

IMPORTANCE OF CHILD INFLUENCE

I visited a dealer a short time ago who was down in the mouth and kicking about business. There were no sleds, no skates, no Christmas preparations of any kind in that store. In three other stores in the same town conditions were good, business had been better than last year, Christmas business was humming and the little folks were strongly in evidence, wishing for or buying the things that were made only for children. The inference was too plain to be ignored. By this talk I don't want you to think that I am too strongly advocating that you turn your hardware store into a toy shop on Christmas, although it is a profitable yearly feature in many stores. I merely want to impress the importance of the influence these little folks possess.

A STORE WITHOUT HEART THROB

Take those things from your store that appeal to children and you have a Christmas tree without trimmings or an uncolored Easter egg. This year just closed we owe to them the greatest selling season ever known on hand sleds and skates, and on goods in our sporting goods department their influence is far too important to overlook.

NEVER A FAILURE

An encouraging hand placed on the shoulder of your apprentice and the pleasant word spoken, is forgotten by you to-day and remembered by the boy long after time has rounded him into a great hardware merchant. He is just one example of the majority of the population of your town. Ever think it out that way? Cater to youngsters. They're worth it, and the man with a boy's heart is never a failure.

Building Papers

WITH the cold snaps of early fall stirring many districts into a frenzy of business bustle, the hardware merchant, in such sections, is finding his hands full and is improving every chance to fill the till and lower the stock before January brings a retail lull and inventory.

THE CHILL AND THE BILL SEASON

It is always a pleasure to drop into a country hardware store at this season and see the slow moving farmer of last summer, emerged into the busy man who jumps from a wagon just unloaded at an elevator or warehouse. He is all business now and wants to pay up the old bill or get his packages and hurry homeward for another load of the produce that will square up his accounts. The merchant who is unfortunate enough to have few such customers, is reminded of his own empty coal bins and given the nerve to pound the slow ones up.

The villager who was so busy whittling and telling yarns on the sunny side of the grocery store during the warm months, has suddenly remembered the corner hardware store, where he is the busiest man in the community as he anxiously waits for those nails and roofing caps, which will hold a coat of tarred paper on his shack before night. A knot hole or an open crack will inject more hustle into one of those fellows in a single cold night, than a complete commercial course can into a book made merchant in a lifetime. In fact, a touch of sharp weather makes us all think of our summer's wages, and fills us with energy and new resolves. By the way, you may not handle tarred paper or threaded felt, but it is such an inspiring subject to a lazy man that I can't leave it alone.

GREAT DEMAND JUST NOW

Most country hardwaremen are selling building and tarred paper these days, and many of their city cousins, especially in the outskirts of large towns, are finding it to be live, profitable stock which sells fully as rapidly as window glass in an air gun neighborhood. I have often thought that if I could be assured of all the window glass trade in any community, it would pay to give away air guns every Saturday afternoon. Building and tarred paper are particularly good sellers, in lumbering or farming districts, where all kinds of temporary shelters must be made warm in a hurry just before winter.

READY SALES—NO BROKEN LOTS

There are hundreds of hardware merchants buying paper in car lots, who would hesitate before buying such quantities of many other commodities. It is a

most simple stock to handle, does not have to be sold in broken lots, and usually goes to the customer who wants quick action and will pay a profit for it. It moves very rapidly, when the season is on, and in more ways than one is very desirable stock to the merchant who is out after real live selling additions to his business.

OTHER USES

Tarred paper has other uses than keeping moths out of your winter furs or preventing frosted feet on Christmas poultry. I saw it put to a most practical use in a store not long ago. A partitioned bin had been built at the back of the store, out of matched flooring, for the accommodation of axe handles, and the entire inside, as well as the tight fitting hinged cover, was lined with tarred paper. The manager told me that his axe handles were always straight when stored there and that they retain their elasticity. It's great to own a stock of axe handles that are not brittle, and we all know the kind that are as crooked as reform aldermen. Mixing them with good ones don't move them either.

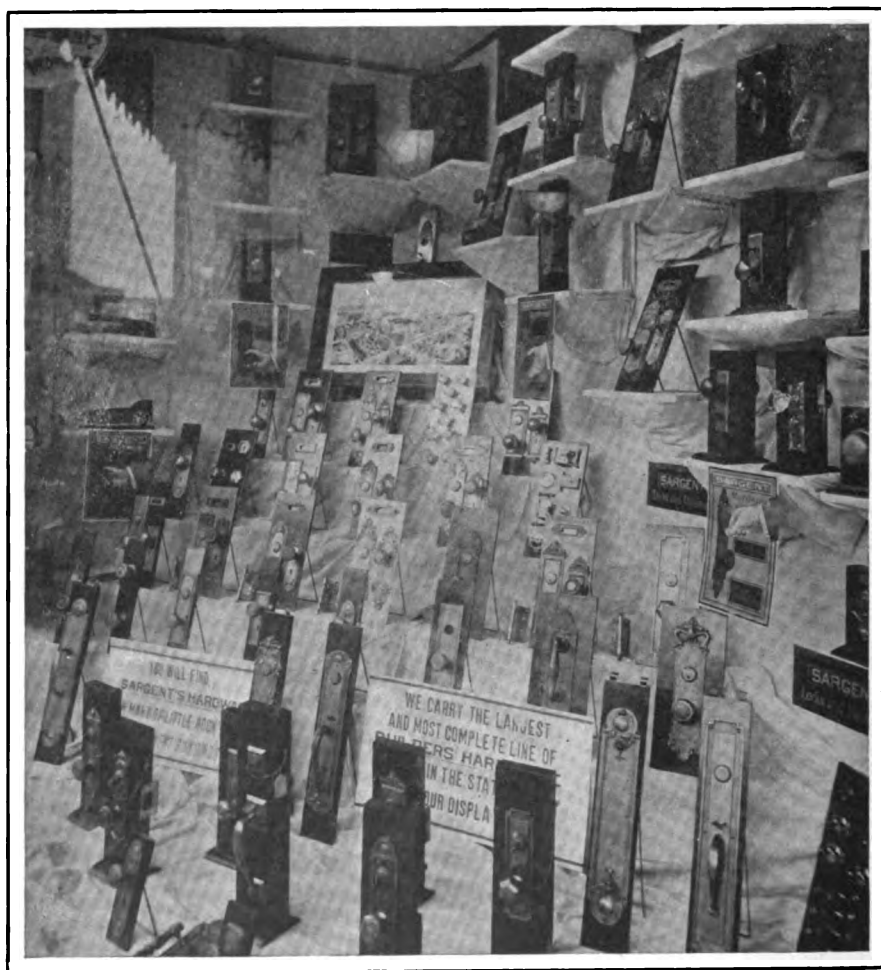
The thoughts of the one or two crooked axe handles in every crate, has twisted me from the paper subject, so I shall stop. As it was a whiff of tarred paper that forced upon me the memory of that profitable old friend and reminded me of the fall and winter opportunities such special lines hold for us hardware-men.

TOO GOOD FOR BUILDERS' HARDWARE LUMBER YARD

A trial order will convince you that this line is too good to leave entirely with the lumber yard that stocks builders' hardware. While we are on the paper subject, let's go out in the wareroom and tear a small piece off a roll of any one of the many so-called fireproof roofings and apply a match to it. By the bright blaze of our sputtering torch let's wonder together why the manufacturer wrote "Fire Proof" on something which sells even if he has lied about it.

Building Material for Air Castles and Bungalows

IT is just as natural for men to build houses as it is for birds to build nests. Some birds build their nests of rough limbs or twigs, while others feather or hair-line their little homes into cozy, comfortable places for their young. Birds haven't progressed very rapidly in their home-building habits; it is easy to suppose that the crows and eagles built just as roughly in the days of



A BUILDERS' HARDWARE DISPLAY "SO ATTRACTIVE, SO CLEAN CUT IN ITS EFFECT THAT IT WOULD GET BUSINESS WHEREVER THERE WAS ANY RUNNING AROUND LOOSE."

Julius Cæsar as they do to-day, and the birds that sang in the Garden of Eden were undoubtedly as good little architects as their sweet-voiced descendants.

If man had developed no more rapidly he would still be dwelling in cliffs, caves or in the trees, and it would be no trouble at all for the side shows to pick up a wild man from Borneo; but man was a thinker and it was not long after Adam began fig-leaving on the beach before there were ridge poles for the kids to climb and stair rails for them to slide.

The first rough improvements were an incentive to build still better and the spirit of rivalry did the rest. Castles and forts were developed more rapidly than cottages and stores merely because blood and business mixed easily in the Middle Ages. The makers and sellers of builders' hardware never occupied the center of the stage until corn began to be of more interest than clans, and commerce more absorbing than crusades.

GETTING OUR FINGERS INTO THE OTHER FELLOW'S PIE

The first houses constructed in this country were fitted with hardware that had been manufactured in the Old Country, but as we grew in numbers and importance the natural desire to get our fingers into the other fellow's pie got the better of us, and America began to make her own builders' hardware. The growth in the manufacture of builders' hardware in this country is almost identical with the growth of the steel industry. Things didn't really begin to hum until after the Civil War, but from that time on our manufacturers and retailers have been busy keeping the trail warm with shipments to supply the ever-increasing demand.

A RAKE-OFF THAT PUTS A CRIMP IN SALESMANSHIP

Builders' hardware, like a lot of other things, is subject to the influence of woman; it may seem natural to look for the most business of this kind to come from the big husky carpenter who swings a hammer for other people six days in the week and for himself and his sleepy neighbors on Sunday mornings. It may seem as if the carpenter ought to beat a builders' hardware trail to our stores and sometimes he does, but altogether too often he is looking for that little personal rake-off that puts a crimp in our profits.

The greatest number and at the same time the most profitable orders that we get come direct from the men who build their own little homes, and the cause of that building is generally in petticoats.

A LIVE PRINCIPLE OF SALESMANSHIP THAT ONCE HOKED CROWN JEWELS

Hardware men are more and more becoming "Christopher Columbus Salesmen." That wise old chap reckoned on the influence of woman over 400

years ago when he succeeded in getting Queen Isabella to hock the crown jewels and buy him the Santa Maria. He overcame a ship loaded with precedent and superstition and discovered for us not only America but the first principle of American salesmanship.

There are few real homes in our country that are not built and maintained by the influence of women. Business buildings may be different, but behind every home building in your community is the kind of a woman that makes life worth while. These women have changed many of the old systems of selling hardware.

Their effect is probably more noticeable in the housefurnishings section of your store than in any other department, but it runs over into builders' hardware and that department is improving as a result.

DEAD BEATS AND A FALSE FEELING OF SECURITY

There are probably more dead beats buying builders' hardware than there are blacksmiths in heaven. Bad accounts on most hardware ledgers are chuck full of builders' hardware customers. In fact, they predominate. We have fallen into the habit of looking up the ancestry of every man who wants to buy a gun or baseball suit on credit, but we still bobble when it comes to trusting people for builders' hardware.

This is probably due to the false feeling of stability that comes to a man when he sees his hardware screwed onto the builders' lumber. This feeling of security gets a shake up every now and then when a dealer wakes up to the fact that the lumber represents another debt, and that there is a long string of similar buildings standing temporarily in the name of the builder. That feeling is as near as I've ever been to seasickness and pickles won't cure it.

THE BUSINESS ASSETS OF A CRANK

Careful credit extension and systematic collection systems will go a long way toward putting most builders' hardware departments on a paying basis, but before these two important opportunities come along some live wire must hustle up the business. It is not only easier to get business but it is easier to cease substituting if you will confine your builders' hardware business to a limited number of manufacturers. Get a good line and hammer away on it until the people in your community brand you a crank on the subject. It's a great business asset.

Every building season should be ushered into town by a builders' hardware window display. This kind of hardware makes a display as simple a proposition as you could ask for. There isn't a hardware clerk in your county who couldn't reproduce the display of Bracy Brothers Hardware Company recently used in their store at Little Rock, Ark.

Just size it up from every angle. All that window ever got was a little individual attention. Those shelves in the background were never "wished" there. Some business hustler nailed them on with a few ordinary nails and a common hammer. That white cloth was never tacked over those shelves by a dressmaker or a milliner nor was that display designed by a world beater.

The whole arrangement came from the mind of a common, earnest worker intent on selling builders' hardware, yet it is so attractive, so clean-cut in its effect that it would get business wherever there was any running around loose.

DOPE FROM A "WHITE HOPE"

In your store there is a man fairly itching to tackle a display of this kind. Stave him off until July and he will probably insist on digging the cobwebs out of your window to put in window screens and fly killers. Give him free rein and a pat on the back and a builders' hardware window right now will land some business out of the clear blue sky.

They say Carl Morris, the big "White Hope," is back on his engine pulling a throttle. He never got the chance to cross bats with one Arthur Johnson, colored, but he made a comfortable fortune in a few months "trying." You may never get city results in a country town. You may never become known as a commercial giant on builders' hardware, but you can make money trying. Go to it!

Rope

GIVE him enough rope and he will hang himself is a common expression and a very true one.

Many a bright fellow has gone too fast in choppy water with the sail tied down, and others know what it means to duck just in time to miss the boom when the wind shifts suddenly.

I went prairie chicken shooting once, and saw a man trying to break a setter pup. The young dog worked most faithfully to find the birds, and would come up slowly on the windward side until he came to a perfect stand. Every

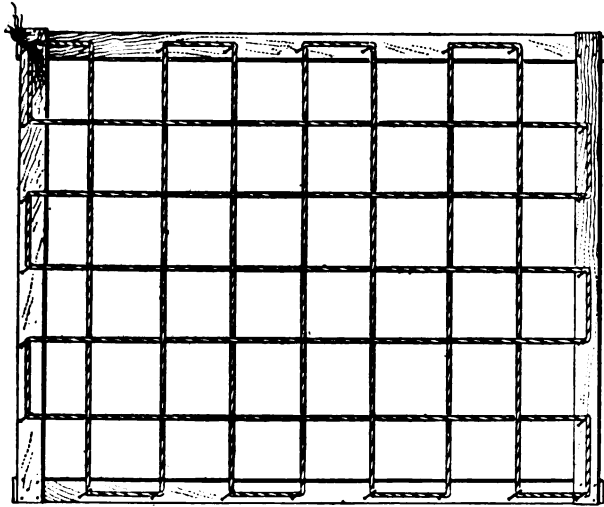


FIG. 1.—BACKGROUND FOR ROPE DISPLAY— $\frac{1}{2}$ -INCH ROPE ON LIGHT FRAME.

thing was serene until the covey arose from the stubble, and the trembling dog saw the feathers. Then he would lose self-control, and his master's coaching unheeded, would chase the chickens out of sight. He had been peppered with shot, whipped and scolded without results.

ONCE TOO OFTEN

On this particular occasion his master had resolved upon something new, and when the excited dog came

back from his first run, the end of 50 feet of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch rope was hooked to his collar, and he was led by about 6 feet of it until we worked over into some scrub oaks, and the other dogs came to a stand on another flock of birds. The pup was given about 20 feet of rope, and worked up with the other dogs like a veteran. Everything was still for about 30 seconds, when with a whirr two big chickens rose from the brush, and the bang of the shot guns intermingled with other whirrs as the main flock got up.

I lost sight of the pup for about three seconds, but my thoughts quickly centered on him again as I saw him break out across a little opening like a flash of lightning. About that time something happened, for he was lifted off his feet into the air, and with a big body, four legs and a dropped tail pulling on an elon-

gated neck, he struck earth facing the crowd. An examination showed him to be alive, but the poor pup put in the afternoon under the wagon getting the kinks out of his neck. From that day on he was an old dog as far as flushing was concerned, and owed it to the fact that his master had given him just enough rope to take out all the slack and still save the neck.

ROPE BURNS

Some men are not so fortunate as to have one end of a rope attached to their collars and the other snubbed around a Jack oak stump. Most of us run it wild, snubbed only by our own limited knowledge of things.

The only real snubber on our detention rope is the Boss, and sometimes he doesn't take a proper half hitch on us, and we come through with rope burns that axle grease won't cure.

FRAYED OUT

Were you never talked into buying rope by the car, knowing quite well you could not use that quantity in three years? It sort of makes a fellow feel as frayed out at the ends as the apprentice boy who is forever opening a coil of rope on the tangle end. But we all pull occasionally without pushing the end back through the center, and the unthreading of tangles is what makes impressions that endure.

That rope is generally stocked in the store basement is usually taken to be an accident or a habit; but a second thought or a first experience tells us that it is a more pliable, salable article if kept in a cool, dark place, as is usually the cellar.

QUALITY VISIBLE AND FEELABLE

Rope is a commodity, so commonly used, that remnants or unsalable stock is the exception. If there is a piece of merchandise in which an inferior article

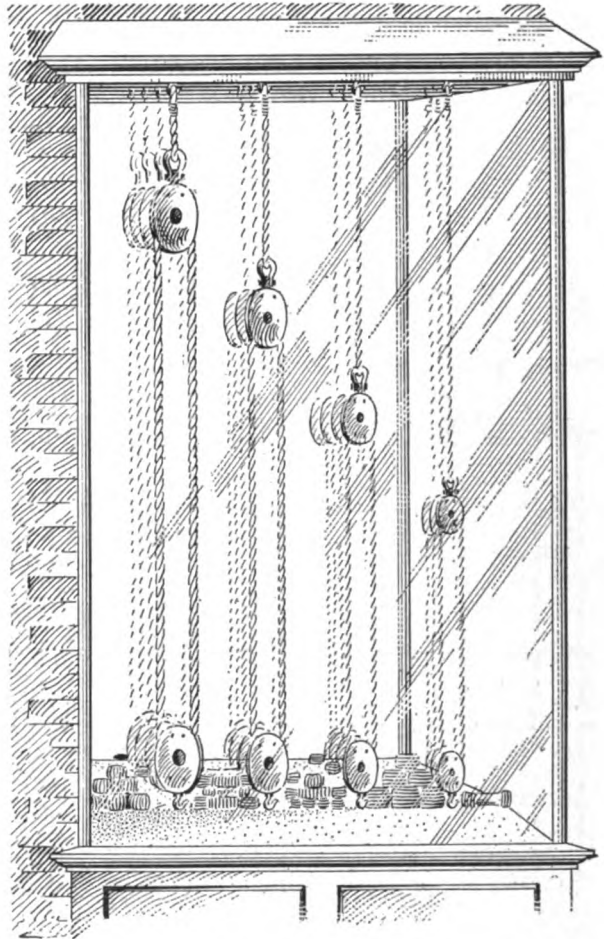


FIG. 2.—SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF TACKLE BLOCKS THREADED WITH ROPE.

is easier spotted than rope, I don't know it. Its off color is as plainly visible as its short strands are plainly feelable.

AGAINST THE GRAIN

I pulled on such a sample not long ago, and next day as I picked at the festered little slivers I thought of the old cellar door I once slid down, and I remembered that I went against the grain. The manager of the store in which I found that sample told me that his rope purchase went against the grain also, but that if he were ever foolish enough to buy another carload, until his demand

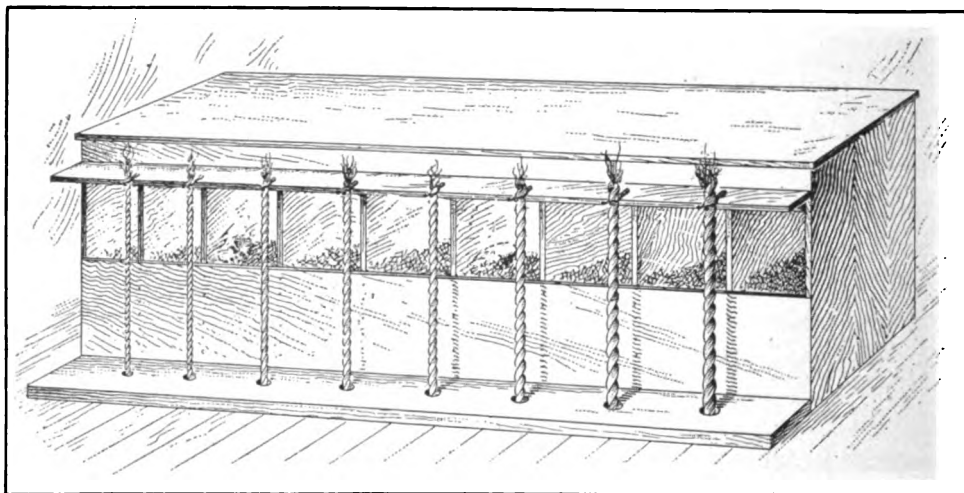


FIG. 3.—PLAN FOR BRINGING ROPE FROM BASEMENT, WHICH ECONOMIZES SPACE. THE ROPE HOLES ARE DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE BIN PARTITIONS.

doubled, he hoped some one would string him up with a piece of it. I told him that hanging to a resolve would beat the necktie party.

ADVERTISING LOCAL SHIPMENTS VS. CAR LOTS

His competitor was doing an equal amount of rope business on one tenth the capital, as he bought from a nearby jobber. Both stores were not red hot for the rope business. One used a window full of rope and a newspaper ad telling of an immense purchase and its effect on the cost and selling price.

The other man wrote personal letters to the great number of farmers whom he knew to be rope users. He told of the advantage of cellar storage, of fresh stock bought often, of a new extra length exceptionally strong fibre, and ended his quality talk with the brief pointed statement that sun-dried rope was harder to use than unsoaked stock fish was to eat.

QUICK MONEY

He lived in a Swedish-Norwegian settlement, where his customers knew the value of both fish and rope and, by the personal follow-up system, he "Did you get my rope" lettered them into placing advance orders, and turned a small

rope stock several times during the haying season. His competitor was by no means asleep, and will pull the same kind of ropes next year.

MORE PROFITABLE THAN NAILS

Lath yarn, various sizes of cotton rope, clothes lines, binder twine, sash cord and a good stock of single, double and triple tackle blocks are good running mates for the various sizes of sisal and manila rope your customers may demand. Rope is as standard a seller as nails, and a more profitable one. Rope is a good seller the year round, though in certain sections it has seasons. For instance, the haying season of the Northwestern States sells hundreds of tons of $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{7}{8}$ and 1 inch rope, to say nothing of the thousands of feet of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch trip rope that go out with the larger sizes.

NOT ALL WRONG

Trunk ropes are sold in your store every week, and the use of rope for decorative purposes is so common that a school boy recently wrote, on examination day, that "Rope was a long, slender article used to pull loads and to make Santa Claus whiskers." The boy was not wrong, nor was he wholly right, for we find many places where rope can be used for decorative purposes. An alcove or a doorway may be draped or a window background can be made of it.

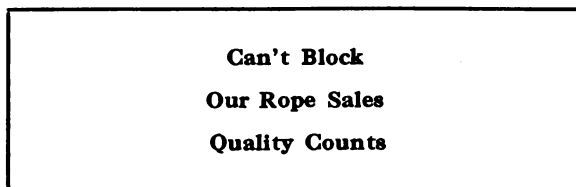
NOVEL WINDOW DISPLAY

Rope and tackle blocks can be used for a most effective window display. A background can be made by tacking $\frac{3}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ inch rope back and forth across a light frame made for that purpose, as shown in Fig. 1.

In front of this background a strong window display can be made by arranging tackle blocks threaded with rope as represented in Fig. 2.

This window should prove to be something out of the ordinary, and will not waste or dry out any large amount of stock.

A neatly printed window card, reading as follows, will attract attention:



UP FROM THE BASEMENT

There are many ways of bringing rope from the basement up into the sales-room, and in many stores we find valuable wall or counter space given exclusively to this use. I saw a store a few days ago where space was at a premium, and was economized as shown in Fig. 3.

I think on this subject I have given you enough rope, so rather than hang myself by an overdose, I am just going to quit.

A Step Upward

THERE'S room at the top of the ladder all the time. The great men of all ages have probably been told so and have become great because of their special methods of getting over slippery rungs in life's ladder.

A SPECIALIST

I never shall forget the youngster who caught the greased pig at a county fair I attended a few years ago. He had been the successful contestant in the pig chase for several years and it had become his specialty. He was also a notorious greased pole climber in the community, and explained to me that his success was due to the fact that he knew better than to make any attempt at climbing until several other boys had failed, and by their efforts rubbed much of the grease off the pole.

PROFIT BY SETBACKS

The more I think of his line of argument the more deep rooted seems his logic. The mere fact that your competitor has unsuccessfully endeavored to handle a certain line of goods, is reason enough for you to tackle it. Nine times out of ten your toes will go into the notches he has bruised and you will come out on top, *providing* all the time you can see some weak spots in his system. There are but few lines which hold out better inducements of profit to-day than stepladders, and it is this yellow painted medium to success I want to climb to-day.

OVERTIME

Stepladders always remind me of an old friend of mine who is particularly proficient in the use of profane language. The old fellow can cuss 13 months out of 12, and says he owes his high percentage to the fact that twice each year his wife cleans house and it is his unhappy lot to be asked to hang the pictures and set up or take down the stoves. Now he can swear any old time, but these special occasions furnish an incentive for something out of the ordinary, and he comes up to the scratch.

It's the same with stepladders. They sell every week in the year, but on the same special occasions that boosted my old friend's percentage, these goods hold out exceptional opportunities to the dealer who will boost them for what they are worth and remind the housewife of her needs. People really like to be reminded, you know.

JOLT YOUR CUSTOMER'S MEMORY

Any fair-minded man who has ever been unfortunate enough to stay at home during the house cleaning season appreciates rugs. He greets, with open arms,

a new fangled carpet sweeper or a man who makes housecleaning a business. The vacuum cleaner, with all its merits, is welcomed gratefully, but the poor man of the house is so completely wrath blinded by his unsuccessful efforts to put up pipe or hang pictures from an unsteady perch, on the top of a chair or table, that he cannot see his need of a good, reliable stepladder.

EASY SALES

It is up to his hardware dealer to blow the haze away and show him some of the modern improvements that have put the old walk-out-from-under-me stepladders out in the tall grass. It is gospel truth that every woman in this country, who is keeping house without a stepladder, really wants to become your customer and own one. You don't need to be told how easy it is to sell goods a customer really wants. It's just one of those serious funny things, but the man who isn't getting in on stepladder profits in a hardware store is a joke.

A STEP HIGHER

Stepladders can be bought from any hardware or woodenware jobber in the country, and many manufacturers of these goods are gladly selling direct to the retail merchant in small lots. By mentioning woodenware, I do not mean to exclude from your attention the many steel ladders of merit that are on the market. There is, perhaps, no one small bit of merchandise that has received more attention from manufacturers and less from the retailer in recent years than has the stepladder. There are at least half a dozen new ones on the market to-day, and with the old ones, which always possessed merit, they make an array that simply demands attention. The profit on this commodity is above the average and, as I have already said, the demand is exceptional. They just need a little pushing in your community to go a step higher than the highest stepper on your shelves.

BUYING

It is an acknowledged fact that many buyers are straining a point to ship these frail goods in carloads, which is commendable in the merchant long in capital and far from market, but most of us are short of surplus cash and long on order blanks. One of the most pleasing features of this tangle comes with the commercial traveler, who pools half a dozen or more small buyers into a car for the long haul and lands the goods in good condition. On this line, improvements almost too numerous to mention, have produced 1910 perfection, but there is another day coming in which flying machines will be slow.

Business conditions in this country are good and you or I will never live to see the day when they are too good for manufacturers or jobbers to refuse a welcome to small ten day cash orders for staples. The retailer who watches closely for new merchandise, as it comes out, and stocks it in small lots until it becomes self-supporting, is the man whose bank roll is growing to-day.

If you or your competitor ever stocked stepladders and failed to make them pay, there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. You may have used poor judgment in buying a novelty, or you may have burdened yourself with an over-supply of a staple that has been made ancient by the rapid improvements of recent years.

I know without being told of those few old chair stepladder lemons you are still trying to move, but forget it and think of the youngster climbing that greased pole. Go in hard for another try on something that smells of new varnish rather than of cobwebs and you will find some of the grease rubbed off. Your necessity may also give you a new climbing system that will put you on top.

WAYS TO INCREASE LADDER BUSINESS

Stepladders can be used to make the background for almost any kind of a hardware window display. They are good heavy piece essentials for woodenware displays. They lend confidence to the man who sells as well as to the man who buys them. Used as a special price leader to build up general business and to attract crowds they have no equal.

Here is a letter for your trade:

SATISFACTION, U. S. A.,
November 1, 1910.

Dear Madam:

Your favors have always been appreciated at our store. To-day we wish to thank you and call your attention to the fact that your great grand-parents believed in goblins and stood on chairs to hang pictures while the smoke drifted out of the old stone fireplace chimney along the lines of the least resistance. Things have certainly changed since that day. You use Quality Stoves and clean the pipe every fall and spring. You can simplify this work and at the same time make picture hanging and window washing a pleasure by owning one of those 6-foot Quality Step Ladders which will be on sale at your hardware store next Saturday, for \$1.75. Life is a pleasure to those who grasp opportunity. We thank you for this opportunity to tell you of something new and for your patronage of the past. Very sincerely,

THE QUALITY HARDWARE COMPANY.

Just try it and see what happens to your ladder stock. When you reorder, go in for more six and eight-foot ladders than of the longer or shorter lengths, and you will never cuss thirteen months out of twelve. Satisfaction and cash are great things to chase. The last mentioned can be locked in the safe at night, but the first cannot. It keeps tickling you on until it puts you up at the top of the ladder where the steps are not crowded.

Postscript.—Stepladders were never made for store salesroom fixtures. There are several roller ladders being built for that purpose. Think it over.

Points, Putty and Glass

SOME things are only learned by experience. As I look into the hazy past I can still see shining brightly in the distance the eventful day when I batted a 10-cent ball through a \$10 window. I learned a lot about the value of glass in the 10 minutes that followed, and you could have played checkers on my straightened coat tails as I sped homeward, with an angry, excited old neighbor running a close second in the race.

NO EASY PAYMENT PLAN

A true realization of the value of glass did not come to me in its fullest force however, until I had bucked 10 cords of hard maple wood with one of the dullest old saws ever sold by a catalogue house, and paid the bill. It was a hard lesson, but it went under the skin. Since that time I have worked in many hardware stores, where glass formed part of the stock, and I have learned many things about the value of window glass and something of shattered values as well.

A SAFE BET

Now this article is being written directly to the manager who is handling glass, so we shall not beat about the bush, but smash right into the subject. Dollars can be safely bet against doughnuts, that in the majority of such stores the glass table on which cutting is done is parallel to the floor. For the greatest amount of breakage with the least amount of effort, this system is very satisfactory.

SPLICING UNNECESSARY

For economy and safety, I strongly recommend that your glass tables slant toward the front at about one-eighth pitch. The reasons for this are plainly evident. A large light of glass can be placed on the table with less effort, the danger of breakage is materially lessened, and a good long arm does not have to be spliced in order to reach across the table to the upper end of the glass with the cutter. There are a series of questions that confront any dealer handling glass.

RUINED MORE THAN WAGES

Experience has taught me that it is about as easy for a hardware apprentice to keep from trying to cut glass as it is for a colored man to consider sacred the rights of a pullet owner. Glass cutting is an accomplishment that appeals to any live boy around a store, and it is natural that he should want to learn, but

his rehearsals should be confined strictly to broken odds and ends in the scrap box and not any 14x36 double strength lights of glass.

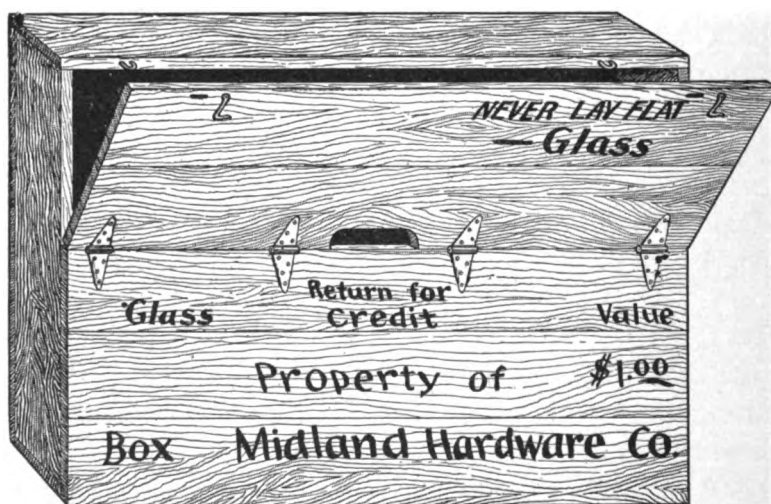
If the boss does not show a desire to teach him how, the scrap box will show pieces where in teaching himself the \$1-a-day boy has slashed and scratched repeatedly before he broke a light of glass worth half his week's pay. Think this over and put the blame where it belongs.

WHO STANDS FOR IT?

Again, in cutting glass, who stands the risk? If Jones, the carpenter, wants a 16x24 light of glass cut to 15½x24, is he willing to stand the risk of breakage? I know from experience that haphazard rules on this line are hard on the house and an established advance of 20 per cent. on any cut glass but partially covers the risk.

HOT BREAD OR COLD GLASS

It is as hard to cut cold frosty glass in zero weather as it is to cut hot bread smoothly with a cleaver. Keep that in mind and next winter it will save you



A CONVENIENT GLASS DELIVERY BOX—THE HAND HOLDS ON EITHER SIDE AID IN CARRYING IT AND THE HINGED SIDE MAKES PACKING EASY AND SIMPLIFIES UNPACKING SMALL LIGHTS OF GLASS. THE HINGED SIDE IS FASTENED UP WITH A GATE HOOK AND EYE.

dollars. No two men should use the same glass cutter, for none of us hold a cutter at the same angle, and once accustomed to a wheel any one can do more certain work.

A GOOD MAN ON VALUABLE GLASS

If one man in the place is very skillful at glass cutting, a store rule should make it his duty to cut all lights of glass over 24 inches long. If an employee

imagines a diamond glass cutter essential to his happiness and your welfare, let him be his own backer and it won't take so many to keep him going.

ARE YOU HOLDING THE SACK?

I shall not endeavor to make rules as to putty or free points, but would advise that if such is your rule that only a set amount of putty should be given with each size glass. I say this advisedly, for I once found our boys unconsciously giving a painter all his putty when he was buying but about a tenth of his glass at our store. It was pickings for the painter, but hard on us.

THE HONEST FARMER AND OTHERS

Glass delivery is another sad subject. How many farmers ever bought a glass of you and, after jolting it home on a wagon seat, came back to your place of business ready to take an oath that the glass was broken before it left the store?

How often has glass come to grief on your own delivery wagon?

Did it ever occur to you that your delivery man might be replacing his broken orders from the glass racks without your knowledge?

Did a customer ever leave your store with a light of glass on a windy day and come back shortly afterwards saying that it bent in the middle?

These are questions with sad answers. Who is to blame? Surely not the manager, if he has provided proper delivery boxes, similar to the one here illustrated.

GLASS DELIVERY BOX

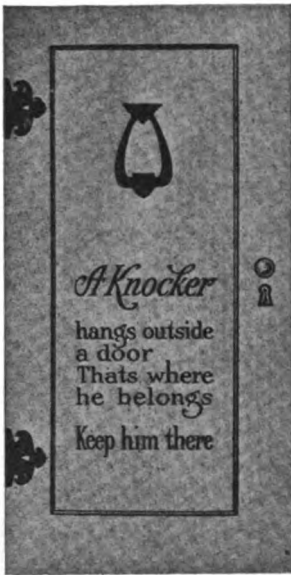
This glass delivery box is not charged to the person to whom it is loaned, as the system is apt to be abused. A one dollar cash deposit insures its very prompt return.

I realize this has been a very long lot of advice and that people living in glass houses should not throw stones, but this material has come crowding up from memories, and remember I bucked wood for that window.

Try these simple suggestions and the mirror of your ledger will reflect a profitable glass business to a smiling manager. A natural smile beats a perpetually cracked face, that can't be puttied up. Drive your points home with a chisel. A claw hammer or a monkey wrench is tough on glass.

Knocks, Knockers and Findings

HOSTS of men come up through the various stages of business by the route of hard knocks. Their feelings have been bruised and battered only to swell into bumps of ambition. Defying the knockers, foraging around the outskirts, these men rap into business matters with the same determination as a home building woodpecker and slowly, but with certainty, establish business institutions that last.



PAMPHLET COVER

SOLID BRONZE

Their methods are often crude, lacking polish and beautiful trimming, but their worth is recognized, and in the community they are sterling citizens. I met a hardwareman of this type a few days ago in a country hotel, and together in the lobby, we listened to an important youngster air his opinion on the numerous flies that infested the place. He had actually been driven from his room by the pests, and though every one about the place was being harassed by the insects, he seemed to be alone on the kick wagon. My old business friend stood for the rattle about 10 minutes, while the perspiration flushed out over his celluloid collar in spurts, and the flies buzzed away into the distance, their animal instincts seeming to warn them that the pent up power in this human boiler was crowding the steam gauge.

THE POP SAFETY VALVE WORKED

Finally the safety valve popped and the old gentleman told the youngster, in language that could not be mistaken, that he had just come from the hotel dining room and knew very well that the flies were all swarming there and that the boy's room was now the only place of perfect safety, and he had best seek it. The advice was hurriedly accepted and the old man asked me over to his hardware store to cool off.

FOR BOOSTERS ONLY

Seated at his desk, surrounded by catalogues and hardware, he told me that flies didn't ruffle him, but that knockers did, and that his four walls of

hardware was a sure retreat from them. He showed me a sign he had enlarged from a pamphlet cover put out by some progressive builders' hardware manufacturer, which is worthy of reproduction here.

KNEW WHAT LOYALTY MEANT

Knockers seemed to have entered largely into the early business career of this gentleman. He told me how he had kicked the toes out of his shoes hurrying that class of clerks out of his store and how he had worn the bottoms out of other shoes hunting for employees who knew the meaning of the word loyalty. That he had succeeded was shown in every detail of the place, from the neat stock to the cheery "Good morning, Bert," or "Hello, Billy," with which he hailed the clerks as we went about the store.

PARENT AND APPARENT

His mention of worn shoe leather started a train of thoughts in your Assistant and I asked if he stocked shoe findings, "Bet your life," was his energetic reply, "and they pay too." How many of us could answer the same question in the same cheerful manner, or would we reply as did another dealer to the same question: "Oh, not many; we sell just a few to bums." His answer may have accounted for the bum business that was apparent. One of these merchants was a father of progressive ideas, the other a second cousin to the caretaker of a cemetery and was evidently preparing his business to go there for a long vacation.

RESULTS OF A BRIEF SEARCH

Many of us would be surprised to know that scattered about our shelves is enough stock to establish a shoe finding department in the store. The stock is there all right enough, but we have failed to see it in its best light. I visited a store a few days ago where the manager said "he didn't stock much in the findings," yet later in the day, by carefully going over the stock, we found the following items:

Shoe wax, thread, bristles, shoe nails, hob nails, pegs, awls, awl handles, shoe knives, rasps, hammers, heel plates, heel stiffeners, wall shoe holders, daubers, shoe brushes, shoe blacking, rubber heels, leather and rubber cement, lasts and stands, top lifts or heels, half soles, leather blocks, leather strips and a good assortment of complete cobbling outfits. Added to this were foot scrapers and floor mats, which, when brought to one place in the store, made a showing that attracted attention, and of this material we made a window display of merit.

THE WINDOW

The background of this display was made of floor mats. Then the tallest lasts and stands were set up and as we neared the front of the window the shorter

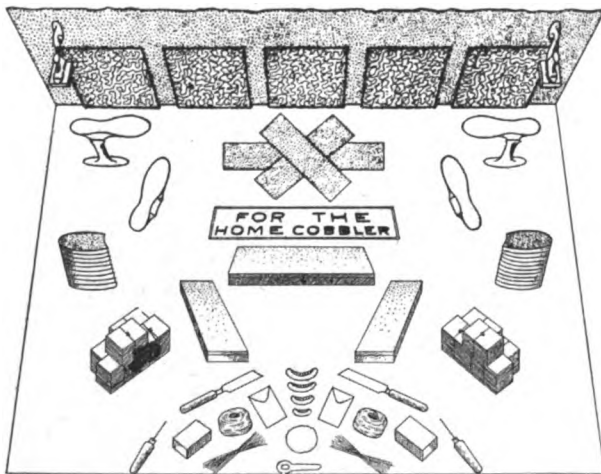
stands were used. On the background, above the floor mats, two wall shoe holders were fastened in place and new shoes were placed on them. Leather strips, blocks, soles and heels were piled in stacks that were higher at the back than at the front of the window. The bottom was then completely covered with the smaller articles, like wax thread, bottles of cement, &c. A stand of cobblers' outfits completed the window and supported a sign which read:

For the Home Cobbler

Passers-by felt that the shoe finding department of that hardware store was out of the ordinary and sales increased almost immediately.

PERMANENT FIXTURE

In another store, where a great many shoe findings were sold, I saw this simple substantial box built to accommodate the various kinds of leather. It was stained and varnished the same color as the counter on which it rested, directly



ROUGH SKETCH SUGGESTING WINDOW ARRANGEMENT OF
COBBLERS' TOOLS.

in front of the shelving where the shoe nails and other findings were stocked.

FREE SHINES

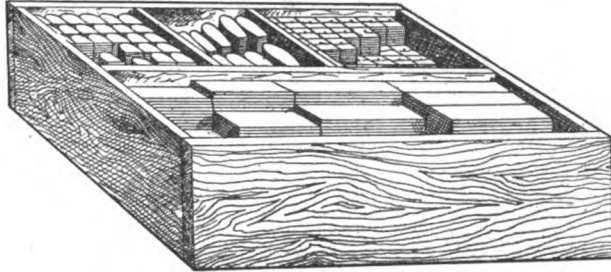
Another progressive dealer, in one of the larger towns, recently boosted his shoe business finding in a unique manner. He engaged the services of a first-class shoe shiner, who with two high shining chairs, occupied a prominent place in the front of the store and gave free

shines to the store customers during the week that the shoe findings window was selling goods. This method of going after the business was very successful, as the shoe shiner used in his work nothing but such material as was for sale in the store.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

It is acknowledged that many hardware jobbers are selling shoe leathers that are away below the standard, and it is the opinion of your Assistant Manager that this is not an intentional crime, but rather due to the fact

that the jobber, like the retailer, has failed to specialize on this important little corner of the hardware store. The old cast iron lasts and stands are rapidly being replaced by those made of malleable iron. But there is wonder-



A SIMPLE HOME-MADE FIXTURE THAT GETS THE BUSINESS.

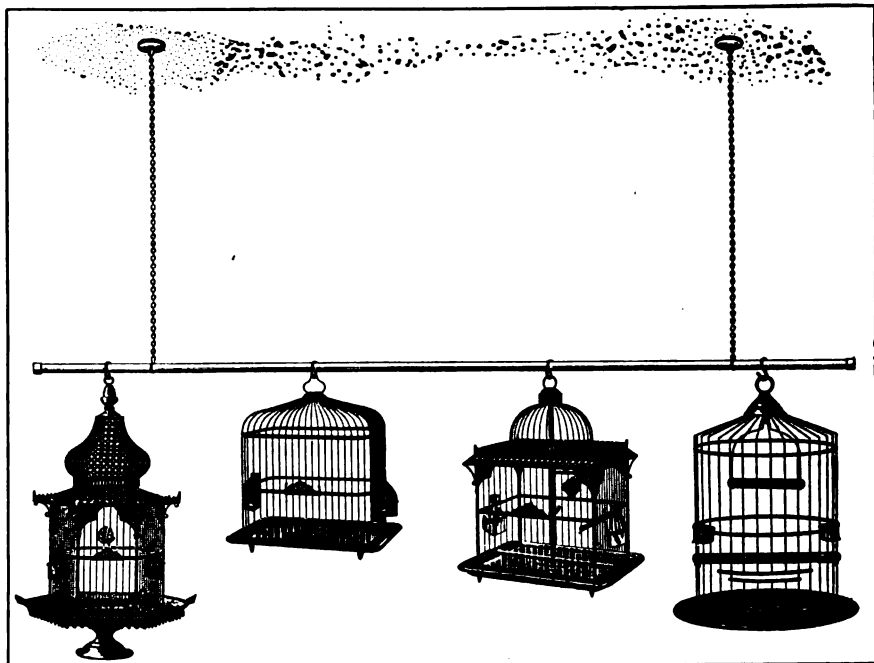
ful room for improvement in the quality of rubber heels that are being offered us by our jobbers. This is not knocking; I am merely fighting flies.

Cages and Other Things

CAGES are as common and as varied as wages. The miner goes to his daily work in a cage and, after his shift in the damp depths of the earth, is brought again to the sunlight of God's green nature in the same cage. These mining cages hoist and lower recorded and unrecorded loads.

THE RECORDS SHOW

Steam, which drives the great underground engines of the mine, is forced down those pipes in the shaft. Those wires carry light to the better workings or



AN INEXPENSIVE, SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE BIRD CAGE RACK, MADE OF TWO SCREW EYES, 6 FEET OF BRIGHT STEEL CHAIN OR TWO CATTLE LEADS, A PIECE OF $\frac{1}{2}$ -INCH IRON PIPE, WITH TWO PIPE CAPS AND A FEW BIRD CAGE HOOKS, ALUMINUM PAINTED. ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO A SMALL STOCK OF A DOZEN CAGES OR LESS.

connect the outer world telephones with the great tunnels below, while the cages drop from sight, loaded with tools, powder, horses, timber, or new engines, and come back with tons of the riches of mother earth, for the clamoring industries of the nation.

Most of these items are weighed and recorded as part of the day's work. Added to the labor of these great cages is the lowering and raising of load after

load of miners, whose names are entered as down or up. These names and weights are on record in the offices of the timekeeper or the weighmaster.

NOT REGISTERED

The pages of the mine's book are filled with items, but the greatest loads of the cages are recorded only on the hearts of the loved ones on top, who are always wondering what the day will bring forth. Every steel miner's cage that drops from sight is loaded with a weight of human love that strains on the elastic belt-like cables, more and more, as the heart aches and worries drop with the miners to their perilous calling. These are no more recorded than are the joys, hopes and gratitude that are hoisted with the men at night. They are just ballast weights, known only to the women folks, to the hoisting engineer and to God.

DIFFERENT CAGES

The jailbird in his crowded cage seems to be on the increase. He is tamed sufficiently to eat out of the keeper's hand, turned loose on the unsuspecting public, and as regularly as the seasons, comes back to the cage with ruffled feathers. A circus would be incomplete without its cages of ferocious beasts from the jungles, and a hardware store without wire bird cages is indeed a rarity.

CAGE INDIFFERENCE

Of the 25 hardware stores I visited this week, 20 were stocking bird cages, and if I were to be a bird caged in many of the places where these stocks are kept, I should certainly choose to be an owl, so that nature would let me dream by day. The mouse catching would be good by night, for there are many ideal surrounding nesting places where an owl could live in clover by night and sleep with the clerks and look wise by day.

This kind of stock keeping I class as caged indifference. It is the object of this little talk to break down the barriers and put some simple, practical ideas before you in such a light that if your cage stock does not improve it will be the boss's fault and not that of your Assistant Manager.

HAD AN ANSWER

Bird cages are stocked in every place imaginable and the conditions in many stores are deploable. I have seen them piled on top of plate glass show cases, where they were blamed for scratched glass. I have seen them loaded on the tops of ranges which were used for shelving, or crammed into shelving beside pots, pans and kettles, and even hung by a screw hook well up under the eaves,

where a long pole with another screw hook in its end was the implement used for lowering them to the waiting customer.

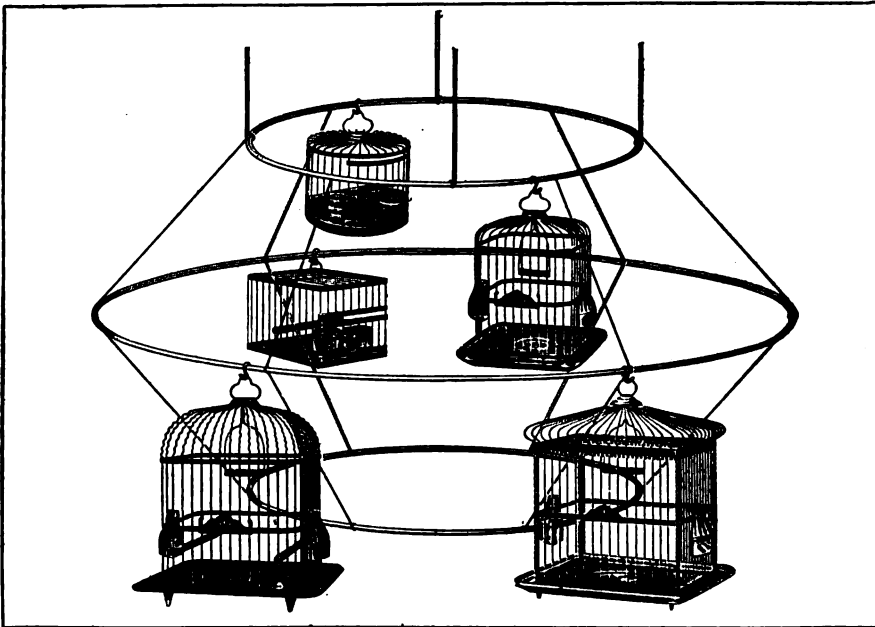
TEMPER SLIPPED A COG

Sometimes the cages come down all right, but on the occasion I have in mind, the hook slipped—they came down in a hurry—and the clerk said something that sounded dangerously near the remark commonly made by the head of the household who endeavors to put up his own stovepipe.

Now the cages were not to blame. The cussing clerk was to be pitied rather than censured, and I began to feel, as the Assistant Manager of that store, that I should shoulder the blame.

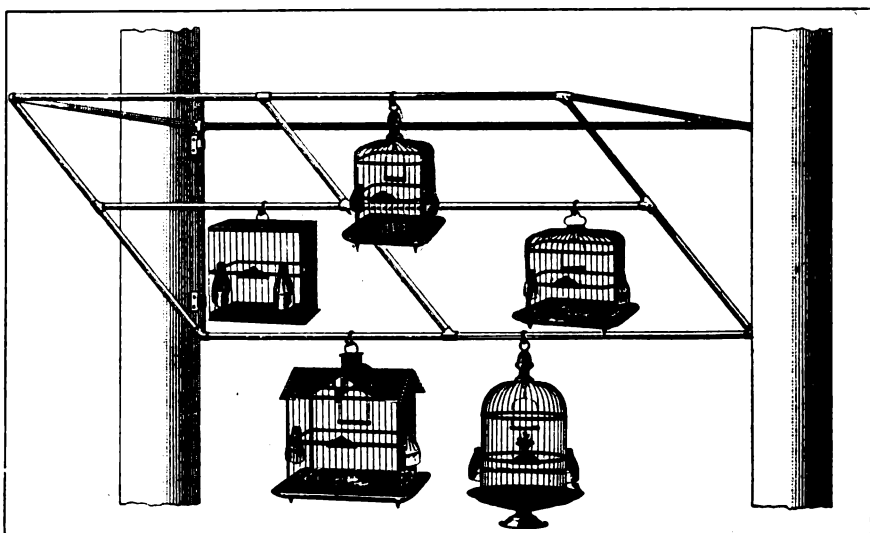
NO PRELIMINARIES

When the manager and myself got together that night, we did not waste any time on preliminaries, but opened the show at once on the principal act of the evening, which was bird cages. He said they were a confounded nuisance, and that about half the cages he had ever seen were bent in the handling process, and that the profits on that line were also badly twisted.



THIS RACK IS MADE OF THREE RINGS OF 5-16-INCH IRON SUSPENDED FROM CEILING BY GALVANIZED WIRE. THE TWO LOWER RINGS ARE HELD IN PLACE BY THE SAME SIZED WIRE, AND THE WIRE HOOKS HOLD THE BIRD CAGES. PAINTED GOLD, THIS RACK IS AN ATTRACTIVE FIXTURE IN A WESTERN HARDWARE STORE. IT HOLDS 25 CAGES.

I told my friend that I believed practice skinned preaching all hollow, even if I did draw a salary for writing, and that if he would furnish me with less than \$2 worth of material, I would show results, while he waited on the jobber's representative, from whom he wished to make some purchases. He said, "Fire



A CONVENIENT BIRD CAGE RACK ATTACHED TO TWO PILLARS IN A HARDWARE SALE-ROOM, SHOWING TO GOOD ADVANTAGE A VERY LARGE STOCK.

away," and I think, forgot the existence of the Assistant Manager and the apprentice boy, as they went to the backroom and built the simple, inexpensive device herewith illustrated, which established a friendship for me, and is building business for my friend.

While we are on this subject, I wish to illustrate two other bird cage racks I have seen this week.

One is represented as being hung solidly to the ceiling. I have since seen the same rack suspended to the ceiling by a stout sash cord, which runs through a pulley, and can be raised and lowered when showing the goods to prospective customers.

Another is a very large cage rack, which can only be used to best advantage in stores where immense cage stocks are always on hand.

In many of the stores, where the above-mentioned deplorable cage conditions exist, I found copies of many of the standard hardware trade journals of the country. Among which IRON AGE-HARDWARE was common, and I want to jar the feelings of any such merchant as may spend his money for such a journal and neglect to read it.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

There are many ways of boosting the bird cage business, and I call to mind a queer one of unusual interest. A merchant friend of mine once noticed a

decided lull in his cage business, and was impelled by a progressive idea to invest some of his hardware profits in live stock. He shipped by express, from a New York dealer, two dozen Hartz Mountain canary singing birds, and with firm determination, started a bird sale. The story of the clerk who cared for these songsters was laughable, but he informed me that when a month had passed their only dead stock in this line consisted of two birds, over which he gladly performed funeral rites. During the bird sale, this village merchant won back his business on cages, and though the boys were not in love with the bird business, the unique idea accomplished its purpose.

DITTO

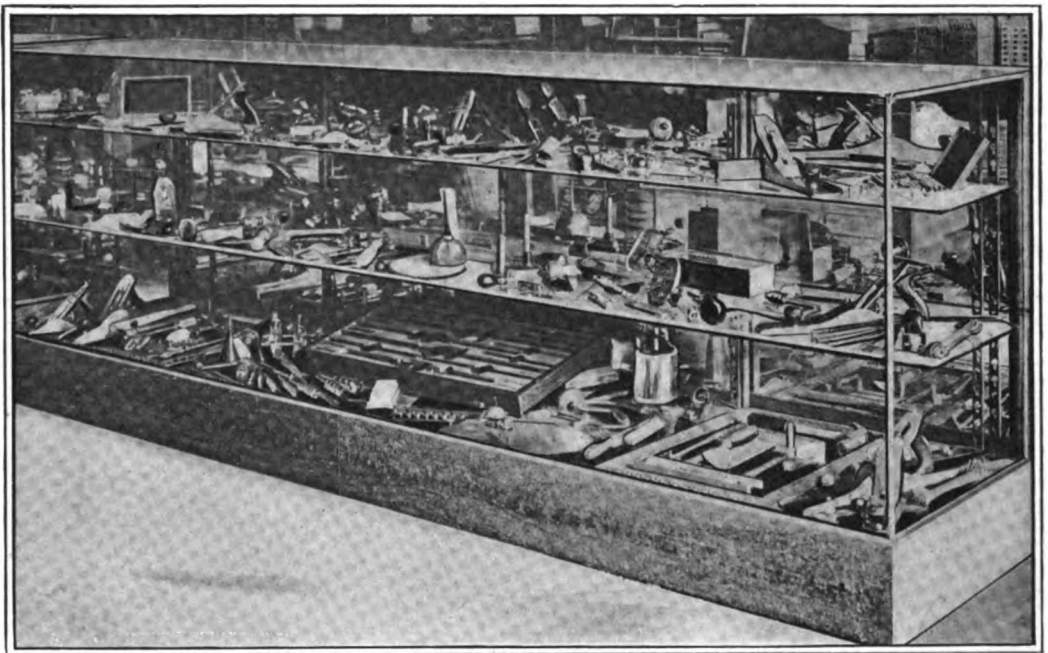
If the reading of this article will cause some of my friends to move their bird cages from the tops of the ranges I also have accomplished my object, and will have to dig for a new subject on which to talk when I visit you the coming week. I won't come in a cage, for there isn't a streak of canary yellow in my system, when it comes to asking and looking for the practical systems used in your store.

The Tool Hobby

HOBBY is an essential in the make-up of character. Out of working hours, a man without a hobby is like a ship without a sail, drifting where the winds of another's inclinations may blow him. Not so with the man whose activities during resting hours, are steered by the rudder of a hobby. He knows just where he is going and he knows just exactly what he is going to do.

NATURE AND NECESSITY

The barker at the street carnival, who bawls of the octopus of the ocean and its 27 arms any one of which would suck the blood from the human form in less



SILENT TOOL SALESMAN IN THE QUALITY HARDWARE STORE

than two minutes, is a student by nature, and when off shift spends most of his time reading Shakespeare. The stern-faced old judge of your district court is a fisherman by nature, and your bright-eyed energetic clerk, dressed in dark clothes of simple taste, may know the name and time of every horse race in the State.

The lad who is demonstrating, by his loud check suit, that he believes in the buying of clothes that speak for themselves, may be a Sunday school teacher. So we are all guessers of one another's pleasure hobbies, and it is a merchant's business to become a hobby student.

EXAMPLES

Hobby in business is the maker of specialists. Fred Brown is in charge of your sporting goods, because his hobby has made him a specialist. The same is true of the inquisitive salesman in charge of your builders' hardware and tool department. I don't mean inquisitive about other people or other people's business, but rather about the tool end of your business. He can show you things about an ordinary square that are eye openers. He knows what can be done with a plane, and can tell it in plain understandable language.

He knows every man in the city who has a tool hobby, and it is surprising how many there are in every town. The automatic screw driver, the combination plier, the new hammer or wrench, that is out of the ordinary, appeals to him, and if by the magic attraction of standard or tool novelties these men come to the hardware store, you are to be congratulated, for the tool cranks will almost go with red patches on the seats of their black pants to satisfy the gnawing appetite of hobby.

GROWING RAPIDLY

The best towns in which to sell tools are manufacturing centers where mechanics are numerous, but every town in the civilized world has its tool lovers. The enormous sale of automobiles has, in recent years, developed the tool hobby at an alarming rate.

These men will let practically nothing stand in the way of their desires, and it's up to us to reap the harvest. Watch for new tools every hour of the day, buy sparingly, but keep a big assortment of these goods, and you will be pleasantly surprised at the results.

CRYING FOR HALF A CHANCE

Tools are not displayed as strongly as they should be, in many of your stores. I have seen beautiful show cases filled with very ordinary tinware, while a shelf of tools cried in vain for the space, and the flies specked the ends of the boxes that secured them as prisoners.

We have always endeavored to keep tools constantly on display at the Quality Hardware, and though building has been at a standstill for the past two years in Hustletown, we are selling tools. *This case herewith shown is an attractive tool salesman at the Quality Hardware.*

A NIP-AND-TUCK CONTEST

Now, this article is not going to take up the subject of guns and ammunition, but we herewith show the attractive windows of these goods that were running

at the same time as the tool case illustrated. This picture also shows the floor sales force of the Quality Hardware Store. The week these gun windows were working, was an exceptionally busy one, but it was nip-and-tuck as to which created the most sales, the windows or the tool case. I do know that the tools paid a better margin of profit, and that Hustletown contains as many men whose hobby is tools, as it does those whose every longing is guns. Our salesmen are



QUALITY HARDWARE STORE'S GUN AND AMMUNITION WINDOW DISPLAY AND THE FLOOR SALES FORCE.

encouraged in every way to create within themselves the tool hobby which will make them specialists.

ALWAYS WITH US

With tools, as with other high-class goods, we bump up against the man with the abuse habit, only perhaps in a more marked degree. Grinding is usually his special method of abuse, and a chisel burned blue along the edge, a hand saw

which shows only too plainly that it has been used for a hack saw, or a nicked pocket knife with its blade ground as thinly as a razor, are common earmarks of the individual who thinks he knows more about tool grinding than does the manufacturer.

This same person, when he comes to tell you about it, also demonstrates that he is the peer of the president of the Ananias Club on specialty lying, but then that's a hobby, too.

THERE IS A LIMIT

I have never known an instance where a manufacturer of even an ordinary grade of tools refused to make good defective merchandise, but he is often called upon to go beyond the limits of reason.

There are of course instances where we all replace abused merchandise rather than lose or take the chance of losing a good customer. But in such cases we should remember that every well regulated city has its dump, and to that pile we should consign such goods, remembering that the manufacturer has troubles of his own.

WORK FOR THE RECLAMATION BUREAU

There are not many stores where this system of giving the manufacturer the worst of it is practiced, for most hardware businesses have been founded upon honesty, but there are a few scattered here and there in every state in the Union, and they should be gathered together on the arid land of the State of Discontent, while the fellow who runs his business on the square, in every sense of the word, stays on the home field and goes after the tool business.

Collars

LEATHER goods of some kind are found in almost every hardware store in this country. Leather, guncases, hunting coats, leggings, purses, shoe findings, lace leather and dog collars occupy prominent places in a vast number of these stores. They are considered common, every-day hardware essentials. In other stores a great variety of leather novelties is often found, and in several more, particularly in those with harness departments, we find leather collars for men.

COMPETES WITH TOWSER

This article of clothing is not sold in great quantities, and is not described in the jobbers' catalogue as a collar especially adapted to social occasions. It wouldn't look well with a dress suit, and looks no better with a business suit. It is purely a rube affair, and the man who wears one is competing with Towser for social honors.

PUP PLAYS BACK

It is small wonder that the pup plays back, and that the lap dog is usurping the place of the child in many homes. Most of us laugh as we read of the New York society woman giving a thousand dollar dinner to her pet poodle. But it only shows, of course, in a most exaggerated way, some of the things twentieth century people will do for a dog.

LITTLE, BUT OH, MY!

Now some of us may be particularly partial to cats and have no love for the dog fancier, but puss will never wear a \$3.50 spike collar, which is an essential to the life of a small dog with big fighting ideas, and it's this collar subject I want to tap.

NOT EXACTLY SMOOTH

We all admit there is money in dog collars, but to the question, How much? our answers are as varied and uneven as the corrugations father used to put on us with his old nicked razor strap. Some of us sell a dozen collars a year and the manufacturer's representative wonders how we do that, as he looks at the ragged broken cardboard display which one day contained a dozen assorted dog collars, but which to-day has one collar up in the northeast corner, another down in the center and still another torn out completely and lying with a strip of cardboard still attached on the showcase in front of the rack.

Others of us carry a good sized stock of dog collars, but have them so completely hidden away that customers are surprised to learn, by our yearly collar window, that it isn't necessary to patronize a catalogue house in order to give Carlo or Blouch the essentials of dog life.

IT'S JUST THE SAME OLD MOON

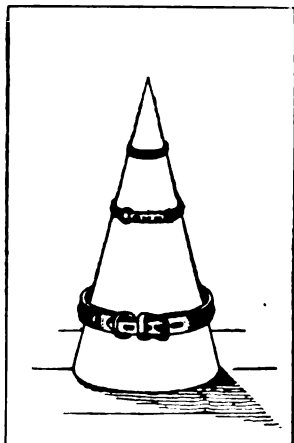
These goods cannot be profitably handled in large quantities in a town without a dog law, but the popularity of Fido has long since put that kind of a town out of commission. The dog opportunity is barking at the moon in front of your store, and it's up to you to collar her. The newspaper clipping herewith submitted shows clearly that the dog collar business is a live one.

SPENDING FORTUNE ON HOMELESS DOGS.

PHOENIX, ARIZ., June 21.—Dr. C. L. Mahoney, a pioneer of Arizona has undertaken to provide collars and license tags for every canine impounded by Phoenix dog catchers. He paid into the city treasury to-day \$100 for 50 tags and purchased as many collars, which were adjusted to the dog catcher's first day's round-up. The dog catcher is still busy impounding strays, and it is estimated by Chief of Police John Moore that the physician's love for dogs will cost him \$2000 before the dogs of Phoenix are provided with life preservers. Dr. Mahoney is wealthy and declares he can spend his money in no other way that will afford him the pleasure he derives from defending luckless dogs.

PAWING

We have tried various methods of selling dog collars and find this one the best. Our collars are bought in large quantities, the cost and selling price marked on each one, and they are dumped into a drawer. The word "dumped" sounds badly, but no worse than the word "paw," and customers like to "paw" these goods over.



AT THE QUALITY HARDWARE STORE

Every collar should be fastened together at the ends so that it can "show up" at its best and that the little leather loops or guides will not become separated from the collar to which they belong. Our method of showing samples was suggested by a manufacturer's representative several years ago. It is a sample system well worth adopting. Galvanized iron cones are painted red, and the collars, from the smallest to the largest, with locks attached, are strapped around it, as here illustrated. Two of these cones show our complete line of samples in a way that gets the business. A piece of felt is pasted to the bottom of each cone to avoid scratching fixtures on which the cones are placed.

Leads, harness, whips, muzzles, whistles and the like are side line essentials to a good dog collar stock, and if properly handled will bring more than the occasional spurts of business, caused by the old City Council's yearly reform movement, which usually begins and ends with the dog.

HOPE

The rapid growth of the automobile business has increased the price of rubber, and at the same time decreased the number of dogs in this country. I hope, however, there are enough left in your community to justify the stocking of a good line of collars, and that your customer's favorite dog will not have to put his muddy feet against the glass of your front door and wag his tail in vain. Collar him.

Alarms

THERE are a few human alarms who have no need of the modern spasmodic tattoo, intermittent clock stocked in most of our stores, but they are not found in the crowded working centers and are getting to be a scarcity even in the country. Most men who used to rise promptly at four o'clock every morning, have long since ceased doing so regularly and, from a comfortable seat on the porch of a farmhouse, are telling of the days when they were young.

DANCE TO THE MUSIC

The alarm clock has long since been accepted as an absolute necessity to modern life. We admit it even if we don't like it. I can understand the man who carries an alarm clock on his vacation, merely for the pleasure it gives him to hear it go off, and to tell it to go straight to the devil as he rolls over and goes back to sleep.

These vacation days of liberty from the alarm clock, however, soon pass away and about 50 weeks out of each year we acknowledge ourselves to be its willing servants. For the alarm means an engagement kept that might have been broken, a shift worked that might have been lost and a reputation for regularity that might have been punctured had we depended on our own weak powers.

HARD TO SWALLOW

I don't know when clocks first began creeping into hardware stocks, but I do know they are found in more than two-thirds of the stores in this country and, though they are to some merchants a nuisance, we know they have come to stay. The dollar, dollar-and-quarter or dollar-and-half alarm clock is passed over our counters every day with the satisfying assurance that if it doesn't give absolute satisfaction for a year, replacing it or refunding the customer's money, will be a positive pleasure. Say, fellows, doesn't that pill of experience generally leave a bad taste in your mouth?

UNVARNISHED PICKINGS

Clerks from one end of the country to the other have been coached into this one year guarantee business until it is so deep set that a pick axe is necessary to dig it out. Read this article through—it is business pure and simple—and like a good clock doesn't need to be glued, coppered or varnished to be of value.

Use and abuse are two forces always at work on merchandise of merit. One means elevation, the other degradation. One can be met in an open-handed smiling manner, while the other must be handled with the utmost diplomacy or with a muck rake.

MIGHTY SCARCE

I was talking with a man the other day who had spent 20 active years in the hardware business. He had never worked in a hardware store where clocks were not a part of the stock, and told me that he had never worked in a store where there was an employee who could, in the simplest manner, repair or adjust a clock.

Am I going to advise you to hire a jeweler or a clockmaker or to discontinue selling clocks?

I am afraid if I did, some of you, sizing up your losses on the watch and clock business at the end of the year, would arm yourself with a lath hatchet tomahawk and expect me to furnish the material for a scalping party.

AFTER EFFECTS

In most stores, clocks are sold at a satisfactory profit, and were it not for the latter encroachments of the much abused guarantee system, they would always pay gilt-edged profits. The kick of a mule isn't felt at first, and is seldom fully appreciated until the victim begins to regain consciousness.

CATCH QUESTION

Why does the hardware store have more trouble with clocks than the jeweler?

Now if this question were asked in the country schoolroom of a convention, about two-thirds of you boys in the class would have hands up and be snapping your fingers to let the teacher know you could answer. About every one of you would be primed with the reply that the jeweler could regulate the clock and could give it simple repair without cost. These answers would be partially right, but not wholly so.

ANSWERED

The plain facts of the case are that some manufacturers are making clocks for the jeweler that they will not sell to the hardware trade.

GOT MAD

We splashed a lot of indignant ink not long ago on the silverware subject, because jewelers claimed we hardware merchants were selling flat ware made for cheap trade, while they sold a superior article manufactured especially for the jeweler.

We had the poor old jeweler on the hip there, but on this clock question he seems to have gathered his second wind, and some of us are already down for

the count, only waiting for the referee's Young American Boy Proof Watch to tick 10 seconds before our pipe goes out.

BUCK UP

I once heard a famous speaker say that a dead fish floats with the current, but it takes a live one to buck it. How many of your customers would gladly pay \$2.50 instead of \$1.50 for an alarm clock if they were dead sure of lasting results?

CHEW IT WELL

Our customer is not satisfied with the lead or babbitt bearing affairs that our jobber is forced to sell us. He swallows time after time the old one year guarantee talk, but it doesn't set well on his stomach and some day he will learn to Fletcherize.

BATTER UP

The only thing that will bring to us the higher grade article is united effort, and I sincerely hope that some one will hit her square on the nose and start the ball rolling.

Under present conditions, many retailers buy direct from the manufacturer, but in most cases this is an unsatisfactory system. We are forced to keep defective returned clocks until we have a hundred pound shipment before we can return them to the factory profitably, and then we wait the allotted time usually given an import order for returns. If interest on your money means anything, it won't pay.

TOUGH ON THE JOBBER

A better system is to buy in case lots from your jobber. His representative is usually as full of guarantees as is your clerk and it takes but little persuasion to make an agreement whereby defective clocks will be taken up every 30 days and replaced with new ones. You can make this kind of a deal, but remember that it is alarmingly tough on some one, so don't take back clocks with dents on their backs and kerosene on their faces.

OUR WAY

We buy on the old one-year guarantee system but sell on a profitable basis of our own. A book is kept, recording the name and address of each clock customer and the date of purchase. At the head of this list is written the following:

All clocks and watches are sold on a thirty-day guarantee and will not be replaced or exchanged after the expiration of that time. We buy them on a one year guarantee, but the abuse of that guarantee has forced us to discontinue it. Salesmen are instructed to follow these rules in all cases. If a clock is defective the poor workmanship will surely show itself within thirty days.

Signed,

MANAGER.

Conveniently shelved near this record book we keep two old replaced clocks. One from its battered appearance has very evidently been knocked off the shelf; the other has been poured so full of kerosene that its oil soaked dial mutely tells another story of abuse which convinces reasonable customers that our position is absolutely right. Since inaugurating this system our clock business has not decreased and is now on a satisfactory paying basis.

ALL WOUND ROUND

The "old maid" alarm clock has long been a drug on the market. When she attempts to lead you up to the altar take time to say good-bye to the boys. Meditation just previous to hustleation will win you a life partner instead of a one year guarantee that will refuse to love you unless you wind her every 24 hours. Don't float with the current. Buck it.

Nails

THE great period of travel came to this country with the railroad and the steamship. Our modern educational system has trained the youthful brains of millions to grasp learning, seemingly beyond their years and to forget it with equal rapidity. It remained for the little wire nail to welcome the great age of building.

TIME IS MONEY

When the crude old cut affair was king of nails, real speed in manufacture was unknown, but with the wire nail came machines capable of producing the finished product at a speed almost beyond belief. In the old day of the hand made nail, a carpenter climbed down from a high staging to profitably pick up dropped nails, but to-day a better product is sold cheaper than carpenter's labor and he simply reaches into the pocket of his nail apron for another handful.

COMPLIMENTARY

Nails, one of the most important building materials in the world, cheaper than labor? This is distinctly a compliment to the manufacturer and shows just how he has nailed every improvement and clinched, one after another, of the brain efforts of the age, into his business.

NOT FLATTERY

Good nails, cheaper than carpenter's labor, isn't such a compliment to the hardware merchant who sells them at a loss or on a swap dollar basis. Nails are commonly considered in hardware stores much the same as sugar in the grocery store, an essential on which profit is out of the question.

OVERACTIVE IMAGINATION

The buying, the stocking and the selling of nails, has caused more hard feeling among the trade than any one subject, for the question is always before us, and some of our numbers are slow to learn that even good, honest, sensible customers who wouldn't even steal from a corporation will deliberately lie about the price of nails.

CUT AND DRIED

I am not a strong believer in the success of local cut-and-dried prices on many common commodities handled by different dealers in the same town, but a few very standard lines should be handled that way and nails stand at the head of the list. Make an agreement with your competitors, which will eliminate any

danger of selling these goods at a loss, and stick to that agreement as tightly as though you were pasted there with a can of glue you recommended to hold anything.

ONCE UPON A TIME

I know a certain town where Jones, Brown and Green own hardware stores. They are all good, honest, hardworking dealers, blessed with more than the ordinary amount of intelligence. A year ago they agreed on a base retail price of \$3 per keg on nails and gazed with serene confidence into the Cloudless future. But soon clouds began to appear on the business horizon because a well-known carpenter told Jones that Brown was selling nails at \$2.90 per keg. Honest farmer Smith started a similar storm down at Brown's hardware, with a very similar story, so both cut the price to \$2.90, while they cursed their competitor's methods and doubted his honesty. The third merchant in this combination lived his contract out to the letter. After the ripping of the unclinchd nails of this contract had begun, it was three weeks before Green knew to a certainty that the other two had broken faith, for he persistently told customers that nails were \$3 per keg and had faith in his competitors.

WORSE THAN AN EVEN BREAK

Nails cost \$2.60 per keg in that town. It is far removed from the market and the merchants are forced to carry heavy stocks, but they are losing money retailing nails at the \$2.90 mark. This is a simple story of hardware facts, and some of you have had similar experience.

NOT A NECESSITY

The question that arises is this: Must we give a customer \$30 worth of nails at cost to sell him \$20 worth of locks at a profit?

Have we got to wait until the next hardware convention to see the fine qualifications of our competitor, or are we going to get together on the home battlefield and cut out some of this foolishness? A hammer is not an essential in the tool kit of the man who would nail opportunity.

COMMON FAULTS

Many small merchants are selling nails on a 15 per cent. basis of profit, when the books show that it costs that much to do business. Others are selling on the same scale and buying in carload lots, when it takes them two years to dispose of such a quantity.

The man who cannot move a car of nails in 12 months has about as much business in car lots as a candy store has with a showcase full of shoe nails.

WORSE

Some few merchants are retailing nails in blissful ignorance of the existence of a nail list. A keg of six-penny nails sells at the same price as a keg of thirty-

pennys, and growing clerks look with surprise on a nail list showing standard advances as something new.

NOT TOO VIOLENT

Now to most of us this sounds like the story of the backwoodsman who just learned that the Civil War was over, but I have found two such hardware stores doing business in live communities, in the past year, and the fact that their business wheels needed oiling didn't seem to give the conscience of either proprietor too violent a wrench.

ANOTHER WAY

The best price method I have seen used for retailing nails is to set a base price on keg lots and follow closely the advances on manufacturer's lists. Do not break keg quantities at this price. Sell half keg lots of one kind at three-fifths the price of a keg and smaller quantities at an advanced pound price.

BUSINESS FRIENDSHIP

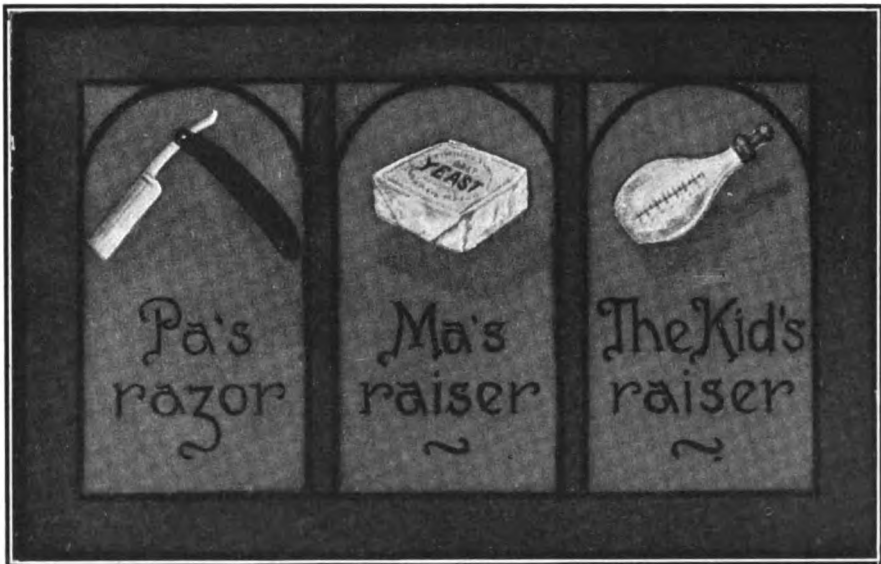
The trouble with prices on nails lies not usually with the manufacturer or with outside competition, but with competitive dealers in the same small town, who are talked into retailing nails at jobbing prices.

Think it over. Meet your competitor more than half way and you will have nailed something worth the effort. Fail to do so and your path is strewn with rusty nails, point up, full of poison.

Safety

MODERN ingenuity has devised a world of appliances for the safety of the public. We see them on every hand and, being so common, we do not always appreciate them as we should. The elevator that used to drop 20 stories and pancake the passengers in the basement, now falls but four or five stories before the "safety" works and passengers get nothing more than a chin full of knees.

The modern freight or passenger brakeman no longer has that "bent in the middle" look, for the air brake cut his troubles in two when it first began to make the down grades a matter of "safety" for the traveling public. The hotel



SEVERAL KINDS OF "RAZORS"

without its fire escapes is rare, and the ever increasing demand for automatic or hammerless guns would stop almost instantly but for the "safety."

A postal card came to my attention not long ago which shows a few kinds of razors. Perhaps it's worth reproducing herewith. So numerous are the safety razors that the postal author went crazy trying to select one for his card. There are about 200, and familiarity with some of them has bred contempt. If there are hardware stores in the United States where the "buyer" has never been bun-

coed by some safety razor concern I'd like to hear from them, and the rest of us will take off our hats while the band plays.

Now I have absolutely no doubt that there are hardware managers who have never nibbled at the safety razor bait, but they are surely a minority no larger than a corporal's guard. I once heard an evangelist say there wouldn't be enough men in heaven to sing bass. That may be true, and if the merchants assembled at the average hardware convention were to depend on the safety razor immunes to do the bass singing, it's a lead pipe cinch the sopranos would trot home with all the prizes.

TOOK THE HOOP

The safety razor business has been, is and always will be a puzzle. The old heavy blade safety was all right until sharpening day came around. Then if its owner happened to be anything but a machinist, it went to the dump. We all remember the steel safety clamp some fellow patented, to attach to the blade of a common razor, and transfer it "in the twinkling of an eye" into a perfect "Safety." The idea was good, but a combination of whiskers and lather always plugged it when you were in a hurry.

When the poor features of this contrivance became public property sales dropped off. The manufacturers simply silver or gold plated their money getting hobby, and we poor old hardware fish grabbed at the new bait, to find it only the same old fly with new gilded wings.

TO THE MARK OR UNDER THE BARK

One day the safety razor world received a shakeup. When the shuffle was over, we were all buying the new thin blade variety as if we thought the manufacturers were going out of business and we must get in before they closed shop. Many dealers bought the original and hewed close to the mark, but most of us dabbled in the raw imitations and left it to our customers to hew under the bark.

THE BUSINESS END OF THE BEE

Now, this safety razor question isn't moldy or dead. It is a bright, live persistent sort of a bee that is forever buzzing around trying to work the business end of its stinger into the average manager. Hardly a month passes that some shrewd fellow doesn't happen along with a new one. They all look good, and the line of talk that accompanies them is, to say the least, entertaining.

"BUSY" IS HIS MIDDLE NAME

I don't know the first or the last name of more than one out of ten thousand of these safety razor specialists, but I do know the middle name of every one of them, and it is "Busy." I have been stung in the past, and the wound made

by a recent bite hasn't healed yet, but it isn't spilt milk that we want to holler about. What we want is a new cover on the old can that will keep us from slopping over in the future.

EMPTY THE TALK BUT NOT THE FACTORY

The system of the Quality Hardware Store for the future will be this: We will, as we have in the past, never refuse audience to a traveling salesman. If his grips are full of safety razors and he is full of convincing talk about them, the contents of both will be received like this: "Leave us a sample of the goods with prices and if, after a thorough trial for 30 days, we believe the goods will prove satisfactory sellers, we will place our order." Now, most of these fellows don't care to deal in futures and can't write promises in their order books, but we are going to stick to our resolve.

RECENT EXPERIENCE

Only yesterday a lad dropped in with two grips full of sample razors. Among the assortment was a wind-taker. Some of you have probably run up against this, but to me it was a new one just off the reel—a dime safety razor. Not less than a gross would be sold to one customer and that quantity only cost \$9.60. Window display would be sent with every gross order, and among the other attractively printed advertising matter I noticed these three signs:

Guaranteed safety razor with one blade only 10 cents.

This factory guarantee slip packed with each razor. If after following these directions your first shave is not satisfactory we will refund 10 cents upon the return of the razor intact with this folder and your signature and address.

NOT A TOY.

Made for sure enough use—the blades are good .he handle will hold them.

THEY ARE SAFE.

Now this is only a part of the advertising matter for that window display, but it gives one an idea of what 10 cents will stop. This proposition, together with a lot of good live advertising matter on higher priced razors, might have sounded pretty good at the time had it not been for our fresh resolve.

CLEARCUT STOCK

Three days' serious consideration has made it sort of a joke, and the Quality Hardware Store will continue to stock a \$1 safety razor of one make, \$5 to \$7

ones of the old original kind and let the other fellow have any of the private brand go-betweens that may appeal to him.

THE BEST NONE TOO GOOD

My traveling friend didn't waste much time trying to sell the 10-cent safety razor, but he did want an order on the higher priced ones. We sell about three dozen \$1 razors each year, better than a gross of the \$5 to \$7 goods in the same length of time, and the traveler don't waste much time on the cheaper goods when there is a better profit and a sure satisfaction in the higher priced ones.

CATER TO PUBLIC OPINION

We have also learned that it is more profitable to sell a man the kind of a safety he wants and asks for, at a close margin, than it is to talk 30 minutes to convince him that a "just as good long profit article" is what he wants.

SAND AND SAFETY

To go back to our freight train. Air brakes are the clear thing for a train's safety on the down grade, but most of us are pulling on an upgrade proposition, and when our wheels begin to slip, let's pour a little of the sand of our new resolve on the track and get over the summit to think it over.

It wouldn't be good policy to present your good two-legged athletic friend with a cork leg for Christmas. Safety experience is teaching me that the man who can do a good job on a tough beard and a tender face, with the old-fashioned razor his daddy used, has no use for the modern safety razor. It simply wasn't meant for him, so don't advise his wife, sister or sweetheart to buy him one for a birthday present. Be safe.

YOUR CHOICE

Ask yourself this question, Where does the best profit lie? Not one in a thousand users of safety razors sharpen their own blades. They buy a razor, a brush and a box of shaving powder, and from time to time a package of extra blades. The other fellow often buys a heavy razor, a light one, a strop, a mug, a brush and the shaving soap, and we see him no more until he runs out of soap or chops the strop in two.

When a customer takes a safety razor on trial, uses four blades, and then returns it on the 30-day guarantee, who usually stands for the blades, you or the factory? Both kinds of razors are essential to good cutlery stocks, but your clerks boost one or the other. Which pays the best profits and gives the longest satisfaction? The answer will decide which for you. In the name of "Safety" think it over.

Silver and Gold

IN the West, the common definition of a "chaser" is, a cool drink following in the immediate wake of a hot one. The word originated in the days when high-heeled boots, full of bowie knives, were in vogue, and will probably be given a place in the dictionary, with this meaning, about the time our daughters hang these high-heeled cowhide boots, with spurs attached, in their cozy corners along with Indian relics.

There are other kinds of chasers. Some men chase the butterfly of fashion, others chase the fireflies of the auto, the camera, baseball, tennis or some other amusement. While still others chase the fly soubrette with phenomenal bursts of speed.

Most of us hardware merchants have, since childhood, been chasing, the length of our allotted time, after the fabled kettle of gold hanging in the silver clouds at the foot of an ever setting sun. Not many of our numbers get to fill the pockets of our jeans from the pot of gold, but we all have the opportunity to dish into the silver lining.

It's silver I want to talk about to-day. Not 16 to 1, but 12 to a dozen, six to a set, knives, forks and spoons.

MODERN RIGHTS RECOGNIZED

Grandfather didn't keep a line of silverware in his hardware store, but he didn't have to buck the department store of to-day, nor did the jeweler around the corner stock pocket knives, or the druggist go in strong on sporting goods in that day. Modern business methods have done much to improve the hardware store. Silver plated knives and forks can now be found alongside the old iron and bone handled ones.

They are good, strong sellers, and manufacturers of silverware are recognizing, more and more, the hardware merchant's modern right to these goods. More silver plated flatware is being sold by hardware dealers than by jewelers.

There are reasons for this. The hardware store has kept pace with the rapid strides of improvement so noticeable in all merchandising. The telephone, the telegraph, the railroad, the vast network of interurban lines, and the wonderfully improved facilities for handling freight, express and mail, have all combined to take the country merchant out of the surroundings Nature supplied for him 50 years ago, and have put him in a new field of competition.

The hardware merchant in a little Nebraska or Idaho town is competing with the Chicago, St. Louis or Minneapolis catalogue house. We are forced to

admit that it takes more ginger in the man who fills the manager's boots to-day, than it did when our customer rode up to the hardware store on horseback, to supply his bare necessities, and get news of the outside world.

Some of us may be accused of voting the Republican ticket merely because "dad did it before us." But there are few hardware merchants of to-day who would stand for that sort of an accusation if applied to a modern hardware stock.

SILVERWARE IS A CHILD OF OUR ADOPTION,

and has come into our stores to stay. It is hard for old Father Jeweler to share paternal authority over this youngster, but kids all must be weaned when their time comes around, and manufacturers of silver plated ware are showing a perfect willingness to eat some of the bread and butter, furnished by the hardware store, and at the same time continue to drink the jeweler's milk.

Competition on this line is keen, and you have, of course, heard that the jeweler up the street is talking to your customers of two grades of silverware. The one commonly sold in hardware stores, and the other manufactured especially for the jewelry trade. That line of talk may sound harsh and have a tendency to make your hair stand on end, but the next time you hear it, just pat yourself on the back and grin. For it means *that the jeweler has recognized you as his keenest competition, and doesn't know just what sort of a defense will ward off your straight-from-the-shoulder punches.*

Just stock a little heavier your standard line of silverware, and first, last and all the time talk quality. Convince your customer that your goods are the same, or even better than the jeweler's, but *don't knock his goods. You need the time to boost your own.*

A SPECIAL SALE

One year I was in a small manufacturing town where cash was plentiful, but the people were wise. Sales of every kind and description had been sprung in that little city, and in the early fall, when we began planning our Christmas business, we found that a special sale on silverware had never been sprung in the town. We chose a certain make of silver, which is known to practically every housewife in the country, and bought \$500 worth.

Our assortment consisted of knives, forks, sugar shells, coffee spoons, teaspoons, tablespoons, chocolate sets, pickle forks, berry spoons and a host of other small pieces which would make excellent gifts and would sell at reasonable prices. The goods arrived in early November, and if we had sold them as they were marked, would have made a profit too enormous to mention. We displayed them for a couple of weeks in one of our best showcases, and the immense assortment, all of one design, of course attracted lots of attention.

The prices were so stiff that practically no sales were made, but the goods were shown to and admired by about every woman in town before they were put

away in the shelves, where they lay, until 10 days before Christmas. At that time, our two best cases were filled and the window decorated with this silver.

Strong newspaper ads were written, and nine-tenths of the space used described "the silver plate that wears." The design was described as the finest product of high grade workmanship and artistic taste ever shown in the city. Owing to our enormous overstock, exceptional values were to be offered at our Saturday's sale.

Attention was called to our windows, and customers were invited to come to our store and examine the goods closely, for comparison. In our display window, a plain sign announced that the first big reduction ever offered in the city, on the price of this standard brand of silver, would take place Saturday.

The same old curiosity stunt worked again. One of our competitors was all prepared to have our name scratched from the list of firms who would in the future buy this standard silverware, on which there is a restricted selling price. Our customers had never heard of a sale price on this brand, and everything was ripe for a clean-up, when we put this sign in the window, three days later:

25% Discount While it Lasts

Little pieces of silverware, ranging in price from \$1 to \$5, are good Christmas sellers any year, and the big discount sign in that window surely set the ball rolling. On the inside, every piece of goods was marked identically the same as when we displayed it six weeks earlier. But the mere idea of a discount, so early in the Christmas season, worked to perfection and shook loose a lot of hoarded Christmas money which we needed.

Before competitors tumbled to our game, we had sold over half our stock, and so many people had started in for complete sets of this certain design that the sale of the balance of our stock was assured—and say, the profit was of the "Dutchman's one" variety.

All this sale needed to make it a success was a little planning and one or two original ideas. The call-me-when-I-wake-up day has passed, and we are forced to spring surprises.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

Business was so rushing the day of this sale that our deliveryman, who was pretty well posted on the stock, was added to the sales force at the noon hour. A full sized red headed Irish woman was looking for some sort of a Christmas gift, and the deliveryman took her in tow. She bought a number of articles, and they finally wound up at the silverware case.

Noticing a beautiful ice spoon, she inquired the use of "that pretty big spoon with the holes in the bottom of it." For a second the deliveryman was stumped, but his ready wit saved the day. As he reached into the case and brought out the spoon, he remarked, "Why, that—that—Oh! that's one of these here spoons or sifters they use to sprinkle powdered sugar on cakes."

About that time I made up my mind that silence was golden, as far as these two were concerned, and ducked behind the counter to hide a giggle that would come out, while the old driver coolly wrapped up the lady's powdered sugar shaker and took the money.

OUT OF SEASON, BUT NOT AGAINST THE LAW

Of course the holiday season is the ideal time in which to sell silverware, but the months following will show good substantial sales in this line if we stick pretty closely to one good standard design. Some lady, who at Christmas time received two or three pieces of silver purchased at our store, will in the following months be blessed or cursed (age usually determines which) with a birthday, and some friend or relative, who knows how perfectly delighted she was with the Christmas gift, will want to add another piece of the same design to her silver treasures, and our store will make the sale.

Only last week we pulled off a successful sale of silver teaspoons. We bought two gross of very ordinary light plated silver spoons, which were packed six in a box, and at the same time purchased two dozen sugar shells and two dozen butter knives of the same grade and design. The spoons cost 50 cents a set and the butter knives and sugar shells cost 15 cents each. A window was decorated and a sign was placed in it reading as follows:

<p>TEASPOONS FOR EVERY-DAY USE \$1.00 A SET OF SIX Free Sugar Shell or Butter Knife Given with Every Set</p>
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Seeds, garden hose, steel goods, poultry netting and baseball goods furnished most of our business last week, yet this simple little out of season special for one day only sold 62 sets of teaspoons at a good clean profit. These spoons were not boosted as quality goods, but they were pretty, and the "for every-day use" sign appealed to people.

The prettiest piece of merchandise in the world is but an inanimate object. You and I, with our force of clerks, are the only real live things about the store, and the most beautiful stock of silver ever manufactured will lie tarnishing on our shelves for ages if we do not put this God-given gift of ginger to work.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



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